

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



October 1987

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DRESS LIKE
A DUCHESS

PLUS:

Norman Lewis
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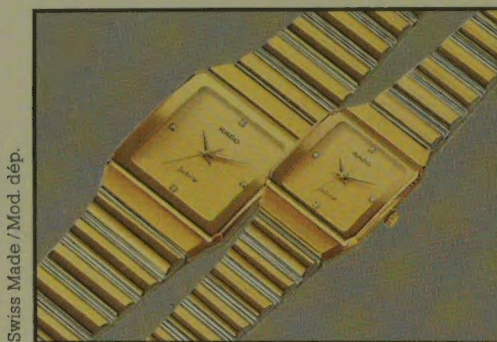
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The great British change

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IT IS the received wisdom of the left and the contented assumption of the right that Margaret Thatcher has managed to change Britain beyond recognition in the last eight years. Regardless of politi-

cal persuasion most people agree that she has brought about the diminution of union power, the deregulation of the City, an increased prosperity and mild optimism in industry, and a more conspicuous British influence in international affairs. It is broadly this list of accomplishments which people associate with the Thatcher years.

In many ways it is rather limited in its concerns because other changes which have occurred during her premiership are much more profound. There have been huge shifts of attitude and behaviour in Britain, which are often mistakenly caricatured as a return to the values of a previous age. There may be some desire for this but what has happened is new and special to the 1980s.

At present it is almost all attributed to Thatcher's peculiarly pragmatic personality but historians are likely to question this and consider whether in fact the great shift produced her rather than the other way round. They may conclude that she was merely a manifestation of the move away from the experimentation, liberalism and self-indulgence of the 60s and 70s.

For the next eight issues of *The Illustrated London News*, Laurie Taylor, professor of sociology at York University and a noted broadcaster, will look at the changes in a way that is as politically objective as possible. He starts this month with a fascinating introduction and a survey of the changes in Britain's youth, the sudden appearance, for instance, of hard-headed ambition in university leavers and the equally rapid evaporation of idealism. In future articles he will consider national changes of attitude to work, crime, religion and marriage. He will also take into his account the different ways in which the British spend their time and money. It will be a fascinating read and, more important, much of it needs to be said.

The one change that can be held up to be completely inspired by Mrs Thatcher is the privatization of the State Monopolies, in as much as millions of people have been persuaded to buy shares in what once might have seemed rather unattractive propositions. The programme has been an enormous success and has gone a little way



Past perfect, future tense: Britain now

to the Thatcherite nirvana of living in a share-owning democracy. What does not seem quite so satisfactory is the performance of those monopolies in the private sector, in particular British

Telecom which each year records huge profits but fails to improve its efficiency.

The Press caught on to the appalling state of affairs, matched only by the telecommunication systems of Bangladesh and Zambia, rather late in the day and only after the weekly magazine, *The Spectator*, began to run a hilarious series of articles on its troubles with the telephone. The campaign steadily built up until Sir George Jefferson, the chairman of British Telecom, was forced to announce his early departure in September. One suspects that the exit of Sir George will do nothing much to improve directory inquiries nor to correct the delay in telephone repairs and the number of misdirected calls. For an organization that makes a vast amount of money and faces little competition usually does not find the motivation to change its ways.

When the Government sells the electricity industry and the water authorities, they must take care to ensure that the same sort of complacent management and high-handed manner towards the consumer does not set in, especially in the water authorities, who, aside from supplying us with the stuff we drink and guarding against pollution, also control great areas of the British countryside.

Two months ago *The Illustrated London News* carried a survey of the food served in some of London's best restaurants. The analysis produced some disquieting results about the way and circumstances in which the food was prepared. Restaurants reacted favourably by volunteering to change items on their menus and promising to improve their standards.

We now redress the balance in *The Illustrated London News* Restaurant of the Year competition, in which all the establishments mentioned in the August issue have been nominated. At the time we felt it was important to emphasize that we did not doubt the quality of their food but merely questioned the method of preparation and storage. So it must be pleasing for the restaurants concerned that *The Illustrated London News* readers have voted them into contention for the title Restaurant of the Year, 1987 ○



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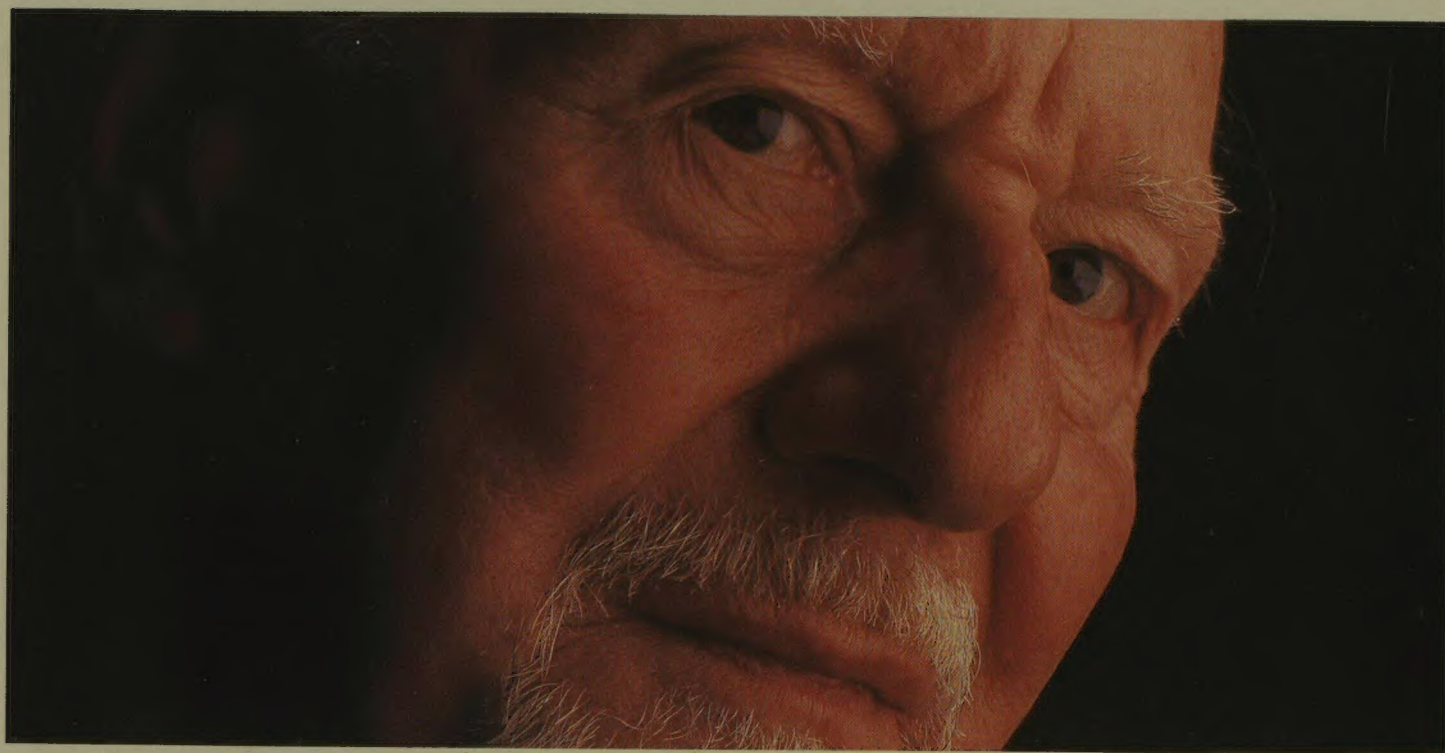


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HIGHLIGHTS

This month the Theatre Museum will open a retrospective exhibition on the career of Sir John Gielgud. But the man himself is not looking back



Sir John Gielgud at 83: the need to act courses through him like adrenalin, he will never retire voluntarily

PROFILE

Knight of the stage

HERE HE comes, striding with that quick, young man's walk of his, into an 83rd autumn—broad-shouldered, back as straight as a schoolboy's ruler, memory clear as a bell, eyes a little hooded but not missing a trick. He looks like a Harley Street physician in his 60s or a recently retired permanent under secretary. For John Gielgud is still in a long and lucky Indian summer, at a time when the best of his acting generation have mostly shuffled from the limelight or gone to rest. He has dodged the sly, persistent ambushes of old age—apart from twinges of lumbago—as if to ensure that he could go on working at full stretch.

Last year he filmed all over Europe for months on end. He was cast as a rabbi in one of those American epic historical soap operas, which is set to run at least 27 hours and required a shooting schedule in a succession of cities. The filming eventually and memorably brought Gielgud to

his knees from nine in the morning until six at night, crawling on all fours, endlessly abused by actors playing Nazis; worse, he and key players were incarcerated for half a night in some claustrophobic attic to film the scene of Jews discovered by Nazis. "One just has to get through it somehow," he says in that viola-like voice, characteristic sang-froid showing through.

The journeying has not stopped much since. This summer he was abroad filming for weeks. Since he comes straight from the heart of Britain's most famous acting family, the Terrys, the need to act must course through his blood. It is his adrenalin, his addiction. He will never voluntarily retire. Only for the time being is he at home—home being a sumptuous Buckinghamshire pavilion of a defunct ducal mansion, where he lives with his friend of 30 years standing, Martin Hensler, after a move from Westminster in the mid 1970s.

Before leaving London he

feared he would hate the quiet of the country. So much for fears. He has taken to his garden, to watching television. He will come up to London for the occasional play, movie show or to dine at the Garrick, but he prefers to stay put, reading voraciously, anything from a novel by, say, Francis King to the latest biography of his great-aunt Ellen Terry. "Have you read it?" he asks. "Quite brilliant," explaining how the book shows the way in which Dame Ellen is revealed as a "rebel bohemian" somehow "corsetted" into the Victorian age, ending up as that period emblem—the English rose of the stage. It is the kind of paradox in which Gielgud, a shrewd observer of behaviour, revels; he likes to point out the gulf between the image of the performer and the private reality. And although he has been the most extrovert of performers, tearing passions to a tatter of tears and grief, he is himself a natural introvert.

While at home the film propositions and the film scripts keep arriving, with offers of "rotten little parts". Gielgud waits hopefully for another big chance on celluloid, perhaps like *Providence*,

scripted by David Mercer and directed by Resnais. "I expect something will turn up," he says. For in his 70s Gielgud, who had generally ignored the camera, took much more to celluloid and it to him, even to the point of raising him big in America. He played Dudley Moore's up-market valet in *Arthur*, disdainfully surveying his master's private parts in the bath-tub, and uttering a four-letter word of the sort you would think came uneasily to his elevated voice. Wrong. A Gielgud conversation is quite liable to race free and easy when out of the prying public eye, and away from its braying voices.

But even after eight years away from the theatre—a voluntary absence—Gielgud is this autumn once more seriously flirting with the idea of a return to his first love. There have been premature reports before. Talk of one last *Lear* ended in just talk. Peter Hall wooed him to play the second lead in *Coriolanus* with Ian McKellen, but Gielgud loathes the National Theatre, likening backstage to an unlovely version of Heathrow. Trevor Nunn asked him back to Stratford to play the French king

in *All's Well* opposite the most constant of his leading ladies. Peggy Ashcroft. But Gielgud disliked the part, recoiled from the idea of all that travelling, of the grind and sheer labour of regular theatre acting again. Perhaps this time flirting will lead to the real thing. "I do want to do it," he says of the leading role in a commercial West End production that he has been offered, though he also suggests that he may well not. That contrariness is typical of his ability to rush in two opposing directions within moments.

Alec Guinness in a beautifully evocative essay remarked on that characteristic as long ago as 1934, catching him in full impetuous tilt, when directing. "Come on from the left. No! The other left! Oh, someone make him understand. Motleys! Motleys! Would it be pretty to have it painted gold? Perhaps not." It was an occasion when Guinness also felt for the first time the force of Gielgud *in extremis*. "Excuse me, Mr Gielgud, am I fired?" "No! Yes! No! Of course not. But go away. Come back in a week. Get someone to teach you to act. Try Martita Hunt. She'll be glad of the money."

Yet if that recollection makes Gielgud sound the model of directorial cruelty and insensitivity, then the sound is wrong. Benevolence, profound generosity and altruistic concern have also cascaded from Gielgud all through his acting years. He has helped, nurtured and encouraged. The ensembles he created were all furnished with the finest of his colleagues. He gave Olivier, Redgrave (a clear rival), Guinness, Burton and Scofield important chances.

It is his candour, his talent for saying what springs to mind, that explains his outburst to Guinness. His dropped bricks are legendary, fortifying his whole career with a carapace of embarrassment. The list is endless. Drawn reluctantly into improvisation by Peter Brook for his National Theatre production of *Oedipus*, Gielgud was the last of a reluctant line of performers to come centre stage and speak aloud their greatest secret, fear or dread. "We open in three weeks," was Gielgud's single reported revelation. Emlyn Williams tells how Gielgud arrived at his sickbed, warning that he would not stay long. "I sat for ages with poor Arthur Macrae, but I was glad I'd been. He died next day."

But Gielgud is also candid

about his own performances and what he views as his limitations. His prevarications over a return to the theatre after years of resistible offers are attributable to a fear of damp squibs, of fuss and high hopes ending in the disappointment of a muffed come-back, some 54 years after his London debut in 1923. Then he was all dolled up in fairy wings, a bandana, sash, pumps and he reeked of androgynous allure. He played the Poet Butterfly—a role which in some sense he has played ever since—in Capek's *The Insect Play*, having just emerged from school, unathletic, self-conscious and walking, in the scathing words of his drama teacher, "like a cat with rickets". What was more, Richard Findlater has written, he dreaded seeming effeminate.

His fears and limitations were masked, controlled or sublimated with typical *élan* and speed. No other British actor this century, not even Olivier, has vaulted so speedily from the ranks of nowhere to become the theatrical leader of his generation, a Hamlet, Richard II and Prospero *sans pareil*. There are, it is true, surviving traces of unease, that air of studied aloofness, a sense of mountain-high remoteness, but such *froideurs* are compensated for by the fantastic fizz, dazzle and exhilarating comedy of Gielgud caught in conversation. His mind is butterfly-like. It skims, darts and settles in a helter-skelter of insight, opinion, revelation and analysis, not to mention gossip.

He talks in staccato bursts of opinion. He may dart back to a memory of Hermione Gingold with "dirty fingernails" entertaining troops of GIs in her war-time dressing room, but his talk is thoroughly of today; of his admiration for Francis Bacon and his attempt to persuade the artist to paint him; of the man's rejoinder that they should wait a while—as if, said Gielgud, he was more interested in a carcase than a face; of how he hankers after a final shot at Prospero on film, with Peter Greenaway, *The Draughtsman's Contract* director, as the man most likely to do a fine version.

Yet the Gielgud of the 1950s was not abreast of the times. As successive gusts of the theatrical new wave beat down upon Shaftesbury Avenue and points beyond, Gielgud anchored himself obstinately to the past. It was as if, at a low point in his personal life, he needed the reassurance of old,

familiar theatrical ways. Beckett mystified him. He was bored by Brecht. But he was too intelligent to be forever shocked by the new. He came to the new wave by the gentle route of Alan Bennett's *Forty Years On*, and he progressed through Edward Albee, David Storey and Edward Bond to play the seedy Bohemian poseur in Harold Pinter's *No Man's Land*.

Modelling himself upon the poet W. H. Auden, he created a slovenly, shabby, unkempt old party, with a cigarette lolling between his lips, his mouth otherwise fixed in a grimace of distaste for a world which had passed him by, a sandy-haired head poking from stooped shoulders like a questing tortoise. For the first time in his career, and in his 70s, he

occupied the land and the ways of the down-and-out. A miracle for an actor who has never managed to disguise or transform himself. Not entirely. Forty-nine years ago in his first volume of autobiography, *Early Stages*, Gielgud wrote movingly and vividly of the strains and stresses of the actor's craft, comparing its labours unfavourably with those of painters, writers and critics who could toil in privacy. And yet, he said, "There is always tomorrow's audience and tomorrow's inspiration which may yet, I hope, surprise me into doing my very best." As then, so in his 70s, and still now, the readiness to be self-surprised is all. At 83 John Gielgud remains magnificently prepared ○

—NICHOLAS DE JONGH



LUCINDA LAMBERTON

Ornate window decoration in Wilsford Manor, home of Stephen Tennant

SALEROOM

Tennant's bitter end

WE ALL LOVE the idea of ourselves as a nation of gloriously individualistic characters, and yet in England we manage to preserve grand but dull houses as part of "our heritage", while it is the fate of the quirky and eccentric to pass away. Now, just as the dust settles again in the sadly stripped rooms of Edward James's Monkton, we hear that the bizarre contents of Wilsford Manor, the home of writer and artist Stephen Tennant, are to be sold by Sotheby's on the premises on October 14 and 15.

The Hon Stephen Tennant died in February at the age of 81, having lived for the last few years

as a virtual recluse at Wilsford, near Salisbury, in a rarefied fantasy world. His few visitors would find him propped up in bed or on one of many huge quilted pouffes, resplendent in silk pyjamas and a preposterous wig. He would be drawing, singing, working at the drafts of poems about his rooms, attending his parrots or statues, or playing with the text of his celebrated, but never-to-be-completed novel, *Lascar*. All around him lay a chaotic still-life of books, photographs, old letters and pictures by a great many of his artist friends, which told the story of a long and fascinating life.



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Kitsch and curiosities for sale in one of the cluttered drawing rooms of Wilsford Manor

Even allowing for all the advantages of a privileged and cultured background Stephen Tennant proved a remarkably precocious and sophisticated child, gaining a reputation for clever, rather Beardsleyesque drawings, some of which were published as *The Vein in the Marble*. In 1922 he went to study art at the Slade School and there met Rex Whistler, who became a close friend and a great influence. (The work of the two friends is on show at the Michael Parkin Gallery this month: see listings p103.)

Being witty and social, Tennant rapidly became known as one of the brightest of the "Bright Young Things". He was also a part of London's circle of literary and

artistic stars which included the Sitwells. By this time his finest piece of image-making was himself. He was fascinated by dressing-up, and became a poseur—at once supremely aware of his own beauty and sublimely indifferent to commonplace reactions to the ways in which he enhanced his looks with eye-shadow. Cecil Beaton fell under his spell and documented their relationship in hundreds of photographs.

The years between the wars saw the heyday of entertaining at Wilsford, and with the help of Syrie Maugham the house became extravagantly decorated. From 1939 to 1944 Tennant gave up most of the house to the Red Cross. His horror at the way in

which the rooms were treated made him more obsessive in later years about his interiors, and the schemes in which he indulged became increasingly surreal. His passion for sea-shells led to whole rooms draped with fish-net to enhance the nautical theme. Fine objects and pieces of furniture were mingled with a mad collection of kitsch and curiosities such as his celebrated post-card rack. The house became the perfect setting for an entertaining, if minor, artist, and writer. He was a delightful eccentric and summed up his life with one ingenuous remark: "Am I a legend? . . . I suppose I am . . . How exciting!" ○

—STEPHEN CALLOWAY

POLITICS

Case against the poll tax

"WE WILL replace rates with a fairer community charge." These words in the Conservative manifesto have already created considerable alarm, which will come to a head as the poll tax bill is introduced this winter. A few Tory MPs, including myself, did not support last year's Scottish legislation. Others responded to the pleading of Scottish colleagues to help them push ahead with the new system but are reluctant to extend the principle to England and Wales. That reluctance was increased by the General Election result in Scotland which saw half my colleagues defeated. While

nobody would adduce the community charge as the sole reason, it was certainly not a vote winner. It is difficult to find examples of other countries with such a tax, while in contrast, property taxes are common.

The origin of the proposal lies in the October, 1974 manifesto, in which the Conservative Party first pledged abolition of domestic rates and their replacement by a system more related to an ability to pay. Since then the Layfield Inquiry, a Commons Select Committee, and successive Green and White Papers, under Labour and Conservative governments,

have considered the issues and were, until recently, united on two matters, namely:

(a) The rating system was easily the cheapest tax to collect and, because larger houses attract higher rates, has *some* relationship to the ability to pay, particularly with rebates operating at lower levels.

(b) A poll tax was either too absurd to consider or, if considered, was quickly dismissed as impractical, expensive and regressive.

Times have changed. The proposed charge will be at a flat rate, payable by everyone over 18 (thus

christened "poll tax"), replacing domestic rates which, like all taxes, are sometimes unfair. Rates are a tax on an asset—housing (the removal of which would accelerate property prices), and were never meant to be a payment for services. Why else would unmarried adults pay for educating their non-existent children? Because nearly 50 per cent of council spending is met by central government, *all* adults pay through VAT, through income tax or both.

The Government aims to increase local accountability but the argument does not stand up. The poll tax, when combined with the unified business rate, will leave councils determining a smaller proportion of their income than at present (approximately 51 per cent down to 23 per cent).

If unrebutted, the new tax could not be justified in social or political terms. Accordingly, most of those on supplementary benefit, plus those in old people's homes (but *not* those living with their family) and the severely mentally handicapped, are excluded. Every exception, however, reduces accountability. The nub of the problem is that it is simply not fair to have the rich and the nearly-poor paying the same. It will, moreover, be replaced by the first non-Conservative government.

It is when we look at the assessing, collecting and enforcing of the new tax that the worst implications sink in. On the Government's figures, the cost will be twice as high as rates, although experts predict the true cost to be substantially higher. Despite the community charge register being separate from the electoral roll, council officers will publish both and compare them. They will have access to all council records including tenancy, library and social services. They must visit and question individuals about those resident in their homes.

In many inner-city areas with a mobile population (about 30 per cent of Kensington's residents move *every year*) this will be a nightmare and a major intrusion into the privacy of law-abiding citizens. All the projected figures assume 100 per cent of sums being collected. Yet what is the experience of two other flat-rate charges, namely road fund and television licences? Both are fixed at a far lower rate than community charge and both encounter widespread evasion. It is inevitable that the new tax will be evaded by many



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who will also, usually, remove themselves from the electoral register. The implications for democracy are as disturbing as they were in the Deep South of America where the poll tax was brought in to discourage black voters' registration.

The Government should reconsider two alternatives, neither perfect, but both better than the present proposals. We can wait a few years until the Inland Revenue is fully computerized and one of several local income-tax schemes can replace or supplement rates. Or, we can

retain domestic rates and make arrangements for revaluation (ensuring any substantial increases are phased-in gradually).

Either alternative could be accompanied by reforming the business rate and switching teachers' and police salaries from local to national expenditure, reflecting the reality of decision-making and reducing the local authority charge. At the least, we should see how the new system works in Scotland before committing the rest of Britain.

Ultimately, the only argument left for the change is that it was in

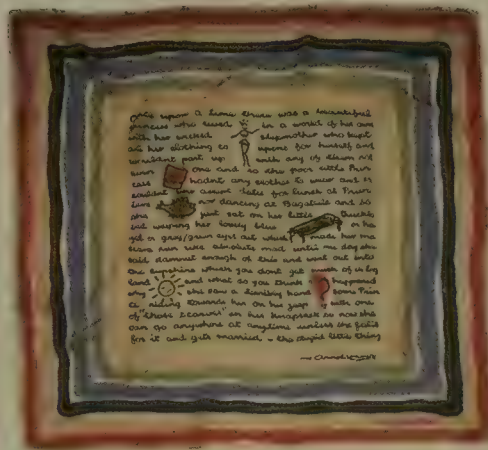
the manifesto. Less than half those voting supported us. The proposal was scarcely raised during the campaign, either by the Government (in Nicholas Ridley's case, one paragraph in two speeches) or the electorate, and there was limited consultation with the parliamentary and voluntary party. That seems a small fig leaf to cover such a potential embarrassment. The pledge was for a fairer system—the community charge cannot meet that promise ○

—ROBIN SQUIRE

Robin Squire is Conservative MP for Hornchurch.

EXHIBITIONS

Scarves as works of art



Forties scarves at Liberty: the one on the left shows holiday activities

THE SCARF is the most versatile and least acclaimed fashion accessory. The simplicity of this square of cloth means that it can be worn in all manner of ingenious ways, each fold subtly suggesting the character—and often class—of the wearer.

The Scarf Show at Liberty from October 2 to 24 is the first British exhibition devoted solely to the scarf. Over 250 exhibits, many from private collections, will be draped, tied, scrunched and unfurled. Some are rare fashion accessories, others advertise homely products.

In the fashion section the scarves suggest phantom wearers: the muted Liberty scarves, beloved of Sloane girls cycling to work on decrepit bicycles; the bold designer squares some people drape around the neck so the label can be seen at every angle; and the ubiquitous chiffon scarf, in diaphanous black a glamorous evening item, in muted purple recalling Hilda

Ogden of *Coronation Street*.

Not that there is anything wrong with using a scarf to keep control of your curlers. But while Mrs Mops wander around the supermarket oblivious to the unsightly lumps on their heads, a Frenchwoman would conceal her curlers in a bright turban, creating a look as far from Mrs Mop as Paris is from Manchester.

Wandering through the Scarf Show, one notices historic changes in taste and attitude. The ephemeral 1920s scarves still look elegant, but the fluorescent colours and whirling circles of 1970s designs now seem as outmoded as platform soles. However, the prize for bad taste goes to the 1930s "fascinator", a creation of black sequins and wiry strings, which hangs over the head and jingles like cowbells when you walk.

Many of the scarves were designed by well-known fashion designers such as Ascher and Zandra Rhodes. Others are

abstract paintings; there is work by the artist Patrick Heron, for example, on loan from the Tate. The Royal Academy took up the idea of printing pictures from their major exhibitions on to souvenir scarves. The scarves from their Picasso exhibition were snapped up by delighted visitors. It might be fun to see a lot more art printed onto everyday items.

Another intriguing section of the exhibition looks at the scarf as a piece of wartime propaganda. There are scarves depicting Second World War planes and even a Communist scarf which shows a grim-faced Stalin surrounded by revolutionary symbols, a chilling reminder of the prevalence of state propaganda in the 1930s. But perhaps the most valuable item of all is a scruffy piece of silk which airmen wore when they parachuted into enemy territory. Finely printed on both sides was an escape map ○

—SHARON MAXWELL

ART

Mexican muralist

THE MEXICAN painter Diego Rivera, who died in 1957, is being retrospectively exhibited at the Hayward Gallery from October 29. His murals will be represented by some full-scale cartoons and a 35-minute colour film of the frescoes *in situ*.

There is also a 1930s photograph which shows Rivera with André Breton, the French Surrealist poet, and the exiled Leon Trotsky. It looks like a sketch for Stoppard's play *Travesties*.

Rivera led a dramatic life—some left-wing groups continue to maintain he was implicated in the assassination of Trotsky. The Rockefellers had his mural in the Rockefeller Centre hammered off the wall because he painted in Lenin. He resigned from, rejoined, was thrown out of and could not get back into the Mexican communist party. He lost 100lb in weight in three months on *one* diet. He divorced and remarried his wife Frida Kahlo. One of his daughters, Marika, a kind of middle-aged Madonna who has been wearing *her* basque on the outside for many years, lives in Ealing.

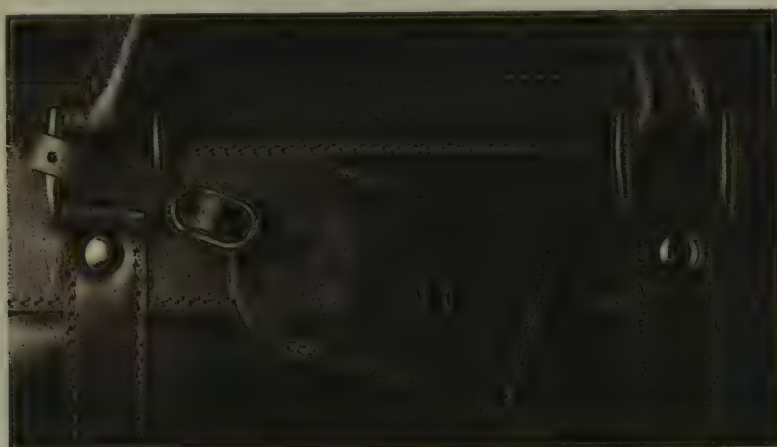
At this point I declare an interest. I have just completed my first mural commission in the Children's Outpatients Department of Southampton General Hospital. It took me and my assistant, Les Coleman, 12 days and we did not even paint all of the wall. It makes me feel very small next to the magnificent Mexican. And yet is there any depth to this extraordinary energy, resource and skill of his? Is it only a colossal endeavour, a paean of praise to the peons? Oh, for some poetry, some wit, some invention, some imagination, perhaps even some pace and space. John Heartfield, Rivera's German contemporary in left-wing art, in the very different medium of photography and collage, seems to have had much more success at the lofty task of uniting art and socialism.

London is not illustrated but is disfigured by official murals. (Belfast and Derry are alive in their paintings and graffiti.) One of the chief culprits, the late Ray Walker, is responsible for a large painting in Cable Street of the Battle of

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Part of Diego Rivera's mural *Dream of a Sunday Afternoon in the Alameda, Mexico 1947*

Cable Street in October, 1936. He has Labour and Communist Party banners there, and black people—who were still in Jamaica at the time. It is a political lie, because on that day the local people supported *themselves* against Mosley's mob: the official parties of the left, Labour and Communist, refused to support the community in this fight and chose that day to demonstrate in distant Hyde Park about the even more distant Spanish Civil War (recorded in Joe Jacobs's book *Out of the Ghetto*).

Perhaps Diego Rivera does not always get his politics right. His depiction of the dignity of labour might also be dubbed the dignity of wage slavery: it is a celebration of the terms of the people's oppression. One can see why some religions prohibit the representation of gods and people. Fixed expressions and frozen gestures take life out of the pictures instead of putting it in.

Muralists seem to be desperate to give value for money—perhaps because they have patrons tugging at their scaffolds, perhaps because

they condescend to the people by giving them work and effort and something they can understand. It is difficult to read these pictures. They are literary art in that they cannot yield up their meaning without an extended caption. It is appallingly bad art and politics to paint *Figure Representing the Black Race, Figure Representing the Yellow Race, Figure Representing the Red Race, Figure Representing the White Race*, as Rivera did. There was never any need to enter the Race race ○

—PATRICK HUGHES

MONEY

Gold fever at the Mint

BRITAIN HAS never had a gold bullion coin of its own. In the past anybody wanting to buy the traditional hedge against plague, pestilence and Labour governments has been forced to look abroad.

That invariably meant the ubiquitous South African kruggerand, so popular it achieved generic term status, despite being on the market for barely 12 years before Commonwealth sanctions put an end to imports in 1985.

There was no shortage of countries keen to plug that sanctions gap. Within months it was possible to buy the American "eagle", the Canadian "maple leaf", the Japanese "emperor" and the Australian "nugget" to name four.

Now the UK has joined the gold rush with the launch in October of the country's first bullion coin—the britannia. It comes in four sizes: 1 oz, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz and the $\frac{1}{10}$ oz. This is to please all types

of purchaser, from the traditional kruggerand buyer prepared to spend £350 on an ounce of gold, to the medallion man bored with burying St Christopher in his chest hair but not keen to spend more than £40 for one-tenth of an ounce.

The precise design of the britannia, by the artist Raphael Maklouf, has been shrouded in secrecy. It will certainly feature the Queen on one side and most likely a representation of Britannia herself on the other.

The Royal Mint wants the coins to be available through high street banks as well as conventional bullion dealers. Geoffrey Loades of the World Gold Council, the promotional arm of the gold industry, was UK manager of the International Gold Corporation which invented the kruggerand. "The britannia is coming at the end of quite a rush of new products, but in the UK I think it has a great deal of potential if the

clearing banks really get behind it. The danger is that people will just see it as another collector's coin," he says.

Because all the gold ever mined would fit neatly under the Eiffel Tower its investment value is rarely doubted, although the market price can fluctuate wildly. Bullion is generally a better investment than gold jewelry. The premium charged by dealers on gold coins is usually between 3 and 5 per cent. The premium on a piece of gold jewelry can be anything from 150 to 600 per cent.

The joke is that if the britannia is a success, among the biggest winners will be the South Africans. Although the Treasury has said no gold will be bought directly from South Africa, that country is the largest producer in the world and provides the bulk of the gold on the open bullion market. You can hear the laughter ringing across the veld ○

—TOBY MOORE

ARCHITECTURE

Electric shocks

THE FATE of Battersea's redundant power station is now sealed. In 1990 it will open as a hi-tech fun fair, a thrill park. John Broome, Chairman of Battersea Leisure Ltd, has been given planning permission by Wandsworth Council to create a pleasure dome. Throughout the autumn all industrial junk not needed as exhibits by the Science Museum will be cleared out to ensure that building work can begin in 1988.

Broome is already in the fun-land business. He owns Alton Towers, a fairy-tale castle in Staffordshire, which boasts such delights as a Grand Canyon Rapids Ride and a Corkscrew Roller Coaster. Lucky Staffordshire. But would a similar venture be right for Battersea?

The crassness of Battersea Leisure's proposals is staggering. They are a monument to acrylic entertainment. Do we really need a Dynamic Motion Theatre in which computer-operated seats eject the viewer into a "film set" experience?

The building, completed in part by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott in 1933, is listed for its contribution to the history of technology as well as the history of industrial architecture, of which it is a fine example of its period. In 1939 the *Architects' Journal* voted it second among the best modern buildings in Britain—first came Peter Jones in Sloane Square.

The power station, then, can never be demolished and a new use had to be found after it ceased operating completely in 1984. Several organizations, including SAVE Britain's Heritage, produced more tangible alternatives. SAVE suggested a mixed-use solution in which it would be possible to restore and adapt the building to contain a major sports arena and an ice-skating rink.

The arena would conform to the regulations of the European Athletics Association, with a standard four-lane running track. Broome's scheme though, according to the planners, is financially more viable. It could not fail to be with an estimated 16,000 visitors a day at peak times ○

—PAUL DUNCAN



The Midas Touch.

FOR THE RECORD

British minesweepers head for the Gulf; deranged gunman kills 16; Rudolf Hess dies in Spandau; coup averted in the Philippines; English football fans extradited to Belgium...

MONDAY, AUGUST 10

● An American-operated tanker, the *Texaco Caribbean*, hit a mine in previously safe waters 8 miles off the United Arab Emirates port of Fujairah. The following day Britain and France ordered a total of six minesweepers to sail to the Gulf to protect their warships. George Younger, the Secretary of State for Defence, said, "Our friends the Americans will be extremely pleased with this." The ships are expected to arrive in the Gulf in mid-September.

● Captain Simon Hayward, of the Life Guards, was jailed for five years by a court in Uppsala, Sweden for smuggling cannabis in his brother's car. The Conservative MP John Gort called the verdict "a miscarriage of justice". On August 19 Hayward lodged an appeal against his conviction.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 11

● The Department of Trade said trade figures in June showed a deficit of £768 million compared with £1,130 million in May. This rose to £910 million in July.

● England and Pakistan drew the Fifth Test at the Oval. Pakistan made 708 and England 232 and 315 for four. Pakistan won the series 1-0.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12

● President Reagan, in a speech to mark the end of the congressional hearings into the Irangate scandal, accepted full responsibility for the affair but again said he had not been informed of the diversion of funds to the Contras. He went on to say that he was "ultimately accountable to the American people" but that "no President should ever be protected from the truth."

● The Football League announced a three-year £4.5 million deal with Barclays Bank following the withdrawal of cash support by *Today* newspaper. On August 15 the new season started and was marked by crowd trouble at league newcomers Scarborough where several Wolverhampton Wanderers fans were injured.

● Scotland Yard said they were questioning nine people (later increased to 12) about the £30 million Knightsbridge safe deposit raid in July. In August 16 Trevor Latiff, managing director of the firm, was charged with obbery in connection with the raid.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 13

● Unemployment figures fell by 600 in July to 2,877,600.

● Nine-year-old John Adams from

Ashfordby, Lincolnshire became the youngest person in Britain to pass A level mathematics.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 14

● Douglas Hurd, the Home Secretary, said that there would be a police investigation into the IRA pub bombings at Woolwich and Guildford in 1974 in which seven people were killed. The announcement came in the light of some new evidence provided by a delegation campaigning to prove the innocence of the "Guildford Four".

● The Government announced that the rate of inflation rose from 4.2 per cent to 4.4 per cent in July and remained at the same figure in August.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15

● The British captain of a supply vessel in the Persian Gulf was killed along with five of his crew when their ship, the *Amia*, hit a mine off the coast of the United Arab Emirates and was destroyed. On August 18 Iranian Revolutionary Guards in patrol boats attacked a Liberian flagged tanker in the Gulf and damaged the ship.

● Robert MacLennan, MP for Caithness and Sutherland, said that he would accept caretaker leadership of the SDP and lead the party into a merger with the Liberals. On August 29 he was officially elected as the leader of the SDP at their annual conference in Portsmouth.

● David Lange's Labour Party was returned to office in the New Zealand general election with a slightly reduced majority.

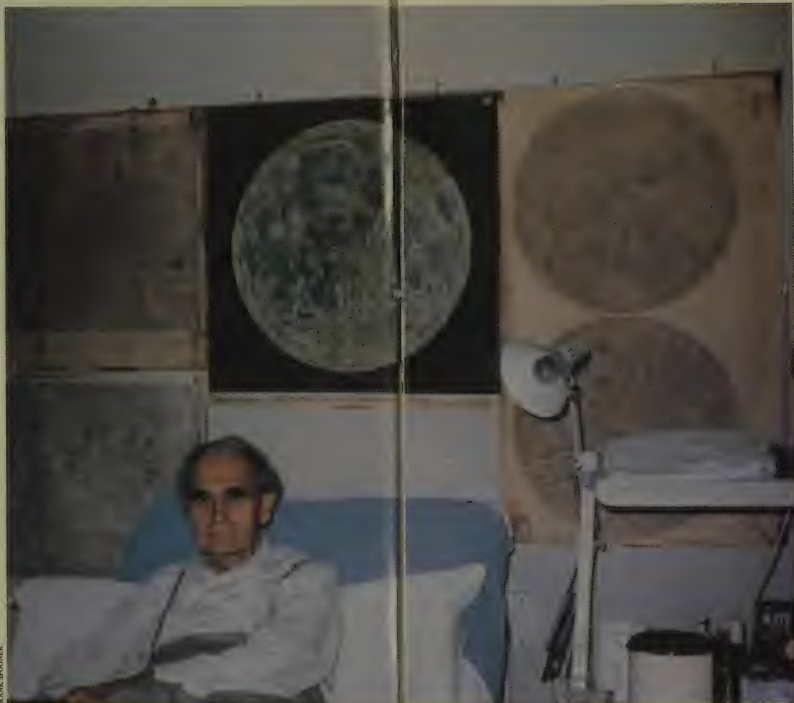
SUNDAY, AUGUST 16

● 154 people were killed when a McDonnell Douglas MD80 North-west Airlines jet crashed onto a crowded road in Detroit.

MONDAY, AUGUST 17

● Scotland Yard's anti-terrorist squad discovered a large Arab arms and explosives cache in a flat in Hull which they believed was destined for use in Europe by factions of the Palestine Liberation Organisation.

● Rudolf Hess, Hitler's former deputy, died aged 93 after apparently killing himself with a piece of fle. He had been held prisoner for the past 46 years—40 of them in West Berlin's Spandau prison which is now to be demolished. On August 23 several neo-Nazi demonstrators were arrested at a cemetery in Wunsiedel, Bavaria where Hess was to be buried, but the following day the town mayor said that Hess had been buried at a secret location to prevent any further dis-



Spandau's inmate finally leaves

RUDOLF HESS, Hitler's former deputy, died in the summer house of Spandau Prison, West Berlin, on August 17. He was discovered with an electrical cord around his neck by an American guard. A pathetic yet

mysterious old man, he had been the sole occupant of Spandau since 1966 and was guarded and tended by more than 600 people supplied by the four wartime Allies at a cost of 2.6 million Deutschmarks a year. Hess had attempted suicide before but neo-Nazis claimed he had been murdered. Work has now begun on demolishing Spandau prison.



When a bike stunt went wrong

THE QUICK thinking of a member of a motorcycle display team saved Steve Wade from multiple burns and possibly death at a carnival in Essex. Wade set himself alight while using petrol to create a hoop of

flames for the motorcyclists. He had spilled some petrol on his track suit. Chris Handford ran into the inferno, pulled his friend away and began stripping off Wade's nylon suit. This probably saved Wade from serious burns, for inflammable clothing can cause the worst form of injury. Wade, who suffered only 17 per cent burns, was treated at a nearby hospital and has now been released.



Madonna and her Wannabees

THE PROVOCATIVE American rock star Madonna arrived in Britain amid much hype and hysteria, to give four sell-out concerts in Leeds and London, billed as the biggest extravaganza since the Beatles. Otherwise known as Madonna Louise Veronica Ciccone, the 29-year-old—reportedly worth £80 million—will stop at nothing to get into the headlines and is certainly her own greatest admirer. The *paparazzi* followed her almost everywhere throughout her short visit although they frequently came into contact with her burly minders during her much-photographed jogs around the streets near her Mayfair hotel. Madonna's adoring fans, or Wannabees as they have come to be known because the "wannabees" like her, also vied for the prima donna's attention. However the reception accorded the Queen of Pop is likely to be minor in comparison to that awaiting the remodelled Michael Jackson next year.





Carnival doubt after riots

THE MORE sinister side of the Notting Hill Carnival became evident during the annual Bank Holiday celebration when the excitement and fun gave way to scenes of menace and violence as police and rioters clashed in and around Portobello Road. The outcome called into question the future of the festival at its present location in west London ○

Iran's suicide commandos

FANATICAL Iranians prepared their lethal speedboats as part of "Operation Martyrdom"—a series of manoeuvres to mark a national "hate week" against Saudi Arabia and the US for being jointly responsible for the deaths of 275 Iranian pilgrims in the holy city of Mecca during the Haj. Tehran has threatened to use its death squads against shipping in the Gulf ○



Free at last

CHARLES GLASS, the American journalist, celebrates with his wife Fiona and one of his children after escaping from his pro-Iranian kidnappers. He was abducted in Beirut and held for two months until he managed to outwit his captors while they were asleep. US officials preferred to suggest that Glass had been allowed to escape through the efforts of the Syrian government ○



Royal victory

PRINCESS ANNE had her first victory under National Hunt rules when she rode second favourite *Cnoc Na Cuille* in the Droitwich Handicap Chase at Worcester. The Princess Royal had already won twice over the flat but had to wait until her eighth attempt over the jumps, making it a first for her tutor David Nicholson. Afterwards she said, "I have never been so frightened in my life." ○

turbances and would be transferred to the family grave in Wunsiedel at a later date.

● Bank robber Daniel Canelairo said he was suing a Los Angeles bank after a booby-trapped bundle of money he had stolen exploded in his pocket.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 18

● Charles Glass, the American journalist held in Beirut since June 17, escaped from his Islamic fundamentalist kidnappers.

● President Junius Jayewardene of Sri Lanka escaped an assassination attempt during an attack on a parliamentary building in Colombo. Several shots were fired and two grenades thrown into the room killing an MP, wounding the Prime Minister and injuring several others.

● Salvatore Di Prima, a leading member of the Mafia's drugs operation in Britain, was sentenced at Exeter Crown Court to seven years in jail for

planning a £110,000 cannabis-smuggling operation.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19

● Sixteen people were killed and 14 were injured in Hungerford, Berkshire in Britain's worst shooting massacre. Michael Ryan armed with a Kalashnikov semi-automatic rifle, a .30 Underwood carbine and a Beretta pistol fired indiscriminately and later committed suicide after police laid siege to a local school.

● The Soviet trade union newspaper *Trud* announced that from January, 1988 the cheque book or *chekovaya knizhka* would be available for the first time to all inhabitants of the Russian federation who were holding a savings account.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 21

● *The Star* announced it would not appeal against the award of £500,000 damages in the action brought against the newspaper by Jeffrey Archer.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 23

Didier Pironi, the former French racing driver, was killed along with two colleagues when their powerboat crashed during the Needles Trophy race off the Isle of Wight.

MONDAY, AUGUST 24

● The National Union of Mine-workers voted to support the call for industrial action in protest against British Coal's new disciplinary code. 77 per cent of miners backed the Union's decision and Arthur Scargill said that some form of action was now inevitable.

● US Marine Sergeant Clayton Lonetree was jailed for 30 years by a military court for trading secrets for sex when he guarded American embassies in Moscow and Vienna.

● Wrestler Mal Kirk, aged 51 and weighing 25 stone, died after suffering a heart attack during a tag-team bout at the Hippodrome, Great Yarmouth.

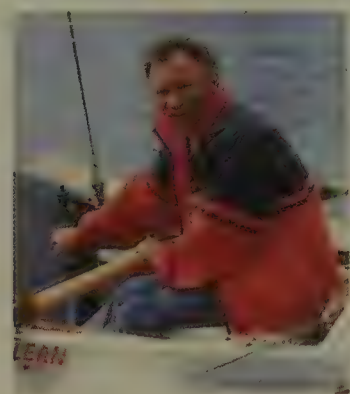
Kirk, who was paid £30 for the contest, had just been "crushed" by Shirley (Big Daddy) Crabtree, aged 55, in a manoeuvre known as a splashdown.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26

● President Reagan said an arms control agreement with the Soviet Union was within reach after Chancellor Helmut Kohl of West Germany offered to scrap 72 Pershing IA missiles if the superpowers agreed to eliminate both medium- and shorter-range missiles. The following day Moscow said that the chances of concluding a deal had now changed for the better.

● Two airmen were killed when their RAF Phantom crashed during a low-flying exercise in Wales. The crash again raised questions about this type of exercise—five pilots have died since June—and the Ministry of Defence is thought to be considering alternative training areas in Canada and Turkey.

● Scotland Yard said that five AK47



Record row

BRITISH OARSMAN Tom McClean set a new record for crossing the Atlantic in his 20-foot rowing boat when he arrived off the Scilly Isles after 56 days and six hours. Afterwards he said, "I am not going rowing in tiny boats any more," but for a man who has made the transatlantic crossing before and spent 40 days on the remote outcrop of Rockall, anything is possible ○



Gun massacre

IN THE peaceful setting of St Mary's Church, Great Shefford, nursery van driver, Eric Vardy, was the first of the Hungerford victims to be buried after Michael Ryan ran amok in the Berkshire town, killing 16 people with an AK-47 semi-automatic. Ryan had purchased the rifle for just £150 at his gun club. New laws on the possession of firearms are expected during the next Parliament ○

rifles—identical to that used in the Hungerford massacre—were stolen from a British Airways' warehouse at Heathrow but the theft was not reported for six weeks.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27

- Several hundred rebel Filipino troops were defeated after they attacked the presidential palace and broadcasting stations in Manila. At least 55 people died and more than 275 were injured during the bitter street fighting. The rebel leader Colonel Gregorio "Gringo" Honosan, who later fled by helicopter, had apparently wanted to spark off a major rebellion against the "leadership vacuum" in the armed forces and to force the government to take more decisive action against communist insurgency. It was the fifth coup attempt in 18 months.

- South Africa's largest mining company, Anglo American, sacked at least 16,000 men following the

National Union of Mineworkers' decision to reject a compromise offer aimed at ending a three-week strike. On August 30 the NUM voted to end the dispute largely on employers' terms. Nine strikers had been killed since August 9 and more than 300 arrested.

- Guyana Airways announced that they would have to cancel all flights, indefinitely, because its one and only plane was immobilized after crashing into a cow on a runway near Lethem.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 28

- John Huston, the Hollywood film director who made *The Maltese Falcon* and *The African Queen*, died aged 81.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29

- Iraq broke a 45-day, self-imposed truce and launched air strikes against several Iranian bases on Kharg island oil terminal and Sirri, near the southern end of the Gulf. On September 1 Iranian Revolutionary Guards

launched a rocket attack from two speed boats on a Spanish supertanker, starting a fire in the engine room. By the following day both Iran and Iraq claimed several hits on tankers carrying each other's oil and by the end of the week between them they claimed to have hit 22 ships, flying nine different flags.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 30

- David Owen rejected an appeal by the SDP President Shirley Williams not to form a breakaway party. At the party's annual conference Owen said, "I am a Social Democrat and I am going to stay a Social Democrat." However, he told his supporters that all party members should await the outcome of merger negotiations before deciding to join the new party or remain outside.

- Canadian sprinter Ben Johnson set a new world record of 9.83 seconds in the 100 metres final at the World

Athletics Championships in Rome.

- Lloyd Honeyghan retained his world welterweight boxing crown by knocking out his American challenger, Gene Hatcher, after just 40 seconds in Marbella bullring.

- Lee Marvin, the American actor who won an Oscar in 1965 for the comedy *Cat Ballou*, died aged 63.

MONDAY, AUGUST 31

- Violence marked the end of the Notting Hill Carnival as police began arresting groups of youths for steaming—running through the crowd snatching valuables. Police said that 250 people were arrested over the two days during which one man was murdered, a policewoman was stabbed and 800 crimes were reported.

- Sixty-two miners were killed in an underground explosion in the St Helena gold mine in South Africa's Orange Free State.

- A Japanese doctor recommended

Are you making the right impression?



If you're reading this magazine, then no doubt you are: but it may be that your existing signet ring has seen better days or been lost fishing; that you'd like your son or daughter to start making the right impression; or that you'd simply like to ring the changes!

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Ruffs

ACCESSORIES

that less work and more sex and laughter would prevent early death from stress among workaholic executives in his country.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

- Douglas Hurd, the Home Secretary, gave the go-ahead for the extradition of 26 Liverpool football fans wanted in Belgium to face manslaughter charges after a riot in the Heysel Stadium in Brussels in 1985 when 39 people died. The trial is unlikely to start before Christmas. On September 7 Belgian riot police stormed the St Gilles prison in Brussels after prisoners started violent demonstrations in protest at the superior prison conditions awaiting the Liverpool fans. Two days later 25 of the men were flown to Belgium and one remained behind to face serious charges in an English court.

- Mathias Rust, the West German teenager who landed his plane in Moscow's Red Square in May, told the Soviet Supreme Court at the start of his trial that he regretted what happened and that his aim was to "make an impression on world opinion. I saw no other possibility to achieve my goal. It was not hooliganism." On September 4 Rust was sentenced to four years in a labour camp.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3

- Monsoon rains in Bangladesh left more than 24 million people either homeless or without food.

- *Sunday Sport*, the soft-porn Sunday newspaper, announced it would be joining forces with United Newspapers' daily paper *The Star*.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4

- The Ladbroke Group agreed to pay £645 million for the Hilton International hotel chain, giving them 92 hotels, including the London Hilton in Park Lane.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5

- Three alleged Irish terrorists were charged in Chippenham, Wiltshire with conspiracy to murder Tom King, the Secretary of State for Northern Ireland. Two of them were arrested on August 30 in the grounds of the secretary's home.

- Eight people were killed and seven seriously injured when a lorry collided head-on with a minibus and two cars on the M6 near Lancaster. On September 9 four people were killed when a lorry attempted a U-turn on the M4 near Heathrow. Two coaches and four cars were involved in the accident.

- At least 40 people, including women and children, were killed during an Israeli air strike on a Palestinian refugee camp near Sidon, southern Lebanon.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 6

- Chadian troops made their first-ever attack on Libyan soil when they destroyed the Maaten-es-Satra air base, 60 miles from the border. The Libyans responded by bombing several towns in northern Chad. The following day French troops shot down a Libyan bomber over Ndjamena, the capital of Chad.

- Fatima Whitbread won Britain's

only gold medal in the World Athletics Championships in the Rome when she took the women's javelin title. British athletes also won three silver and three bronze medals; the East Germans had the highest total with 31 (11 gold), the Soviet Union followed with 25 (seven gold) and the United States with 19 (nine gold). In all 28 countries won at least one medal.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

- Kenneth Baker, the Secretary of State for Education and Science, said that he was unable to intervene on behalf of 26 West Yorkshire families who refused to send their children to Heathfield Junior School in Dewsbury where 85 per cent of the pupils are Asian. Instead he urged Kirklees district council to find an urgent solution to the problem.

- Erich Honecker, the East German leader, paid his first official visit to West Germany. His host, Chancellor Helmut Kohl, described it as a "normal working visit" and said, "the German question is still open". For the Chancellor, the two countries are "two states in Germany" but for Mr Honecker they are "two German states" who were in opposing camps and could not be united: "Socialism and capitalism are like fire and water."

- The US motor company, Ford, announced that it had bought a 75 per cent stake in the British sports car makers Aston Martin.

- Nottinghamshire beat Northamptonshire by three wickets to win the NatWest Trophy at Lord's.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9

- Sir George Jefferson announced his resignation as Chairman of British Telecom after admitting to shareholders that the company had suffered a difficult year with "an unsatisfactory level of service". However, he emphasized that his decision to quit had not been prompted by the recent surge in public criticism in the company.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10

- Commuter Eric Butler received a 28-day suspended sentence for using a swordstick to stab a mugger who attacked him on the tube. After the verdict Butler, who was also fined £200 and had his swordstick confiscated, said, "Was I just supposed to lie down and think of England?"

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11

- Javier Perez de Cuellar, the UN Secretary General, arrived in Tehran in an attempt to end hostilities in the Iran/Iraq war. Iran has said it would abide by the Security Council's demands if it condemns Iraq as the original aggressor in the conflict.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12

- Peter Tosh, the reggae singer and founder-member of Bob Marley's Wailers, was killed by gunmen during a robbery on his home in Kingston, Jamaica.

- *Reference Point*, ridden by Steve Cauthen and trained by Henry Cecil, won the St Leger at Doncaster. The win enabled Cecil to pass John Day's record of training 146 winners in a season set in 1867 ○



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DOCTOR LOGIC

Henry Porter interviews Rex Brown, the *éminence grise* of the American government

THE RUSSIANS have been interested in Rex Brown. They have tried to suborn him with comely women, they pester him to attend scientific conferences in Russia and they side up to him at social functions in the west and try to engage him in detailed discussions about his work. It all seems a little extreme when you consider Dr Brown is simply an academic with a gift for logic and a taste for psychology. But the Russians know that Dr Brown has blended these two disciplines into the practical new science of decision analysis which is of acute importance to defence development and the whole management of American society.

To the uninformed, decision analysis appears to be as dry, academic and fundamentally unexciting as it sounds, but those who know a little of its role in the US government find it hard not to be suspicious. Its practitioners, like Dr Brown, are endowed with a faintly sinister influence as if they were indulging in some modern version of alchemy. Their sway over policy is questioned and their remarkable intimacy with the highest power structures in the capital disliked.

Superficially there seems very little cause for alarm, and certainly in the benign features and manner of Dr Brown, who left England during the 1960s "brain drain": there are no grounds for suspicion. He is simply a logician who offers his skills to aid business and government make better, more logical and, if needs be, defensible decisions. And the computer programmes generated by his company, forbiddingly named Decision Science Consortium Inc, are nothing more than tools of reason that help politicians, generals and administrators wrestle with the awful complexity of those decisions.

The phrase decision analysis implies that it is a retrospective science that dissects decisions of the past. This is not at all the case since Dr Brown's analyses are all performed on future decisions about to be taken. Broadly the procedure is this: Dr Brown cloisters himself with decision makers and his assistants and draws out of them all the information relevant to the decision. As they talk Brown quantifies their desires and taps them into a computer terminal. A computer screen makes a diagram which changes as the discussion continues.

Naturally enough the skill is to interpret the desires of the decision makers correctly and to place the right weight on them. For the accuracy of the model depends entirely on its input. Dr Brown puts it this way: "The computer is like a slide rule and I am just the guy who operates that slide rule."

Most of the senior members of the present

American administration would feel that Dr Brown is being too modest and so, too, would the Russians. For his "slide rule" has been applied to some of the most delicate problems that have landed in the laps of the last four administrations. He has helped the government of the day take the decision to evacuate the Lebanon, to lift the embargo on the sale of high-powered computers to the USSR and he is currently working on the star wars programme and the issue of underground nuclear waste disposal. So he is rather more than the simple technician. Indeed his skills are far more interesting and diverse than he himself suggests.

Logic and a knowledge of computers are essential but so, too, is the psychology of individuals and a knowledge of their behaviour in large organizations. The decision analyst cannot be an uncommunicative academic wrapped up in his work: he must combine the observations of a novelist with the receptive non-judgmental air of a family solicitor.

Above all, a decision analyst must be very, very discreet, for during the course of his work he will become unusually privy to the mechanics and secrets of the organization that he is helping. The American intelligence services recognized this as early as 1973. Dr Brown had been commissioned to review an aspect of American foreign policy. When presenting his report the committee chairman took care to announce to the small group of people: "Please take care that Dr Brown does not get sight of Dr Brown's report."

In Britain, where decisions are taken haphazardly and with a lot less criticism, it may seem strange that the most powerful Americans put such trust in a man such as Rex Brown who would be treated in Britain as little more than a freelance computer operator with a winning way. But the US generally puts greater value on logic and systems: there is a logic culture, not in a philosophical sense but in a practical sense. Americans are much more aware both in business and government of the distinction between good and bad decisions, perhaps because when America goes wrong, the scale of catastrophe can be so much greater.

It is unsurprising, therefore, that Rex Brown and his discipline have prospered there, although when he left this country he could not have envisaged the course of his career. After university his first job was with a marketing research company, and being of an analytical and curious bent he began to wonder about the advice that he was so glibly handing out. "I found myself advising much greyer and wiser heads than my own and I began to wonder



whether there was such a thing as an absolutely right decision in logical terms.”

He got a year's fellowship at Cambridge to try and answer his question and was invited to Harvard to work with a well known mathematical decision theorist. In the early 60s, analytical skills emerging from Harvard were simply concerned with better decision-making in business. Although the method was complicated enough, embracing as it does Bayesian theories on probability, the aim of the Harvard researchers was simply to enable businesses to decide how best to improve profits. The quality of decision, therefore, was measured in single figures.

Dr Brown, now 53, was fortunate to be at Harvard at precisely the moment when the science expanded to consider governmental decisions which are by their nature more difficult to make and in the end infinitely more tricky to evaluate. Dr Brown communicates such an enthusiasm for decision analysis that it is possible to believe after an hour or two with him that the world's future depends on his science. This may in fact be the case if his work on the star wars programme is accepted by the US government.

He is a shortish man with a most attentive manner, at least when he is discussing his work. He has a beady eye and is quick on the uptake, frequently giving the impression that he knows what people are going to say before they have started. He is a very good speaker though perforce he uses the unappetizing language of government. His conversation is littered with nouns that are used as verbs and he is capable of using sentences like this: “Multi-attribute utility theory permits us to combine many considerations into a single index that takes into account the trade-offs between them.”

He is fascinating about what he has learnt during his work in Washington for the last 17 years. “You see, in business there is much less room for improvement. You have people working in the same field and making pretty sound decisions for, say, a period of 20 years. In government it is a different story. It is run by a collection of what one hopes are gifted amateurs who are changed every four years. There is a stronger reason for going through a rational process that can be defended. It is also important the politicians have those vast amounts of data organized for them.”

Since the 1970s the US government has used Dr Brown frequently, although the way in which he and his company have been deployed has changed according to the interest and character of the administration. During the Nixon years he was closely involved on major international issues. The analysis, for instance, that he completed on the sale of computers to the USSR ended up on Henry Kissinger's desk. “This is when the question of my security clearance was first raised. You see, what the government could not allow was for computer companies and their tame senators to get at the model we were using in the programme. If they had they could have fiddled around with it so that the answer was different. They of course wanted to lift the embargo against selling these high-powered computers.” He now has top-secret clearance.

During the Arab-Israeli war, Brown was hired to carry out an analysis on the feasibility of weakening the American-Israeli alliance in favour of the Arab oil states. This is an issue which is still extremely sensitive and Dr Brown

can be forgiven for suddenly wishing to change the subject when closely examined on it. For such a precise and articulate man, he has a remarkable ability to talk in the most general terms and, when necessary, to obfuscate. He did, however, observe that he managed while doing this analysis to return home every night to his Israeli wife without breathing a word of Nixon's deliberations.

“The starting point was to decide where we could get a stable and inexpensive supply of oil that we need not worry about. There were experts from CIA and other government agencies attending and we did our analysis in the usual way.” The government, of course, decided against such weakening of alliances, but interestingly Rex Brown would not have known that until he read it in the newspapers.

Dr Brown's business is reliant on the policies of a government, and when they change, its income may suddenly dive. This was the case when President Carter was replaced by Ronald Reagan: “We were tied up in a number of contracts to do with the environment and welfare programmes. They were all cancelled and until Reagan's emphasis on military affairs became apparent we had very little work.”

A high-level piece of decision-making which Brown and his colleagues have been involved in was whether to evacuate US citizens from Lebanon. The process during which this rapid decision was constructed is interesting. “The joint chiefs of staff had to decide whether to evacuate. We closeted ourselves with the key players, trying to understand the nature of the problem for half a day. We then spent half a day constructing a computer programme which reflected this. The following morning we played it back to them and told them what the computer model seemed to be saying. We found out where we had gone wrong, modified the programme and then ran it again. They then evaluated the output.”

Despite the international ramifications, this was a relatively simple analysis which helped elucidate certain aspects of the problem to the military. I asked Brown whether any similar procedure had been followed before President Carter rashly sent his helicopter force to rescue the hostages in the American Embassy in Tehran. For the first time in our interviews he looked depressed and then groaned, which I took to mean “no”.

This association with the military has not just grown because of Reagan's predisposition to

defence. The pressures of high-speed technology have forced the generals to consider at what stage decisions may be taken and whether there is time for the human mind to intervene in combat situations. Brown has helped to develop computerized decision aids to allow fighter pilots to make tactical decisions without having their control usurped by technology, and now he is working with precisely the same aims in his star wars research: “We are addressing what the appropriate role of the human is. You see, the temptation in the technical community, which tends to be dominated by engineers, is to design a system which is untouched by the human mind. So when World War III starts it will trigger a button and we will all sit about for half an hour to see how the war is resolved. Our input is to say that somehow we have to preserve some responsibility for a human judge in the process, even during the throes of a massively complex nuclear battle. There has to be some way that we can impact on this system.”

“What was interesting was the different value judgments we got from the generals. One, for instance, said that the cost of a false alarm was 20 times worse than the US being caught with its pants down. The other said it was 20 times worse to be caught on the hop than to have a false alarm. So you see there is a very great difference within the military on the values which should drive an automated star wars system.”

Perhaps because of this difference Dr Brown's company is building artificial intelligence programmes which are designed to accumulate military knowledge. It all seems very reasonable as he describes the work between sips of Chablis in a quiet restaurant in Cambridge, but it is difficult to escape the eerie feeling that he is talking about the computer generals of the future whose authority will be increasingly unchallengeable. “Today a general probably does not know much more than his counterpart 100 years ago, because each generation has to learn for itself. What we are doing is replicating the experts' knowledge and building on it.”

This defence work has led him to make some interesting discoveries which have in small ways advanced his own skills. Some years ago he was asked by the US navy to examine why submarine commanders were making such bad decisions when it came to firing their torpedoes on exercise. “This was interesting because the decision of a submarine commander was always taken in isolated circumstances, which are obviously due to the nature of submarines. They were making bad decisions, they waited too long before giving the order to fire. What we found was that the commanders were capable of making the “right” decisions but were not motivated to do so. They were being evaluated in their exercises on how accurately they could pinpoint the enemy's position, not on the preservation of their own submarines. We told the navy that they had to sort out the motivation problem and that they did not need us.”

If decision analysis was devoted entirely to imposing logic on the chaos of human whim and instinct



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it would almost certainly have ceased to interest Brown. But this, happily, is not the case, for the science relies just as much on psychology and keen-eyed common sense, both of which are essential when dealing with the byzantine, self-seeking world of Washington politics. When advising companies Brown had quickly learnt that his recommendations would never be accepted if they went against the culture of the organization. "You see you can't get a middle manager to accept an analysis if that act means he is acknowledging that he is not doing his job properly. You have to grasp the institutional setting and assess the territorial instincts... what we call 'turf' in America."

The problems are so magnified in politics that Brown is frequently confounded by powerful turf considerations. He was once asked by the research arm of the American Congress to look into the possibility of applying decision analysis throughout the government. Congress wanted the executive to support all its proposals with systematic logic, which seems a reasonable enough suggestion especially when the executive advocates the costly deployment of MX missiles. "I talked to a member of the cabinet about it. He said: 'I will oppose this to my dying day. Congress meddles enough as it is. If we present them with clear grounds for our recommendations, they will be able to challenge them.'" What the cabinet member preferred was the sort of creative obfuscation, well known, perhaps even invented, in Whitehall.

Dr Brown has an almost scientific approach to Washington, and seems to observe it rather in the manner of a marine biologist peering into a rock pool: he is detached from the events but engaged intellectually.

Its mores, its cupidity and the cunning of its inhabitants absorbs him. He was once talking to a friend of his in Congress about the possibility of putting a monetary value on the life of a single American citizen. "I gave him the example of a new air traffic control system which cost \$1,500 million dollars and which would save an estimated 500 lives. I then asked him whether the government would make the decision as to whether to instal the system by working out the cost per life." He reacted with horror and said that no politician would ever touch such a figure, however much it was. He said that if they really needed to put a figure in front of the public, they would get the Academy of Sciences to produce it and then knock it down.

"You know, quite a lot of my work revolves round the use of language. On one occasion I was talking to the military about some proposals. I realized that the analysis had to include the empire-building ambitions of the people I was talking to. Obviously we could not call it empire building. But we could call it 'Administrative Morale'. They were all quite clear about the code and knew exactly what we were talking about. Later I asked them to quantify the importance of various interests. Astonishingly, they were quite prepared to put 10 per cent on serving the public, 10 per cent on saving the tax-payer money and 80 per cent on Administrative Morale."

When working with congressional committees, Brown often found himself in the bizarre position of having to compile two sets of books, one which assumes Congress is serving the public and the other which assumes Congress is serving itself. "We had to help a congressional

committee decide whether to support an anti-crime bill which would have called for \$100 million investment. We developed two analyses. First we ran one to help the Congressman to decide which side his bread was buttered on. Then we did a separate analysis with the public's point of view and compared them. We learnt later that day they decided to can the programme."

This of course leads to certain ethical problems of which Brown is acutely aware. Part of the first analysis included an element which was cosily labelled "electoral security". The Congressmen then decided in the privacy of their committee rooms what priority to give their own re-election and naturally found many compelling reasons to favour "electoral security" against the wider public interest.

"What my ethics allow me to do is to give them a tool which I place at their disposal. I like to say I am the mindless wielder of the slide rule on these occasions but many of my colleagues ask how I can live with myself when I support



What frightens some of Brown's colleagues is that decision analysis will eventually become a tool of authoritarianism

these shabby practices." Brown acknowledges that his science may allow politicians to see more clearly where their interests lie. Before the advent of the clarifying mechanism of decision analysis there was a much greater confusion in the politicians' minds between their own interests and the public good, which of course is no bad thing.

What frightens some of Brown's colleagues is that decision analysis will eventually become a tool of authoritarianism.

He prefers to think of this science as an instrument of democracy which makes the working of government more explicit and more visible to the electorate. He is somewhat zealous on this point and indicates that the analysis he has done on the disposal of nuclear waste in the United States emphasizes the democratic role of decision analysis. "It is a controversial issue made in a fish bowl because no state wants the waste," he says. "We will probably end up in the supreme court defending our method and you cannot get more public than that." He expects to have to defend his analysis against decision analysts hired by the other side, which should prove pretty testing for the untutored members of the judiciary. "What has emerged in this issue is that everyone wants to rely on a mechanical procedure when it is probably true that a more delicate, subtle application of judgment would be better." What slightly disturbs Brown about

the high echelons of the US government is that the appetite for a respectable process is much greater than for a respectable decision.

In part this stems from a faith in technology, predominantly an American trait. Americans find it easier to trust a computer print-out and are more likely to bow to its better "judgment". "Of course you have to have procedures simple enough so that the person you are helping can see the problem that you have solved is his problem. Otherwise he will say: 'That may be true but I can't see what you have done so I won't touch it.'"

"Alternatively we quite frequently get the reaction: 'It came out of the computer so it must be true.' The guys who say that should not be decision-makers because they trust tools too much." He may be right but there are very important areas of western society where computers are completely trusted. For example, the international stock markets, which are now linked by computers to allow almost synchronized share movements all over

the world. If a computer says "sell", a stock dealer whether in Tokyo, London or New York generally obeys because there is not the time to reflect on and to research into the slide in share prices. They have abdicated their judgment in the cause of speed and efficiency.

Men like Dr Brown may treat the computer with detachment—he repeatedly uses the phrase "useful aid" to emphasize this—but decision-makers less well versed in technology are likely to be impressed by them, particularly as more sophisticated machines begin to handle greater amounts of complex data.

Businesses and, to a lesser extent, US government departments also become dependent on decision aids rather in the manner that some patients come to rely on regular visits to a psychoanalyst. Decision taking can be agonizing; it can be a relief to offload part of the burden.

Interestingly, Brown finds other similarities with his profession and the psychiatrists. "It's very odd but people tell me much more than they do their colleagues. It's because I am an outsider and I now think about 20 per cent of my success derives from this fact." He now warns every organization at the beginning of the contract to be weaned off his services within two years.

"At some point they are going to have to address such delicate questions that they won't want an outsider in there, however nicely he talks."

Brown's services are not available in Britain but he is gently pushing at the door of British industry and government, and although they may not welcome decision analysis with the alacrity of the Americans, it seems certain that it will eventually be accepted.

There are very real concerns about the way in which decision analysis may become an authoritarian tool. And there is also some anxiety about the development of computerized decision-takers. But clearly Dr Brown is a responsible man and there is little to worry about. Were he slightly less benign it would be quite easy to endow him with all the evil qualities of Dr Strangelove ○



HOW CRIME IS ORGANIZED IN LONDON

Tim Shawcross and Kim Fletcher investigate

THE BRINKS MAT job had all the hallmarks of an old-fashioned London robbery: an armed gang burst into a warehouse at Heathrow, poured petrol over terrified guards and, cigarette lighters at the ready, encouraged them to open the doors to the strongroom.

To the astonishment of the country—and, it later turned out, of the gang—the robbers removed 6,800 gold bars worth about £26 million. However only the size—Britain's biggest haul—appeared to distinguish the Brinks Mat job from a run-of-the-mill operation by a professional gang from south or east London.

At first the investigation went well. It was conducted in time-honoured fashion by the Flying Squad working through lists of men with the "form" to pull off such a coup. Anthony Black, the security guard who had helped the gang from inside, talked once the squad discovered that his sister lived with a known London villain. His evidence, which secured him a short sentence and the promise of a new identity, helped to send two of the gang to jail.

But 18 months after the raid, which took place in November, 1983, the gold and the illicit proceeds were still missing.

The Brinks Mat robbery was the sort of crime that London gangs with specialist skills and inside knowledge had been committing with varying degrees of success for years. But, in the past, East End pubs and West End clubs would rapidly have been awash with hot money. The techniques by which the Brinks Mat gang disposed of their money were to show how smart career criminals had become and how much organized crime in London had changed.

It took a specialist task force, set up after the failure of the initial investigation, to track a sophisticated money-laundering operation. The inquiry took detectives around the world, revealing for the first time the fully international nature of organized crime in London today.

Not only have London criminals realized the international possibilities of criminal enterprise, but foreigners, working both with and independently of their British counterparts, have moved to London to mount their own operations.

The Brinks Mat investigation, says Deputy Assistant Commissioner Brian Worth, head of Scotland Yard's criminal operations department, "led to the Isle of Man, to the Channel Islands, to the British Virgin Islands, to off-shore islands of America, into Florida and Miami. It led us into other areas of organized crime, drug running, conspiracy between our criminals and some Italians, between our criminals and French, Spanish and Americans. There were some pretty close connexions."

The Brinks Mat task force, setting its sights far beyond south London, identified and recovered assets in boats, houses, condominiums and cash running into millions of pounds. It secured four more key convictions, saw two suspects acquitted and still has further prosecutions outstanding.

The chain the police eventually unravelled is only one of dozens now running in and out of London, many of them operating without indigenous contacts.

- In Streatham, a Sicilian operated a major heroin network for the Mafia. In Woking, the Mafia's most wanted money launderers lived for years in luxury mansions running a labyrinth of British and Swiss bank accounts.

- In Soho, a leading member of the Triads runs a legitimate company, and in Ealing, conveniently close to Heathrow, Asian interests have organized substantial smuggling of heroin.

- In Notting Hill, Brixton and Deptford, members of the Yardies, a Jamaican-based organized-crime group with links to the Mafia, have embarked on a campaign of terror and violence to consolidate the profits from drugs and prostitution.

Since the conviction of Ronald and Reginald Kray in 1969, no single group or individual has exercised a dominant influence on London crime, which leaves the city more vulnerable to

the attentions of the international underworld. The second major attraction is the capital's free-market economy. With the advent of the Big Bang and established trading links between Britain and the Commonwealth already in place, London is a perfect centre for the laundering of money and the mounting of international financial frauds. It is, in short, a comfortable haven for organizations that find themselves pressured by the authorities in other capitals.

There are people in the City, in commodity houses and stockbrokers', who are happy not to question too diligently their clients' sudden accumulation of wealth. They know how to run money in and out of the country, from off-shore island to off-shore island and back again, through bank accounts and off-the-shelf companies.

As a result, areas of London are now built in part on recycled illegitimate money, much of it, police believe, invested in some of the capital's most prestigious developments. The Docklands, into which so much investment has been poured in the last 10 years, is the most striking example.

"Villians buy property, very good property," says Worth. "The Docklands certainly has not been immune. The world is awash with illicit money. I think it is both generated by London and some of it will pass through. Some of it will find a home here in legitimate business."

The fear for the City is that so much money may have a destabilizing effect. Criminals who have not had to earn their multi-million-pound property stake legally can work on smaller profit margins than legitimate companies, undercutting and outbidding them. They have, in short, a headstart in the property market.

Men who could once hope to fence only proceeds such as gold at a discount, are now working on schemes that not only recoup the full value of the bullion but set to work the resulting money, newly-laundered, in the world's property markets.

The bulk of the money comes from the multi-billion-dollar international trade in drugs. "What has cemented all this together in

The international Mafia's London connexion until May 1987: Alfonso Caruana, left, his brother Pasquale, and their wives



Above, from left: Francesco Di Carlo, once Sicilian Mafia's man in London. Gerlando Caruana, heroin smuggler. Filippo Monteleone, Di Carlo's

the 80s "is the rise in the drugs crime," says Worth. "Because clearly that is very profitable criminally and commercially."

Big-time British criminals, brought up on the quick returns of armed robbery, have not always been keen on the drugs market. But the National Drugs Intelligence Unit, set up in Britain to co-ordinate information on drugs, has found that major crooks who used to concentrate on robbery, rackets and protection are using their funds—or going to crooked financiers—to buy a stake in the drugs market.

There are different ways they can profit: by buying a consignment abroad and handling importation and distribution themselves, by buying an already-imported consignment or by acting as distributors in partnership with or on behalf of the producers.

The first brings the greatest profit and, because it involves smuggling the drugs across frontiers, the greatest risk, even though organizers distance themselves from their couriers.

The style of operation is familiar to customs and police in the United States, where Colombian cocaine producers, targeting Miami, used the local Mafia to distribute for them. Trouble ensued when the Colombians decided they could do the job just as efficiently and set about

cutting out their middlemen in brutal fashion. Police and customs are waiting anxiously to see if the same frightening co-operation develops in this country, now that established criminals are moving into drugs.

"No career criminal in London is unaware of the huge profits to be made from drugs and as a result most of them are prepared to go into the drugs trade," says a senior east London detective. "Any old taboos about drug dealing have completely disappeared, though heroin is far less commonly handled by old-style professional criminals than cannabis and, more recently, cocaine. It doesn't mean career criminals no longer commit robberies, but it's pretty common now to find them doing both, with drugs in some cases changing from an occasional sideline to the main event."

This international, cosmopolitan style of the big-time London career criminal sits unhappily with the old image of the East End villain operating out of and controlling his own "manor", but the change is not as dramatic as it sounds. He still comes, typically, from that crescent of east and south-east London which crosses the Thames around Bermondsey. "Funny, really," says a detective superintendent at Scotland Yard, "but you don't get bank robbers from Wimbledon."

The modern London criminal no longer has

aspirations, in the manner of the Krays, to command a criminal underworld, and prefers ad hoc associations with trusted colleagues to permanent organizations. He may have a job, but his principal income comes from crime. At this level he will probably be in a position to invest in both legal and illegal activities with money criminally obtained.

Although he has probably had little formal education, he is financially aware and knows whose expertise to buy for the more sophisticated stunts. "These people would probably do quite well if they were to get to university," says Worth. "Like McVicar, the reformed armed robber, they'd get a reasonable 2:1."

The international aspirations of the big London criminal first began to develop at much the same time that the package holiday boom brought foreign travel within the grasp of the working class from which the majority of organized criminals have come. The Kray twins and the more middle-class Richardson brothers, the notorious British gangs of the 60s who have never been replaced, both looked to opportunities and co-operation abroad.

In their fight against organized crime in London, detectives insist they know the identities of all their quarries. They have, for example, a list of 20 further suspects for the Brinks Mat job, if not the evidence that would



right-hand man in the UK. Prince Alessandro di Yanni Cavello, far left, in dark glasses, chosen to greet the Queen yet a Mafia initiate

convict them. They say they know, too, the accountants, lawyers and bankers to whom criminals may turn for advice.

"I would say there are probably 25 to 30 extremely resourceful, intelligent, well-organized and very dangerous robbers in London," says Worth. "A hard cadre of ruthless, high-echelon criminals who control and combine to bring about a lot of the major crime in this capital."

"They're at the very top. They're usually in their mid to late 20s and mid 30s. They've learned their craft, they move on after that to general organizing. I could equally well say there are 100 others who are at present less well-connected, less proficient, less adept."

"There is a pecking order. There are wise counsellors who are getting older but who've the craft and the connexions to be the elder statesmen of the criminal world, and who are able to give advice and to produce the right calibre person."

Police intelligence comes, as it always has, from close contacts, from informers, from gossip and from observation. It is less easy to penetrate the foreign groups whose organizations are growing in London.

The sheer diversity of the ethnic population has given organizations such as the Hong Kong-based Triads and the Sicilian Mafia a cover which is almost impossible to penetrate.

The major members of the Commonwealth such as Hong Kong, Malaysia and Singapore all have a tradition of secret criminal societies. Given patterns of immigration it was inevitable that those organizations would see possibilities for profit here just as their fellow countrymen saw the opportunity for improvement. Substantial immigrant communities provide the itinerant crime boss with a base for protection rackets while links with the mother country endow him with power and the ability to operate internationally.

The traditions of the Triads and the Sicilian Mafia make them extremely difficult organizations to infiltrate. In Sicily and Hong Kong the authorities have taken years to acquire knowledge, expertise, intelligence and informants.

Dr Barry Rider, head of the Commonwealth Commercial Crime Unit, points to just one of the practical problems: "Take a bug if you are lucky enough to get one against a suspected member of the Triads, who is going to monitor it? He would talk in three or four different Chinese dialects and would say very little anyway. How would you follow a suspect through Soho's Chinatown? You would need three or four surveillance teams, preferably of Chinese nationality. The security forces could probably do it. Scotland Yard might just be able to put one team together."

In the United States, with its greater population mix, there is also a far higher representation among the local and federal police agencies of Chinese, Japanese, Puerto Rican and Italians. Similarly, a great deal more is known about the Triads, and the American and Sicilian Mafia. All these organizations have a much greater presence in the United States.

Increasingly Scotland Yard relies on foreign expertise, particularly from American police forces which have been dealing with the sorts of problems that are only just beginning to appear here. The Metropolitan Police Force also depends, especially in their drugs investigations, on their relationship with Her Majesty's Customs and Excise.

This has not always been as happy as it should be. Each side has accused the other of withholding information and competing unnecessarily to make arrests. The antagonism derives from a big difference between the two organizations.

The major one concerns the expertise customs officers and police officers may bring to their job. The former tend to be moved round from speciality to speciality far less than police officers. They are individually, therefore, a great deal more knowledgeable about drug running and patterns of criminal behaviour than their counterparts in Scotland Yard.

Below, from left: part of a \$250 million heroin shipment that finally ensnared Di Carlo. The Knaphill branch of Barclays Bank, where Mafiosi



Afonso Caruana held one of 15 accounts. Lloyds Bank has also received Mafia money. Unit Five, used to trap Mafiosi. Leo's Wine Bar



There is also a second, more worrying belief that Scotland Yard is not secure, which has led to an obsessive secrecy among customs officers. Last summer the police were informed only a few hours before one of the major drug arrests of the year was made. It was said at the time that the lack of communication with the Metropolitan Police was justified by previous leaks.

Publicly, both organizations are keen to play down the rivalry, professing themselves mystified and irritated by claims of friction. Privately they admit to a sense of competition. Such enmities are unlikely to be allowed to continue, particularly when they threaten to jeopardize long-term investigations. There is an increasing awareness that the only way to fight the highly organized international crime which is now taking root here is to co-operate. Information was the key to the successful convictions of Mafia chieftains in America and it will be similarly crucial here.

The problems do not immediately appear to be formidable, but they are. The Mafia is here in Britain, so, too, are the Colombians, who have pioneered the smuggling and vending of cocaine throughout the western world. There is the unmatched impenetrability and stealth of the Triads to consider, together with the increasingly more subtle operation of the native London groups.

There are some new measures that will help the authorities, such as the legislation that threatens, for instance, bank managers who fail to report suspicious financial transactions. It also allows the confiscation of assets that drug traffickers cannot prove to have acquired legitimately. Similar legislation will soon allow police to pursue the assets of criminals convicted for other offences.

But first the police have to catch the criminals and as London becomes an important international base for organized crime this is going to become more and more difficult.

THE MAFIA

"Mafia Godfather gets 25 years" announced the tabloid headlines after a 48-year-old Sicilian was sentenced at the Old Bailey for organizing heroin shipments from his London headquarters. What the papers did not say was that Francesco Di Carlo was the anointed successor to an equally powerful figure who had also been based in London, and that following his incarceration he, too, would have been replaced.

Di Carlo's operation in Britain was by no means just an occasionally useful Mafia satellite. The information now emerging, principally from the customs investigators, is that the British laundering operation was and still is essential to the swift and anonymous circulation of Mafia money in the world.

It is clear that alongside the laundering activities the Mafia has brought other practices and has made firm links with the indigenous underworld. This may be relatively unsophisticated in Mafia terms but the native criminals have

been able to guide Mafiosi to useful escort agencies and to give them access to dishonest policemen. The ties are getting stronger all the time.

Only recently an apparently respectable businessman, Raymond Kingsland, was named as an unwitting "bag man", a man trusted to carry vast quantities of money across international borders. Kingsland has issued a statement in answer to allegations coming from Italy that he had known about the source of the money.

What is extraordinary is the range of well known banks used by the Mafia: Lloyds, The NatWest and Barclays were frequently used by the Mafia, who presumably found their unquestioning and obliging service to be of great value.

Quite how much Mafia has penetrated Britain will never be exactly clear, but the operation mounted by Di Carlo and his associates goes some way to indicate Mafia's involvement in London.

Di Carlo's first task on arriving in Britain was to supervise the despatch of the body of his predecessor, Liborio Cuntrera, to Italy for burial. It was a useful introduction to the complexities of freight shipping but more important it symbolized the continuity of the Mafia.

Liborio Cuntrera was one of the most powerful men outside the American Mafia families. Together with his relatives, the Caruanas, he established a strong presence in Canada. More recently the two families, members of the Siculiana Clan in Sicily, based their operation in Caracas, Venezuela, where they have reinvested millions of dollars of illegal heroin money in a string of legitimate companies.

Originally it had been planned that Alfonso Caruana, Cuntrera's nephew, would succeed him. In the event it was Di Carlo who came to London in May, 1982 to take over Cuntrera's import-export business. Under Cuntrera, the main function of the trade was money laundering, using nautical and marine dealings as a cover for the transfer of funds. One side would order non-existent goods from the other company to justify the transactions. Under Di Carlo, the business would expand.

In the summer of 1982, at the time of Di Carlo's arrival in London, the Sicilian Mafia was at the height of its post-war political and financial strength. It wielded an unprecedented power derived from the wholesale control of the heroin trade. The secret government of the Sicilian Mafia, "the Commission" was dominated by the Corleonesi (an alliance of Mafia families who swore allegiance to the Corleone family). By 1982 the Corleonesi had successfully murdered most of their rivals. Di Carlo, the Caruanas and the Cuntreras were all part of the Corleonesi faction, and closely associated with Giuseppe Bono, the head of the Bologneta family and a worldwide "broker" for the heroin trade. He was the principal organizer of Mafia heroin operations in Europe, Canada and the United States.

Di Carlo was quickly joined in England by his two close friends: the Caruana brothers. Alfonso and Pasquale Caruana arrived in London in July, 1982, spending a night at the Holiday Inn in Chelsea while they arranged accommodation in more salubrious surroundings. They settled for the anonymous luxury of the Surrey commuter belt. Alfonso Caruana bought Broomfield House, just out-

side Woking. It was a palatial neo-Georgian mansion with heated swimming pool, landscaped gardens, six bedrooms, three bathrooms and two paddocks. Pasquale bought "The Hook", at Cedar Road, Hook Heath near Woking, a detached luxury house with indoor swimming pool, sauna, heart-shaped lily pond, four bedrooms, three bathrooms and burglar-proof locks.

The Caruanas lived quietly in Woking for three years. No one suspected their real business and even today only a few of their accounts have been traced. Alfonso Caruana had an account at the local branch of Barclays Bank in Knaphill but he also had at least 15 other bank accounts in London, Lugano, Amsterdam and Chiasso. Pasquale Caruana had an additional 31 accounts scattered across Panama, Milan, Chiasso, New York, Zurich and Lugano. None of the banks seemed to have asked too many questions, even when suitcases of cash were delivered. One delivery to Barclays Bank contained so many notes that the girl teller complained to the Mafioso and told him to "Come back after lunch".

The Caruanas were not just laundering money for Francesco Di Carlo: from Surrey they were acting as a financial clearing house for Mafia money from all over the world. Money from the Mafia's notorious "Pizza Connection" ring, which dealt in \$1.6 billion worth of heroin and cocaine, also went through London banks—including account number 11352016 held at a London branch of Lloyds bank. When Giuseppe "Pippo" Bono, the main supplier to the "Pizza Connection" in New York, was arrested in Italy, police found the telephone numbers of the Caruana brothers.

Di Carlo, whose registered occupation was "import-export" and "travel agent", was organizing large shipments of hashish, cocaine and heroin. Although most of it was destined for re-export to Canada, customs investigators believe that Di Carlo's gang were also selling on the London market and that they had forged links with London criminals. According to a high-level Mafia informant currently under protection in America, Di Carlo is "a big boss and a millionaire who has murdered many times".

The extent of Di Carlo's power can be measured by the company he kept. The shabby façade of his restaurant in Streatham, "Leo's Wine Bar", and the dilapidated exterior of his suburban Woking domain bore little resemblance to the palace he used in Sicily as a resting place. It belonged to a close friend called Prince Alessandro di Vanni Cavello, a leading member of one of Sicily's oldest aristocratic families. The prince was also a "Man of Honour"—a sworn initiate of the Mafia. As a respected member of Italian high society, the prince was one of the chosen few who were on hand to greet the Queen on the royal visit to Sicily in 1982.

A customs seizure at Felixstowe in December, 1984 provided the first clues to the size and identity of Di Carlo's network. Inside a consignment of carved walnut furniture from Bombay local customs officers discovered 250 kilos of high-quality cannabis resin; they were impressed by the sophistication of the concealment. Working through the night, they removed the cannabis and replaced it with a substitute. The containers of furniture were then followed to their destination: a warehouse owned by Elongate at Unit 5, Mitcham,

Scotland Yard criminal operations head Brian Worth: "A hard cadre of criminals..."

Surrey. The men who received the containers were under observation by customs; they were seen carefully painting out the Indian markings on the crates and re-marking them for onward delivery to Montreal. Customs investigators also discovered that there had been previous shipments from the company in Kashmir to a company in London called Ian Provisions Ltd, an Italian food specialist with a warehouse in Clapham. In Canada the trail led to Santa Rita, a company known to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police for its Mafia connections. Incredibly, the organizers, including Di Carlo and the Caruanas were not deterred by the Felislow seizure.

In May, 1985, customs learned that another furniture shipment for Ian Provisions was on its way—this time from Bangkok. Once again its destination was Canada via London. The Mafia thought that goods which appeared to originate from London would receive less attention than a shipment from Thailand. The merchandise arrived by ship at Southampton and inside a carved table was 60 kilos of pure heroin. Street value in New York: \$250 million. Working with the RCMP, customs removed 24 kilos and sent the rest as a "controlled delivery" to Montreal.

Among the four men arrested unloading the drugs into the boot of their car was Gerlando Caruana, brother of the Surrey-based Mafiosi. It was a significant catch. Back in London, Di Carlo and his associates were arrested but the Caruana brothers got away. Worse, customs were powerless to prevent the sale of their houses and the export of the proceeds. Alfonso Caruana's house was recently sold for \$425,000, Pasquale's for £250,000. Both men are now believed to be in Venezuela.

Meanwhile Di Carlo is improving his command of the English language in the maximum-security wing of Parkhurst Prison on the Isle of Wight. In common with other Mafiosi, it is likely that he will still be able to conduct business from behind bars. Worse, he may provide his fellow prisoners with some rather useful contacts in Sicily.

It is almost certain that Di Carlo has now been replaced and that Scotland Yard and HM Customs have a shrewd idea of who that successor is.

TRADITIONAL CRIME

The down-page news stories that appear from time to time in *The London Evening Standard*, in which pub shootings and doorstep killings seem to be bloody skirmishes in gangland wars, are misleading. The attacks, violent as they are, are not on the scale of the 1960s, the heyday of organized gang crime. They are more the product of individual feuds and double-crossing rather than battles in a fight to control underground London.

A whole era of London crime ended with the conviction of the Kray twins and the Richardson brothers, the two gangs which had threatened to impose a genuine grip on organized crime in the city.

With their demise the typical pattern of London crime that had developed since the war was re-established, and through the 1970s professional criminals returned to their armed robberies of banks and security vans and thefts of expensive lorry-loads.

Now the professional criminal of East End tradition, who is still more likely to come from east or south-east London than from any other area, is active in drugs as well, but his organization is looser than it used to be. He will bring trusted colleagues in on one-off operations rather than work regularly with them.

That system, which throws up successful individual criminals but means there is no one "Mr Big" or "mastermind", prevents the development that would put London crime into the league of certain foreign cities: the suborning of politicians.

Both Reggie and Ronnie Kray who, police believe, came closer to controlling London crime than anyone before or since, and Charles and Eddie Richardson, who were sophisticated enough to develop interests abroad, flirted with politicians. Neither pair made real progress. Since then such sophistication as criminals in London have has been put to use in developing new targets.

The increasingly cashless society of the 1970s, coupled with the improved security of

banks and armoured trucks, forced criminals to turn to alternative schemes.

Their ability to do so demonstrated the intelligence of a group of men far more cunning than their more violent activities suggests. One of the most lucrative schemes, which demonstrates that street-level ingenuity, was the smuggling into Britain of gold bought tax-free in Geneva, the Channel Islands and elsewhere.

It was rushed to Hatton Garden where bullion dealers paid 15 per cent VAT on top of the purchase price to men who had bought it tax-free. The tax, of course, was never passed on to customers. In 1984 alone, customs and excise charged various people with the theft of £40 million worth of tax, and probably lost five times as much again.

The VAT payments that should have been passed on were instead sluiced through front companies and out to foreign bank accounts. Those who were caught confessed, in the knowledge that the maximum sentence they faced, whatever their gain, was two years. This compared favourably with the 15 years they could expect for a dangerous armed robbery securing at best a relatively small sum.

This same VAT fraud came in useful for the criminals who set out to fence and to launder the proceeds of the £26 million worth of gold stolen from the Brinks Mat warehouse at Heathrow in 1983. Selling the gold, they were able to get not only its full value—typical fencing operations work on a 60 per cent pay out—but also to take, and keep, a 15 per cent VAT payment on top.

When Kenneth Noye, the leading brain behind the Brinks Mat robbery, was charged with handling stolen gold from the crime, his defence was that he had smuggled in the gold as part of a VAT fiddle rather than received it from Brinks Mat.

Noye, who killed a policeman keeping covert surveillance on his house as part of the Brinks Mat investigation but was acquitted of murder, was regarded by police as one of a group of efficient and dangerous organized criminals operating in London. His handling offence earned him 14 years.

The names of the "team" who actually did the Brinks Mat robbery are now widely known, though police say it is lack of evidence that has

resulted in only two successful convictions for the robbery itself.

Other enterprises include the provision of equipment for, or fencing of, proceeds from crime protection and extortion. Scotland Yard, conscious that criminals from these areas have long enjoyed success in "persuading" witnesses that it would be unwise to testify against them, now believes there are specialist groups which will undertake for a price the robbing of juries. At any important Old Bailey trial there are likely to be villains monitoring the jury from the public gallery and policemen monitoring the villains.

The quintessential London criminal's crime, though, is armed robbery. It gives him the reputation he needs to organize other criminal activity among his peers in drinking clubs and pubs. In the working-class culture from which he comes it is a test of criminal manhood, a rite of passage that shows no sign of declining in importance. Higher penalties for taking guns on criminal jobs and the dangers of an increasingly efficient police response—as the underworld discovered when police marksmen shot dead two robbers at a South London abattoir earlier this year—appear to have had little effect.

So the interest in robbery remains, but there is also growing concern among police and customs officers at the potential for violence among criminals taking up lucrative drug trafficking, particularly in cocaine. The trade is already generating vast quantities of drugs and cash and, to protect their interests, there has been a surge in the number of guns, particularly in the East End.

Some detectives fear the high profits available could lead to the sort of battles seen in the Italian heroin wars of the 1980s, except that such feuds in Mile End would be conducted not by rival Mafia families with Kalashnikov rifles and car bombs but by small gangs of no more than half a dozen people.

As part of their interest in loose alliances, once inward-looking London criminals are laising more and more with foreign counterparts, both as partners in crime itself and to assist the laundering of its proceeds. This interest in foreign affairs marks another stage in the development of the London professional criminal, who would once have continued to

live and spend his gains among the people with whom he grew up. Then, for a period, it became fashionable to move out to big houses in Essex and Kent.

Now he sees abroad not only as a place to spend or to invest the proceeds of crime, but also as a haven from the British police which he can live without fear of arrest and, if he wants more, in which he can plant fresh crime. Such activities, which are attractive to criminals to run the major risks, have obvious attractions for the middle-aged or older criminal.

The most notorious have in southern Spain, gleefully dubbed by the popular Press the Costa del Crime, where East Enders, provided they do not go to offend their Spanish hosts, have little fear of extradition. Areas of the south coast are now like sunnier versions of London clubland, and, unless the ex-pats bringing a taste of Bethnal Green and the Old Kent Road fall to temptation and start dabbling in the local drugs economy, there is little Britain's police can do.

Without a doubt, one of the most memorable parties on the Mediterranean this season was in celebration of the wedding of Ronnie Knight, former husband of the comedy actress Barbara Windsor. Knight married Susan Haylock, an East End maid, and welcomed guests to his posh friends Clifford Saxe, Freddie Foreman, John Mann and Ronald Everett. Scotland Yard detectives would like very much to talk to all six about the £7 million Security Express robbery at Shorehedge, Britain's biggest cash robbery, which happened shortly before the group of friends left for foreign climes in 1983.

THE TRIADS

The Triads, like the Mafia, have a foothold in every country where there are long-established immigrant communities from their mother countries. With Britain's historic links to Hong Kong, it would be astonishing if the Triads did not have a toehold in London. In what appears to have been a hasty conclusion, the House of Commons Home Affairs Committee on the Chinese Community in Britain in 1985 reported the total absence of the Triads in Britain. The all-party committee concluded: "The myth flourishes despite the absence of any evidence whatever to sustain it. It is true of course that any Chinese criminals in Britain are likely to have contacts in Hong Kong. But no one was able to provide us with any evidence or even reasonable suspicion of links between criminal activities or organizations in Britain and Hong Kong and Macao." Nevertheless there are ominous signs of their presence in London today.

Some have traced the origins of the Triads as far back as AD21 and, in common with their Italian and Japanese counterparts, their roots are embedded in a romantic movement sworn to fight oppression and injustice. The original Triad is said to have been a group of Buddhist monks who invented the art of Kung Fu and became the symbol of opposition to the Manchurian dynasty.

The Triads come in three categories; the first is a centralized structure with an "Incense

Master" at the top of the hierarchy, equivalent to the head of a Mafia family; beneath him are the "Hill Triads" and the "Paper Triads". The second type consists of little more than a cell; each office bearer uses the overall name for his own criminal purposes; the third level is the street gang, which may or may not be Triad-linked but realizes the value of claiming membership.

There are also several different Triads from Hong Kong; the largest is known as the Wo group, with an estimated membership of 29,000 divided into 10 gangs; the second largest is 14K, with a membership of 24,000 and 23 gangs. It is 14K which operates most extensively on an international basis, and has the most substantial presence in the United States and Europe.

14K are controlled by five "Dragons"—the title given to a Triad boss. One of the Dragons is based in New York City where he runs a funeral parlour in Chinatown; ironically, a few doors away is a restaurant. Another Dragon is believed to be living and working in London. From an office in Chinatown, near Gerrard Street, the "Dragon" conducts a variety of businesses and offers services to all members of the Chinese community. The traditional interests of 14K are gambling and protection rackets. Another Triad, the international heroin network which intelligence analysts now believe could be moving into London. They also have immense financial power, with each Triad being run along the lines of a multi-national business.

A glimpse of their interest in London emerges from the auspicious activities of an international securities, property and commodities company based in Hong Kong: Continental King Lung. Boasting more than 30 associated companies, it has the hallmarks of a major corporation with offices in Thailand, San Lanka, Singapore, New York, Vancouver, Dubai, Hong Kong and London. Among its listed directors was Edward T. C. Chan, a respected businessman and vice-president of the United Orient Bank. Chan emigrated to the United States in 1974 and has now been identified as the New York Dragon, the most powerful Triad boss in America. His London counterpart was also involved with the British subsidiary. It is said that the Chinese characters which make up the company name: Continental King Lung, spell The Five Dragons in Chinese script.

By the mid 80s, 14K had renewed their strength and were believed to have reasserted their control over the heroin trade. Curiously, the Dutch police were finding less heroin of South East Asian origin on the streets: most of it was coming from Turkey and Pakistan. Police discovered that the Triads were now bringing in pure heroin from South East Asia which would then be turned into No 3 heroin in secret laboratories in Holland. One kilogram of pure heroin could produce 3 kilos of lower purity No 3 heroin which would then be re-exported to France, Spain, Belgium and West Germany.

A series of meetings over the last few months, including the presence of Chan himself in London last year, has led Triad experts to surmise that London could become a centre for increased Triad activity. The proximity of Holland and links with 14K in Amsterdam could mean that the city will become a centre for Triad heroin distribution. ○

The party of the Marbella season celebrated Ronnie Knight's marriage to Susan Haylock, below centre. Guests included Clifford Saxe, left, and



Freddie Foreman. Police were not invited





To be in vogue one simply must flaunt one's baby...departing Vogue magazine editor Anna Wintour and her baby Charles in matching outfits

CHILDREN OF THE LESSER GODS

The *enfants terribles* have discovered infants. By Jane Ellison

SUDDENLY, children are fashionable. It is not enough to be successful, talented, rich and clever; now you have to be a parent too. Dinner parties resound these days with topics which once caused smart people to groan aloud—the Trouble with the Nanny, the Schools Problem (we'd love to send him to the local but. . .) and painstaking male accounts of Attending Labour. Far from being envied by the fecund but impoverished, Dinkies (Double Income No Kids) are no longer fashionable but objects of sympathy. They are regarded as symbols of the terrible and lonely fate of those who put money before the more lasting joys of procreation. Today house properties are rising fastest not in

the City or the Wapping warehouse market, but in areas where good London day schools are within reach—Notting Hill Gate, Barnes, Wimbledon and Dulwich.

Perhaps it was the Young Fogey who started the trend back towards family life. They have always insisted that infants were a prerequisite of a desirable life. The novelist A. N. Wilson, a celebrated Fogey, has turned out to be—rather surprisingly—the father of three daughters; Gavin Stamp, the architectural historian, is the father of two (written about quite frequently by his journalist wife, Alexandra Artley). Prince Charles—the ultimate Young Fogey—speaks with embarrassing

enthusiasm about parenting. In embracing the idea of the family, the Young Fogey looks to his children to provide an escape route back to a world he has lost yet longs to recapture; where families sing carols round the piano at Christmas, where the nursery fire burns forever brightly, where children wear mackintoshes and coats with velvet collars, visit the lavatory with disciplined regularity and read Beatrix Potter.

This somewhat narrow vision of infancy, however, has expanded. Children are everywhere, their parents extolling the delights of parenting, enthusing over childhood, urging others to have them too. In the media's recent

obsession with Anne Diamond and her unfortunate infant Oliver, we are merely seeing the apogee of a craze for parenthood which has overtaken those who at one stage seemed the world's unlikeliest candidates.

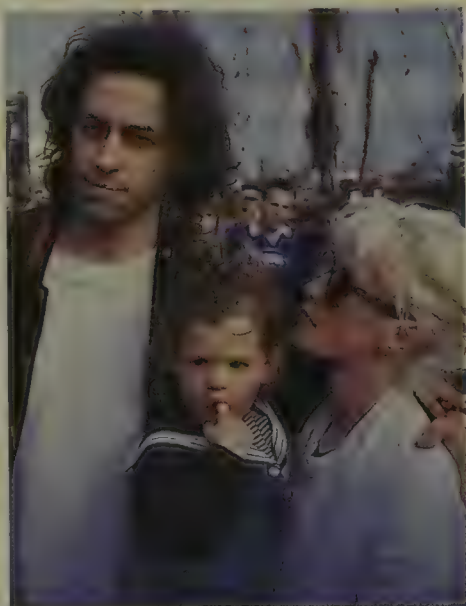
Of course, there is nothing new about the idea of having children. Generation after generation has simply got on with the task of producing them uncomplainingly, bringing them up, attending to their demands with a sense of inevitability. Delightful and absorbing as one's own children might be, there was nevertheless something very ordinary about being a parent. It was... well, dull. Something you did not talk about with enthusiasm. Something you assumed your colleagues were not particularly interested in. Something awe-inspiringly mundane.

Now everyone is suddenly discovering—in a rather loud and touchingly innocent way—the refreshing aspects of having babies. All those fierce young men of the 70s—Martin Amis, Ian McEwan, Mick Jagger, even—can scarcely hold themselves back in interviews from interrupting with the eager question, “Do you have children?” and refusing to talk about anything else. The once-orthodox feminist view that children enslave a woman, destroy her personality, and represent an end to creativity and life, has been junked by a new generation of women determined to have children as well as high-powered jobs.

For the previous generation, children simply were not in the scheme of things. Thanks to the Pill there was no need to have them at all. A few did get thrust into the world by mistake, but they had to adapt themselves, to fit into a culture which put self-expression and fun at the head of the list. A generation of women simply stopped having children. The self-image of being a mother was somehow incredibly unattractive. It was synonymous with being a bore, a frump, a—dreaded word—housewife.

Indeed, the stars of that generation rigorously avoided parenthood. In the world of fashion, no one was into family life at all. David Bailey, who has spent his domestic life partnering a succession of strikingly beautiful women—Catherine Deneuve, Penelope Tree, Marie Helvin—announced to the world that he just never wanted to have children because he did not like the idea of competition. The childish monster ego could be paraded without shame. Fashion models were deliberately sexless, girl-women like Twiggy, the antithesis of the idea of maternity. The whole of *Vogue* magazine was run by a string of women—from the editor down—who did not have a child between them, who pursued the image of an asexual woman, slender, impossibly perfect, uncorrupted by the bodily functions of childbirth.

Pop aped fashion. Children appeared in the rock world in an irregular fashion, and hung around in an improbable way. The strange life of Marlon Richards—progeny of Anita Palenberg and Keith Richards—lay in store for many of the children of the hip and the cool. When Bianca Jagger was putting him to bed once she discovered that his socks were impossible to remove, being literally stuck to his feet. Marlon explained that he had been wearing the same pair for a month. Child care was not a priority for Keith and Anita. John Lennon never said much about his son Julian, an embarrassing encumbrance whom he would shower with occasional bouts of paternal feel-



The fond Jagger and Hall, with infant, top, and the Geldofs with the unfortunate Fifi Trixie Belle

ing. When he produced his second child, Sean, with Yoko Ono, he was universally regarded with pity for the flights of sentimental warmth his child provoked. The songs, some reviewers said, showed Lennon had finally gone mad—sitting alone in the Dakota building, writing lyrics about his child.

Writers went along with the trend. Family life was a source of inspiration in a horribly negative way; from John Osborne to Edward Bond and Joe Orton, the emotional baggage of wives, children and responsibility was the occasion of unparalleled fear and loathing. Tortured marriages littered the stage. Family life was blamed for everything and the writers themselves were openly dedicated to the abandonment of responsibility, fidelity and children. Osborne worked his way steadily and with admirable persistence through a glittering succession of wives; Orton offered a blatant two fingers to respectability in his frenzied embrace of gay promiscuity.

Then things started to change. The fierce young men of the 60s and 70s got married and slid into domesticity. They fathered children. To their surprise, they discovered that they liked them. In short, the reluctant parents were entranced.

At once a great tide of sentimentality began

to wash over them. They took Cyril Connolly's defeatist observation that the pram in the hall is the enemy of creativity and turned it on its head. The pram in the hall became the inspiration for a new kind of writing in which the author's devotion to his children makes almost disconcerting demands on his readers. Amis, for example, has shifted his attention to nuclear war (*Einstein's Monsters*) informing readers that inspiration for the stories came from a vision that he might have to kill his children to save them from a horrible death. Indeed, Amis has been overtaken by an almost proselytizing fervour for reproduction. In a cosy chat with *Interview* magazine Amis, now the father of two, breaks off the narrative to ask his interviewer if he has any children. When he learns that the poor chap is not even married yet: “Do,” says Amis happily and goes on to outline the joys of being a father. “You’ll wonder how you ever survived on the meagreness of life.”

Fatherhood has yet to enter the plot of an Amis novel. Unlike his contemporary Ian McEwan, whose latest book, *The Child in Time*, overflows with a hymn to domesticity and the wonders of having children. After writing about them in an extremely unpleasant way in his earlier work, McEwan is now at pains to publish the profit and joys to be had from their presence since he has become a father himself.

The rock world, too, has succumbed. Mick Jagger, the apotheosis of everything parents abominated about the 60s, has now publicly espoused the role of father and family man. Although he said remarkably little about the children he fathered during the 70s (publicly denying that he was father to Marsha Hunt's child), he now sits proudly holding Jerry Hall's babies on his knee, just the sort of chap you might like your daughter to marry. He was always, according to Philip Norman's biography, *The Stones*, good with children. “It was one further paradox in a character so narcissistically self-absorbed that he loved small children and enjoyed taking care of them: to a child he always granted an intimacy withheld from his closest adult friends.”

Bob Geldof is another representative of the rock star as family man and paterfamilias. Married to Paula Yates, he regularly carries out his media appearances clutching his unfortunately named daughter Fifi Trixie Belle on his knee, proudly declaring that being a father is tremendous fun.

Fashion has imitated the new style, with Bailey having at last fallen victim to reproduction, fathering a child for his latest girlfriend, and Anna Wintour, recently departed editor of *Vogue*, being photographed for her new role with her young baby, Charles (mother and son wore matching outfits). Her successor, Liz Tilberis, has two young children.

This new celebration of children is a source of some amusement to those who have simply got on with the job over the years without making any fuss. But despite the embarrassing gurglings of the new converts, the enthusiasm for parenting perhaps confirms the instincts of nature. It was unlikely, after all, that all these monster egos would not succumb to the tantalizing prospect of creating another little piece of themselves ○

Jane Ellison is a novelist and journalist, whose latest novel, *Another Little Drink*, was published by Secker & Warburg last month.

Getting close to the top of the class

Edward Pearce marks the report-card on Kenneth Baker, liberal thinker and Minister of Education

FIRST a word from the prosecution. A colleague of mine, who has a ruthless view of flawed mankind, observed of the Minister I had just then wimpishly called "nice", "Baker is *not* nice. Baker has charm, and he uses charm at all times as a weapon." It could be true, but it does not stop me from still thinking Ken Baker nice.

That is not a word you throw around in politics. But Baker is temperamentally different from the Prime Minister, with her distaste for listening, her lack of interest in the arts, her bludgeoning iterative insistence on being right. He is an old-time liberal from the Heath era, without Heath's hang-ups, who, by a miracle of shrewdness and good luck, has not only survived but assumed a formidably powerful position. Baker has charge of Education, over which Keith Joseph let his own political blood and exerted the best of his abilities to begin a great undertaking. But we simply do not know if the Joseph/Baker

solution, the ideas which are beginning to emerge from York Road like tears from a plaster virgin, will work, or if they will bias the system yet further by encouraging the better state schools into a process of self-creaming.

We do not know if the City Colleges, free of council interference, will be able to work. Nor do we know if this Gallic central-core curriculum will offset the innate badness and inadequacy of the central core of the teaching profession. Teaching is a better topic for argument than action, and education itself a more apt subject for talk of "a better future for all our children" than for actually coming good.

Baker is thus Minister in charge of a disaster with gradualist features. On the other hand we should not underestimate his ability to get himself out of holes. The unreconstructed Heathian who had had two constituencies shot from under him, nevertheless

had the inspiration to offer the Prime Minister a memorandum on the blameless topic of high technology and to find himself secure employment in an area almost fireproofed against intra-party controversy.

It was a benevolent fortune, operating like baroque stage machinery, which lifted him next from that posting to labour at the right hand of the defeated Patrick Jenkin after the House of Lords had had its one permitted bite in rejecting the GLC (Abolition) Bill. It was typical of Baker's good luck that the dog bit Jenkin! The credit for accomplishing the racing certainty of enactment second time around went to his deputy (and successor) Baker.

If it is in order to give the Prime Minister credit for being the sort of lucky general who wins wars, the same is surely true of Baker. What may yet come to be held against him and his former deputy at the Environment, the quivering cerebral William Waldegrave, is their role in the devising of a brilliant solution to the rates problem. The casualty list from the poll tax, if persisted in, will be impressive, and sitting there with the prints of both men on it is the smoking memorandum.

Interestingly, Nicholas Ridley, the master of languid ministerial insolence, finds himself the unsubtle and aggravating custodian of Baker's little lapse in thinking. It is a quite wonderful example of the Jenkin case happening the other way round. This time it is the inheriting Minister who catches the volley of hard turnips and uncharitable observations, his predecessor who is over the hills and far away.

Emphasis on luck and upon what was almost certainly a serious error does not reduce the broad attractiveness of Baker the politician. In a period of hard seats and long sermons he has certain Restoration qualities. It actually is a pleasure to talk with him. He is a respecter of language, likes wasting time in book shops and tells good jokes.

These are qualities in the present verbicidal imperium, when political humour is lucky to be out on remand, which will see him through worse things than a local government revenue crisis. "Ken may have had the original daft idea," we will say to ourselves "but finding out that people didn't like it and would be voting against it, Ken wouldn't be pushing it on the voters like a horse pill." In Ridley's case the horse will blow back.

He is very much a serious candidate for the succession. A realistic contest would probably be Baker against Moore, since unless

the Chancellor at No 11 surprises everyone by casting eyes on the house next door, there is no credible pure Thatcherian on the turf since Norman Tebbit slipped quietly away. Baker would represent the non-overpowering qualities of life. He is much more people's notion of the politician than Mrs Thatcher—sceptical, emollient, pleased to please, an agnostic in Church out of good manners.

Privately a contented man, married to Mary Gray-Muir for 24 years and the father of three, he is, despite a national-service commission, very much the civilian. He went to a clever academic school and thence to a clever academic college (St Paul's and Magdalen). Advice was given by the very young Lieutenant Baker to the Libyan army. What it was and whether the Libyans took it is not clear.

In an era spangled with Cambridge men (Mrs Thatcher's rising élite all flourished in the Fens), Baker represents the unfashionable university's last chance of following the Somerville graduate to No 10. His own experience of education is of its having fitted his good-humoured, pleasantly bookish and literary outlook very happily. St Paul's and Magdalen are privileged places but liberal with it. Harrow, the Grange Hill of the upper classes, and Christ Church, their remedial centre, would never have done for him.

The new Tory Right, the Dries who are intelligent and astonishingly hardbitten, will regard it as their duty to keep him out at any price. Charm will be quite wasted there. John Moore is very far short of satisfying the requirements of Francis Maude or John Redwood but, biting hard, they may make the best of him to stop Baker. It is essential to remember that though one no longer hears of conflicts between Wets and Dries, the categories have as much substance as any Genovese or Luciano clan gone legitimate. As it happens, we already have a *capo di tutti capi*, a *capa* to be precise, but when she finally heads down to Florida or Dulwich there will be iron on the streets.

In terms of policy it will make less difference than may be supposed. It is hard to see Baker bringing back corporatism or what Ted Heath used to call "massive intervention", while Mrs Thatcher's own people have retreated, perhaps too far, given the amount of spare credit knocking around, from monetarism.

What would change would be the tone and style of government. It is not easy to see Baker's



Attorney General trying to get books banned in New Zealand! He is blessedly deficient in the persecuting and obsessive qualities. It would not be hard to see him using the state revenues more generously, certainly on the arts, probably on overseas aid (the current Aid Minister Chris Patten is strongly Baker-approved).

Arguably, according to critics, he would be less good in the big eyeballing crises. If this means he would think three times about sending naval expeditions to reclaim South Atlantic island bogs he might be doing us a favour. He would not represent strong government. But since so much of strong government boils down to striking equestrian attitudes, one's sense of tragedy is inhibited.

What we should lack under him is the big bow-wow element of international prestige. The international community (politicians on an outing at public expense) are impressed by the flow of statistics, the sleepless singularity and the truculent nationalism of Margaret Thatcher—"lips like Marilyn Monroe, teeth like Caligula" in a phrase attributed to both Bettino Craxi and François Mitterrand. Enough unpleasantness with a good technical back-up and a long line in saw-edged piety has its own masochistic appeal.

It is hard to see Baker bothering to achieve such prestige. In President Harding's illiterate term he represents normalcy. But then there is a good deal to be said for that—normality as Baker would phrase it.

Not that Baker is incapable of cutting up subtly rough. He is said to have been constructively hard on civil servants, and in the Commons he once demolished the atrocious Martin Flannery. Flannery, a calamitous little man with a wagging beard, a dull mind and a prize collection of resentments, had informed Baker during the teachers' pay dispute that he knew nothing about teachers, had a lot to learn and was generally not up to the Flannery par.

"He is," replied the Minister as nearly between clenched teeth as you can get and still speak words, "a former headmaster himself. He may have noticed that the salary on his grade now exceeds that of a Member of Parliament, an example in his case of water finding its own level."

As a refuge for a country that wants rational, right-of-centre, business-minded, but not barbarous government, a sharp understanding without fits of glass-breaking and enough cunning to promote a quiet life and see off its enemies, Baker looks increasingly good ○

MYSTERY

REVISITED

Whatever happened to Lord Lucan? Simon Freeman investigates and finds more hype than substance in two new books on the case of the missing earl



"Lucky" Lord Lucan—alive and well and living in Australia?

IT IS 13 years since Richard John Bingham, the 39-year-old 7th Earl Lucan, vanished, presumed guilty of the murder of Sandra Rivett, the nanny to his children, and the attempted murder of his estranged wife, Veronica. This was what the police call "a domestic"—violence by one member of a family against another. It was, and still is, the most common category of murder.

Most "domestics" rate only a few paragraphs in the Press but this was rather special. Lucan was an Eton-educated former Guards officer who had lost his inherited fortune gambling in London casinos alongside a closely-knit group of aristocratic friends. He also bungled the murder. Having planned to kill his wife he battered Sandra Rivett to death in the basement kitchen of the house in Belgravia which had been their marital home.

If Lucan had been caught and convicted in 1974 he would have served his time in prison and by now, providing that he had repented, he could be back among his chums. But he was never found, let alone tried, and so, like Jack the Ripper, he has become a part of English criminal history, remembered, it must be said,

more because he disappeared than for the single, inept act of violence he committed.

Hundreds of thousands of words have been written about Lucan in the past 13 years. The murder itself has been reconstructed in sickening detail in countless newspaper and magazine articles. His character and the curious world which he inhabited have been analysed by a succession of distinguished writers. There is not much left to say, except to solve the

central mystery: what happened to Lucan?

It is, therefore, surprising that two new books on Lucan should be published this month, amid much hype, without attempting to answer this fundamental point. Both Patrick Marnham, author of *Trail of Havoc*, and his rival Sally Moore, author of *Lucan Not Guilty*, happily admit that they did not bother to look for Lucan and that they do not know whether he is dead or alive. Marnham suspects that Lucan killed himself a few hours after the murder because he could not face "the disgrace". Moore, on the other hand, believes that Lucan is alive, possibly living a healthy, outdoor life as a cowboy on an Argentinian ranch, his anonymity preserved

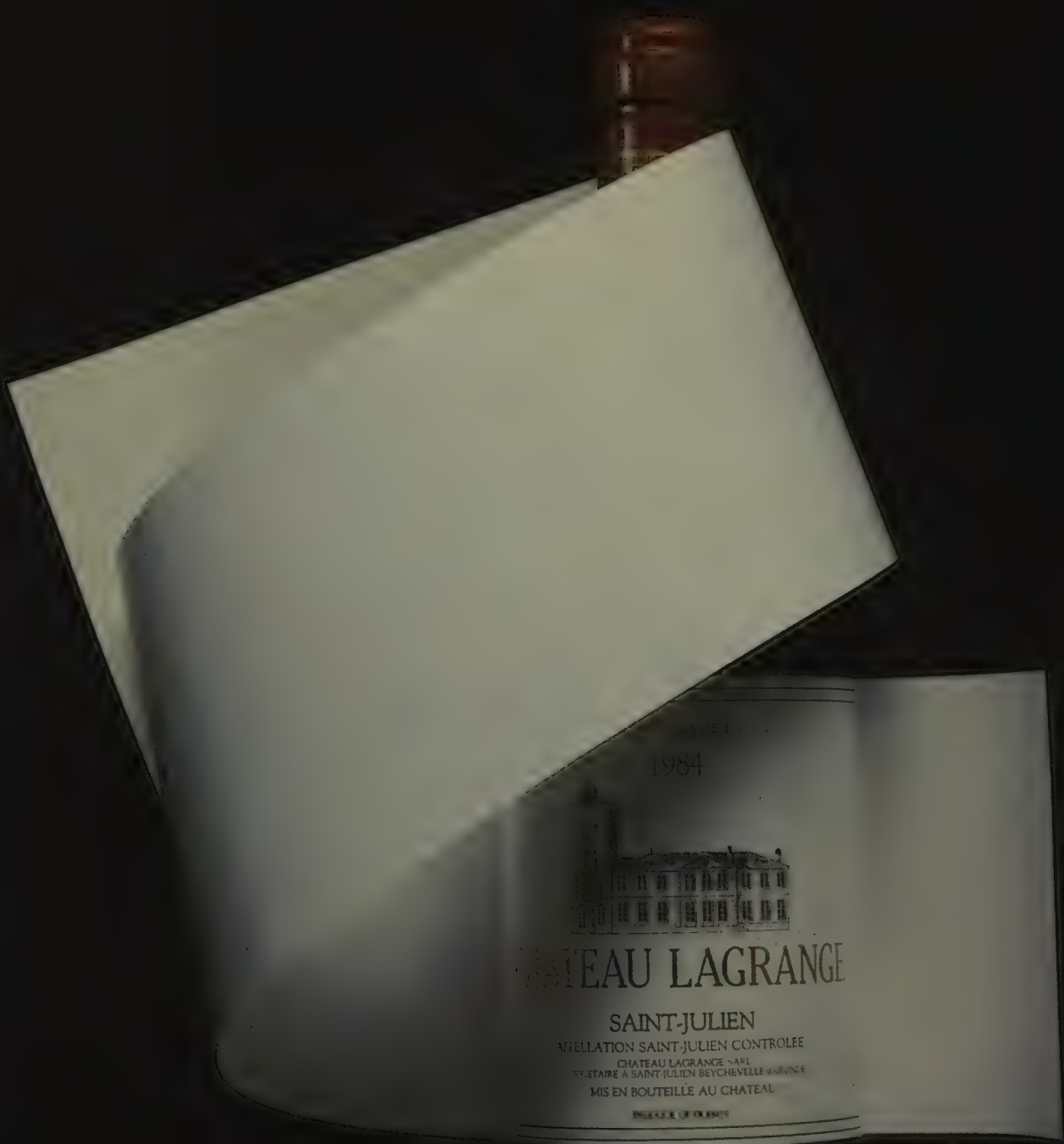
and his features reshaped by some obliging plastic surgeon. Neither Marnham nor Moore, however, can prove their points and neither thinks that matters. Their books, they hope, will reawaken a dormant interest in the Lucan affair.

They may be right. Neither book is especially good but that may not prevent one or both becoming best-sellers. Indeed, the appearance of two books on the same subject often creates

CHATEAU LAGRANGE

GRAND CRU CLASSE EN 1855

SAINT-JULIEN



la nouvelle "robe"



The intended victim, Lady Lucan, fled to a nearby pub screaming "He's killed nanny"

a bigger market for both. There is no certain formula for a non-fiction success but it is possible, as one scans the annual returns from the publishers, to detect which are most likely to attract the public. Apart from the obvious specialist categories (dieting/sex/personal happiness plans/royalty/spies etc) there are patterns.

Phillip Knightley is the author of a string of successful non-fiction books, most recently a study of the Profumo affair. Knightley believes that any book on Lucan will reawaken the public interest. The story provoked strong emotions at the time. It has a symbolic importance in British national life, involving snobbery and the perils of gambling. The story must also have happened long enough ago for witnesses being investigated to be willing to talk, even if they say nothing new or interesting; but not so long ago that they have all died.

But perhaps books about the scandals of the recent past also feed an unconscious appetite of the national psyche? "Nostalgia is a powerful impulse," says Louis Baum, editor of *The Bookseller*. "Everything is changing so fast now that even the events of the recent past, like Profumo or Lucan, seem a long way off."

Patrick Marnham's book, which is published by Viking, took an early lead in the hyping stakes. First, Viking announced that *The Sunday Times* had bought the serialization rights, thus ensuring exposure to millions of potential book buyers, as well as a handsome payment. Sidgwick & Jackson, meanwhile, who publish Sally Moore's book, could only say, a little limply, that they were "negotiating" serialization with an un-named newspaper. This must have been galling for Moore. She says that she has been researching her book, intermittently, for 10 years while Marnham has been working on his for only a few years.

Viking argue, too, that Marnham's name gives them an additional edge. He is 43 and the

Paris correspondent of *The Independent*. He became an expert on Lucan while working at *Private Eye* in the 1970s and has a reputation as an author. Moore, however, is largely unknown. She has worked on the *Daily Mirror* and the *Daily Star* but has never written an investigative book before. Even so, she may give Marnham a much harder fight than he suspects. Both insist, with equal politeness, that they are not worried about the other; it is, they add, an unimportant coincidence that they finished their researches simultaneously.

Sensibly, both books open with the events of Thursday night, November 7, 1974. The accepted version of events, outlined brilliantly by James Fox in his essay of the 1970s in the now-defunct *New Review* magazine, runs like this: Lucan slipped into the basement kitchen of 46 Lower Belgrave Street, where he had once lived with his wife, Veronica, and his three children, George, Frances and Camilla. He intended to murder Veronica who, he believed, had stolen his children from him. He waited for her to come downstairs for her evening pot of tea and at around 9pm, as he expected, he heard her open the door to the kitchen and descend the stairs. He saw the shape of a woman; he raised the lead cosh and smashed it down on her head, again and again, with such force that fragments of bone and tissue hit the ceiling. Sandra Rivett was dead by the time he realized he had killed the wrong woman. He bundled the body into a mailbag which he had brought with him and then turned to his intended victim, Veronica. But she struggled and, perhaps out of exhaustion, perhaps because he suddenly realized the awfulness of what he had done, he gave up.

Lucan had once been wealthy but by 1974 he had gambled away his inheritance, making nonsense of the nickname "Lucky" conferred on him by his cronies. He had become a dissolute, heavy-drinking near-bankrupt who had

neither the wit nor the courage to blame himself for his decline. So he found other explanations. He detested the post-war egalitarianism, which suggested that men such as himself should have to earn their living. He despised the politicians responsible for the decay of the old values and hoped that strong men of vision would take power, by force if need be. He was arrogant, bigoted and indolent. He was, in short, an anachronism who would, perhaps, have been more at ease in the 19th century, alongside his infamous ancestor, the third Earl Lucan, who brutalized his tenants in Ireland and helped bring about the disastrous charge of the Light Brigade during the Crimean War.

The sequence of events immediately after the murder was this: Lucan went upstairs to wash his hands. Veronica fled to a nearby pub where she screamed that "he" – she never said who – had killed the nanny. Realizing that she had left, Lucan also fled and drove straight to a friend's house in Uckfield.

There has been no trace of him since, but it is widely thought that he threw himself from the ferry into the English Channel.

This is, at least, the traditional view of what happened and of Lucan's character and motives. Marnham rehashes all this, although he does offer a variation. He thinks that an American hit-man, hired by Lucan, might have killed Sandra Rivett; hence the US-made mailbag in which her body was dumped. But he spends little time on this theory. Instead, he writes at length and with some style about Lucan the Man, echoing Fox's view of Lucan as a doomed and tragic figure in a world he did not understand. It is when Marnham moves to the "trail of havoc" that the book stumbles. There are chunks which seem to be no more than padding.

Sally Moore's book, on the other hand, is a more entertaining narrative. She has had a great deal of help from Lucan's family and friends (but not from Veronica). It is packed with quotations from them saying that he was a smashing chap who could not have swatted a fly without feeling guilty. Moore clearly adores Lucan, whom she portrays as a cross between Superman and a saint. "Gracious," she gushes at one point, "he would have been a perfect James Bond." She is just as enthusiastic in conversation as in print: "I never met him but I think he was a super person. Kind and gentle and with a super sense of humour." She also thinks, as one can guess from the title, that he was innocent: "I am certain of it. I hope that as a result of my book the police will reopen the inquiry. I hope that Lucan will come forward and then, who knows, I could write his story."

Does it matter that Marnham's book is uneven and disjointed and that Moore's is so partisan? Knightley thinks not. The basic mix is right—a recent, emotive scandal rich with sociological significance. With strong promotion from the publisher, a few news stories in the Press and a following wind, Lucanmania could be back with us. "I think both books could sell well," Knightley says. "Personally, I think Lucan is in Australia."

Now that would be a story ○

Patrick Marnham's Trail of Havoc: In the Steps of Lord Lucan (Viking) and Sally Moore's Lucan Not Guilty (Sidgwick & Jackson) are both published on October 15.

Simon Freeman is a senior writer with The Sunday Times.

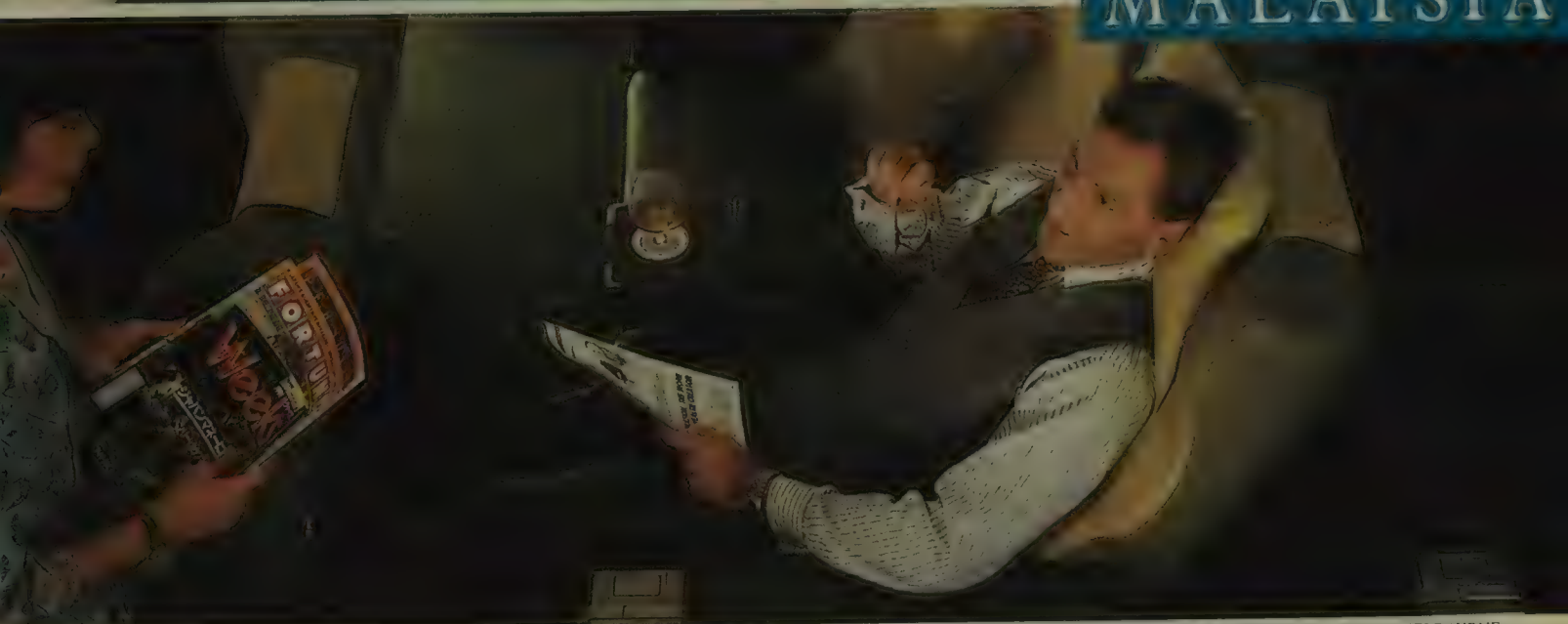
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PAST PERFECT, FUTURE TENSE: BRITAIN NOW

Laurie Taylor begins an eight-part series on the rapid changes of attitudes and behaviour in British society. On this page he introduces the series; overleaf he discusses youth. Additional research by Chloë Sayer. Photographs by Jill Furmanovsky

EARLY THIS year, Gallup produced a set of survey results which were quite startling enough to deserve more than the single inside column they received in most of the dailies. The survey was grandly titled *The State of Britain Today*, and the significant figures concerned people's beliefs about the progress which this country was likely to make in the future. A full half of those questioned said that "Britain was standing still"; a third said it was "On the way down"; only one-fifth believed it was "On the way up". What is more, a clear majority saw their own children's future not merely as un-

certain or difficult to predict, but as downright "dismal" or "frightening".

Looked at in isolation, these figures suggest a formidable degree of pessimism among the British people. They become even more telling when set against previous trends. For pessimism is not a characteristic trait of the British. The idea that our society is slowly improving has survived political crises, economic slumps and even wars. Never in the last 150 years has the notion that we are making progress been disbelieved by so many people.

What lies behind this apparent loss of hope?

Some observers have attributed it to a gradually growing paranoia about the arrival of the second millennium: to the secular fear of a nuclear holocaust before that date, or the religious assumption that God may choose the 2,000th anniversary of his son's visit to the world as an appropriate time to blow the final whistle. A comparable fear swept through Europe before the arrival of the first millennium: all that prevented mass panic then was the inability of the entire population to agree among themselves about which year was really the year 1000.



London Yuppies in the making: "unlined baby faces slotted into adult ensembles", playing at being twice their age and preparing to earn fortunes

More mundane interpretations have linked current pessimism to the slow depletion of our oil resources; a mere economic fact which gains added potency from the metaphorical connotations of "wells running dry". Egalitarians appear particularly distressed by the widening economic, racial and geographical divisions in our society; and religious leaders mourn the arrival of a new materialism and the decline of the Welfare State ethic.

Maybe, though, there is no one factor or set of factors which can be isolated. Some analysts, who trace the beginning of this creeping pessimism to the period immediately after the Coronation of Elizabeth II in 1953, see it almost as a psychological exhaustion of the population. In the words of social theorist Timothy Dickenson, "There's been no specific catastrophe.

It's been like looking into a room where everybody is nodding off and you say, 'Good God, there must be a gas leak or the air supply is running out'."

There is something else very unusual about the present mood in this country. For it seems that we can simultaneously believe that the future for our children is dismal and frightening and yet not be too depressed about our own present circumstances. Nine-tenths of the people in Britain—and that figure must include a great many of the poor and sick and disadvantaged—regard themselves as "fairly happy", a result well in line with previous surveys.

One way to manage the psychological trick is, of course, by ignoring that "dismal" future. We do our best. In Britain, books about the

past easily outsell those about the future. Nostalgia or anti-modernism in architecture, painting, poetry, music, even value-systems (let's get back to those good old Victorian values) have many friends in high places. Or, alternatively, as some critics argue, our mild contentment with the present might be induced not by any reality-testing but by an addiction to the insistent, "fairly happy" outpourings of television and video.

In the next eight months, with the help of interviews with experts and representative groups and individuals around the country, I will be examining these and other propositions about Britain today. What is happening to such traditional and established features of society as work, marriage and religion? What are the implications of our new obsessions with fitness

and health and nutritional purity? How violent, anarchic and rebellious is Britain today?

I will be looking for fundamental shifts in values. How true is it, for example, that altruism is now being replaced by a guilt-free self-interest? Gallup suggests that most people are already agreed on the answer to this: 89 per cent insisted that Britain is now "a free-for-all-society where it is a case of everyone for themselves".

In this first report, I look at the group which might be expected to be most sensitive to many of these new ways of thinking, acting and feeling—the youth of Britain.

THE LONDON YUPPIE

Radical graduates in the 1960s and early 70s were little short of vicious about those of their fellow students who opted for the rich rewards of television and journalism. According to those 21-year-old idealists, the only "right-on" way of life was the dole or work in such underpaid but politically "okay" places as wholefood stores, book-shops, or mental hospitals. The wheel has turned full circle. Now, it is the radicals who fight each other for the jobs in television or Fleet Street and Wapping, while the real careerists have switched their sights towards the City.

It is this latter group which has already achieved the ultimate accolade in youth culture: a name of their very own. All such cool hard young City people are Yuppies (a label which has so caught the fancy of the media that it has now been meaninglessly extended to include practically anyone under 30 who has more money than the person doing the labelling). The real Yuppies are to be distinguished from the imitations not only by their presence in the City but by their ability to simulate the advanced years which it would previously have been necessary to attain in order to command their present salaries. More simply: being a Yuppie means playing at being 46 when you are only 23.

As you watch them milling together in their favourite City wine bar, the image which most readily comes to mind is the seaside photography stall. Unlined animated baby faces are incongruously slotted into adult sartorial ensembles: dark suits, striped shirts, gold cufflinks, black leather shoes for the men; sensible skirts, crisp blouses, pearl drop earrings, black court shoes for the women.

Even more anachronistic is the conversation. Here are people of 21 and 22 earnestly debating the value of their property and the relative advantages of moving from Parsons Green to Kensington or even Chelsea. But then 86 per cent of young urban professionals have already bought their own place, and property in London has, like other commodities in the market, to be speedily moved around if profit-taking is to be maximized.

What does separate these young rich people from their middle-aged counterparts is their self-confidence. In this group there is no need to

be modest about your talents or reticent about your ambitions. Some, like Sarah, 26, at ease in the boardroom of a large American bank, speak as though they had been born for such competitive circumstances. "In the third year of my degree there was just no question in my mind that if I wanted to prove a point—which was that I was good and I was going to get one of the top jobs out of the university—then one had to go for the City.

"I always knew I could market and I always felt it made sense to sell a sexy product like money rather than washing powder. The more I looked at the City the more I liked what I was seeing—a lot of aggressive or assertive people who had clear ideas about wanting to get ahead. It seemed the right environment to pick up on my personality traits." Is she "aggressive and assertive"? "I believe so," she says emphatically.

Although there is much talk of money among young City people—talk of prices going "north" or "south" (up or down), of being "in a spread" (making money), of how many shares have been bought in a company which looks ready for takeover, there is more reluctance to discuss actual salaries. In this competitive arena where you are often able to negotiate your own pay, it only causes ill feelings if those doing similar work get to hear you're earning that much more than them. But Sarah agreed that her present position—"I develop quasi-new products. Interface with the customer in gilts and equities"—rewarded her with a little under £40,000. And that was only a start. "I also get a subsidized mortgage which is extraordinarily beneficial because you're able to gear up to a higher level than your peer group. And a non-contributory pension. And private health benefits. And a car. A very nice car, in fact."

Which car you choose if you are in the City is hardly complicated. A recent NOP poll found that easily the most desired vehicle was the Porsche (the Porsche 911, that is, and not the flashier 924). If that wasn't yet possible then you settled for a Golf GTi. One respondent in the poll nearly managed to combine both love of property and car in his fervent wish for "a large detached house with a gravelled drive for the tyres of a Porsche to crunch on". (For all their hi-tech urbanity, Yuppies are as anxious as any other moneyed set to ape aspects of aristocratic life.)

Sarah herself has a Golf GTi—"one of the few surviving ones in London which hasn't had its badge taken"—but already she is aroused by the thought of what could come next.

"I had the ultimate sexual experience of my life about a week and a half ago. They had a BMW convertible in this showroom. I sat in it. And drove it. And I fell in love. There's no chance now of marriage to a man. I'm in love with that car." Why not buy it then? "Round my way they'd stick a knife through the roof to get the radio."

She did laugh a little at her casual conflation of cupid and cupidity, but not too apologetically. Did she or her friends or acquaintances in the City ever feel guilt about the sheer size of their earnings? "At times. But then I manage to dispose of all my money. I do think, why was I born so lucky? Above average intelligence. Assertive. But that's not guilt."

Sarah's colleague Louise, 24, was even more forceful. "I don't feel guilty. That's senseless. I'm bright. I recognize that. It's very sad that

there are poor people in, say, Liverpool, with a family of five earning half [sic] my salary. But that's a function of society. You couldn't have 10 million Louise Davenports in the City. I'm not guilty. I've not harmed anyone else."

But if there is precious little guilt there is still something which strikes one as a little neurotic about all the frenetic "talking-up" of money and success which goes on in the wine bars, at domestic barbecues, and at summer wedding receptions in the country. There's the slight hint just around the edges of the chatter that this present situation cannot last for ever—that its days are already numbered. Like gamblers on a winning streak, Yuppies must keep feeding coins into the City machine to retain their luck. A few are already openly cynical about their future prospects. One young stockbroker declared in a recent BBC television programme: "The stock market will be a car park in five years and I'll have made a fortune."

Even Sarah's confidence has its limits. She is strikingly unaffected by the attempts of others to plunder her material possessions: "My car has been broken into 15 times in the last two years. It's been raped. But I'm damned if they're going to get the better of me." But she does have recurrent fears that the attributes which got her to her present position may not always hold her there. "One of my great fears is old age. I'm scared of losing my abilities. A lot of self-questioning and insecurities and doubts creep up in the darker moments of the night."

STUDENTS

It could be that even this modest degree of uncertainty will be absent from the new set of students that the City is now so eagerly recruiting from British universities. Nothing in present-day student life looks too likely to create any profound reservations about such careers: non-materialist values are no more evident on campuses these days than elsewhere in Britain.

It is not that the revolutionaries have completely disappeared. At some universities, such as Sussex, the Trotskyist Socialist Workers Student Society is still able to help organize a traditional occupation of the administration block (official estimate of damage £60,000). But most universities are now controlled by centrist or centre-left groups and student politics is strictly about local issues. Even courses and tutors seem to have once again become above criticism with lecturers no longer needing to fight off demands for a more critical approach to their subject matter or requests to justify their own presence in such a "bourgeois institution".

Many dons now face a completely new source of anxiety. They must stay up late to read the fat tomes which for years they put on their reading lists in the confident assumption that they would be largely ignored by students. Today's students are likely to follow their courses with all the fixed attention which some traditionally only accorded to the Space Invaders machine in the Junior Common Room.

This myopia does not delight all tutors—

particularly those whose faded jeans and patched-up Ben Sherman shirts betray an identity that was assembled in more radical days. "What worries me," explained one Sussex don, still languishing after 17 years in academe at the top of the lecturers' scale, "is that the students have a great deal more respect for the degree course that I teach than I do myself."

Less irreverent dons have similar reservations about the modern student. "They regard their degree as another A Level," complained one; while another confided to *The Times* that "the stereotype of the student in Thatcher's Britain is a hard-working aggressive vocationalist, eschewing student activism and social activity in favour of a single-minded pursuit of a good job . . . the reality is an unenterprising specimen, sadly devoid of disinterested curiosity and intellectual *joie de vivre*".

Such "unenterprising specimens" are likely to spend any leisure time they have not at union meetings or on "demos", but drinking until they vomit in college bars, watching television (at some universities up to a third of students now have their own sets) or making modest whoopee at the Ballroom Dancing Society (the inter-university ballroom dancing competitions grow apace). A post-graduate student at a northern university, worn down by attempts to persuade his fellow students to participate in intellectual debate, described the present student population as "floating around in a state of chronic mild depression".

This relatively passive state of affairs may not endure. Already there are signs of some cracks in the complacency. 1987 may not rival 1968 but it was still a big year for student disturbances around the world. In London 25,000 turned out to complain about grants which had decreased in real terms by 21 per cent since 1979. And in March, the London School of Economics was occupied, albeit most politely, in protest against South African investments. Meanwhile in France, Spain, Mexico, China and South Korea, students not only appeared in large numbers on the streets, but in some cases won the day against fearful odds.

Something else has happened which may promote student radicalism in the terms ahead: no longer is there the threat of unemployment to ensure conformity. In the early 80s more than one in 10 of all students was still unemployed six months after graduating, but this year the figure has nearly halved. Meanwhile, average graduate pay has doubled in the last five years, and it is common knowledge that the City is ready to hand over salaries of £15,000 per annum to students with degrees in subjects which have little or no relevance to commercial life. It all begins to look rather like the early 70s when students could object to crass materialism and crude commodity worship in the secure knowledge that both were options which could always be adopted at a later stage.

Students are unlikely, though, to invent a new counter-culture. Their usual role is to pick up on an existing focus of discontent and amplify it. What is now waiting in the wings? Those who know the youth scene predict some revised version of the 60s drop-out culture. Jon Savage, who wrote for the influential youth magazine *The Face* for 10 years, and who is now completing a book with Michael York called *Teenage*, finds the most interesting development among those young people "who are organizing themselves outside consump-

tion". These people are not defining themselves like many previous youth cultures by what they buy, by what music they listen to. They follow the peace convoy or go to the Glastonbury Festival. They may look like either punks or hippies—but they demonstrate a return to hippie ideals.

There are further superficial pointers to the present potency of 60s imagery. Tim O'Sullivan, 28, is a highly successful photographer whose work on youth culture for *Vogue* and for various advertising accounts has helped to make him highly sensitive to changes in the West End youth scene. He agrees that the next culture could be starting at Glastonbury. "There's a lot more interest in hippies. Gossips (the Soho club) has a weekday night called Planet Alice which is all The Doors and Jimi Hendrix—music of the 60s. There'll be another 60s all right—but without the sex."

There may already be a drug to play the part once assumed by LSD. "This new drug Ecstasy has bred more hippies round town than anything else. It's an empathogen: it makes people very lovey-dovey with each other. If you go round the clubs, you see piles of people all cuddling each other. They're on it. All going 'Hey man' and being sweet and nice to each other."

R ASTAS OF CHAPELTOWN

Whatever the counter-culture which develops from mystical hand-holding in Glastonbury or Ecstatic cuddling in Soho, it is unlikely to have any very profound effect upon Chapeltown.

This suburb of Leeds is about 10 minutes by bus from the city centre. The few square miles of terrace houses are inhabited mainly by Afro-Caribbeans, Asians, Irish, and a few impoverished (and sometimes also idealistic) English. As in other such inner-city areas, the residents are geographically and socially marooned. The streets show little sign of any economic activity. A Sikh family runs the local post office; a group of Rastas own a small record store (an entrepreneurial success often referred to enviously by other blacks). Social life for the mainly black and mainly unemployed population moves between the "arcades" (single rooms flanked by rows of slot machines), the much raided Bamboo Leaf café and a large urban pub, The Hayfield.

Nigel is a less than typical member of this community. He is young, just 22, black, wears Rasta locks—and has a job. He sits under a large poster of Bob Marley in the Chapeltown office of Ruth Bunday and Co, Solicitors, and describes the long career of unemployment and "schemes" which preceded his present position. "I was out of work for two and a half years. Wake up in the afternoon. Go round and see if any friends was up. Be in their house. Talk for a while. Go out. Mainly wheeling and dealing. Making dole money last by doing something else with it to get more money. Out on street. Looking for things to buy and sell. That's all."

And then after a YTS scheme in joinery

("they got rid of me") and a community industries scheme in painting and decorating and yet more unemployment, he finally landed in Ruth's practice as a trainee legal assistant.

He says, "I wanted to get into Ruth's because other solicitors' firms as soon as they looked at me, they went 'No. Not with that hair.' Ruth said she wouldn't take me on if I cut my hair. I enjoy work now. Sometimes I get here before everyone else. They gave me a key. I'm determined to go the whole way. I'll take my solicitor's exams. Probably be the first Rastafarian solicitor."

Most of Nigel's black friends in Chapeltown are far less lucky. (The unemployment figure for under 25s here is nearly 70 per cent.) Like him they may have alternated between "schemes" and unemployment since leaving school, but many have ended up precisely where they started, as unemployed—"dolers", in the abusive term they use to describe their plight. And for most that means out on the street. Away from domestic overcrowding but also up with your friends and near the action.

Huey, a 24-year-old Rasta with locks, has tried to break the habit. "I wake up and I say to myself, 'What can I do positively?' But then I do what I do every day. I go down to what we know as the front line. Get down there and think, 'I don't want to be down here. I don't want to just be in the street. In a café. I want to do something positive. What else is there to do? Then I go back home again.'"

Much the same attitude is evident among those younger blacks who are only facing up to their first experience of unemployment. Malcolm, in black leather jacket, jeans, trainers and with short hair, is 16. He admits to having "despised" all "dolers" at school. But now he searches for some compensation in the status. "I get £41 a week. I try and enjoy that. I won't just look at the £41 and say it's not enough—take your money back. I try and enjoy it. One good thing. On the dole you have less friends asking you for money. When you're in work they all call round. On the dole, you're nobody."

Young unemployed blacks in Chapeltown, as in Brixton, Notting Hill and St Paul's, know that the easiest way to supplement their dole money is to sell a little cannabis. Huey had already done some time in jail for dealing in what he insists on calling "that herbal plant". But it was difficult to find any moral concern about the practice either in him or among his friends. "What's wrong with selling a little to your friends or a few white students from the university?" was more or less the standard response to questions on the subject.

"Crime" is readily talked about among such people as an available option. Malcolm liked "blues" parties because they kept him out of trouble. "If a friend comes round and says come to the blues and another says how about some burglary, you gotta go to the blues 'cos it won't be there next night." All in all he didn't think he would go into crime: "It's a tough life, man. Knowing the police will be on your back all the time. You do crime and buy a car. What's that—you got a car. Next thing you know you locked up. You lose the car."

Nigel's experience of prison during visits to convicted friends made him even more sceptical of crime as a way out. "It's too depressing. I wouldn't like nobody to go in there. A lot of my friends have stopped that now. Just want to sit at home, get their little dole money, buy a draw, talk, and that's all. No crime."



The new generation of Rastafarians has kicked off the work ethic and learned to cope: "We're no longer afraid. We've got our dignity back"

The jobless culture of Chapeltown—the style of life adopted by its “dolars”—also gets some support from religion. “Religion is the strength of me,” insists Huey. “Without Rastafari I would have cracked up long ago. It teaches you to be spiritually balanced. My flesh is weak. It says: ‘Give up. Be a doler. Sit down. Do nothing for a month.’ But my spirit keeps me going.” Did that mean that he could overcome the pains of unemployment? “Look. The whole reason of us being on this earth is innocent suffering. My life now is a suffering of the flesh to free the spirit.”

This acceptance of unemployment as almost a way of life is often a cause of division between young blacks and their parents. Nigel captured the incomprehension of the older generation at the street life of their children. “‘Oh,’ they say,

‘You’re all too bad. All you want to do is lie around—go to the blues—stand on the corner.’” This is not a culture which parents recognize, which they ever experienced for themselves as youths. “Perhaps when they came out to England in the 50s and 60s they found it hard but they could still leave a job one day and find another the next. Now there are no jobs.”

The new generation has learnt to adjust to permanent unemployment. It has kicked off the work ethic and learnt to cope. “Old people don’t know what to do if they’re made redundant,” said Nigel. “They’ll do odd jobs—and do them from 9 to 5 as though they were still working.” They don’t know how not to work.” Huey put the difference between the generations’ views of work even more harshly: “Our

parents born in the West Indies were afraid. My stepfather is like a slave. But we’re no longer afraid. We’ve got our dignity back. We’ve got our pride back.”

THE YTS TRAINEES

Part of this pride lies in not taking any old job—in deciding that there’s more dignity to be found in unemployment than in accepting a menial, badly paid position. Such an attitude to



The optimistic workers: "embracing a new working-class conservatism, they find proof of the superiority of the English in the hostility of foreigners"

joblessness is helped along by the knowledge that many others share your plight, and by religious and political convictions which simultaneously suggest that life consists of "innocent suffering" and that being on the street, on the front line, is a form of resistance to society's racism.

It all helps produce the sort of independent spirit which Jackie Fleming might not be too displeased to find among some of her mainly white Youth Training Scheme youths. Jackie works about 4 miles away from Chapeltown in a two-storey building sandwiched between warehouses behind the mainline station. This is the Sidestep Training Scheme, now part of a vast YTS empire which offers places to nearly 400,000 of the young people who leave school at 16 or 17, with another 30,000 or so likely to

join up in the coming years as the Government implements the plan to deny social security to all those school-leavers who at the moment prefer unemployment as an option.

Some of these 30,000 unwilling recruits might be pleasantly surprised if they obtained one of the 60 places at Sidestep. For this is a craft-based scheme and the workroom with its displays of glass, jewelry, leather and painted cloth looks like a friendly art college. Although Jackie is committed to this small corner of the YTS, she has little time for the YTS in general because it leads so many young people to modify their ambitions—to accept less than they originally wanted. "It's dreadful. It's very apparent what YTS does to some young people. It becomes paramount to them to have a job. Their identity is completely wrapped up

in having a job—or being on a scheme—and they think in those terms all the time. To suggest that you have one life and you should do what you want in that time is very difficult."

The trainees around the workroom certainly seemed to have modest expectations. Adrian Walker, 17, although fashionably innovative in knee-length tight black shorts with matching braces, thought that £27 a week in the first year, and £35 per week in the second was reasonable. "I suppose now and again people could do with a bit more." It was a response which drew a grunt from Jackie. "It depresses me that young people are satisfied with £35. That they'll take a job that pays only that. That's what they've really learnt on YTS. They've learnt to accept less and to expect less."

But as many 16- to 18-year-olds know, there

may not be any job (even one at £35 a week) waiting for them at the end of the scheme. Only the very lucky ones will be able to find a job which relates directly to their two years' training. Lynda Bradley, 18, who was working alongside Adrian in Leeds, was philosophical: No, she didn't expect to get a job doing what she wanted. "My friends who left the scheme. Most can't get a job or take up any job that's going."

A National Youth Bureau spokesman describes such a setback as "a betrayal, a form of bereavement from which it's hard to recover. It's tragic to see them regressing, losing their confidence and poise. At 19 and 20 years old, many of our ex-trainees are back to the level of 16-year-olds." In some areas only a third of trainees find work after leaving their schemes. Many YTS staff describe their condition as despairing. "It is characterized by lethargy and apathy, living a twilight life, staying late in bed, watching television and listening to music, and avoiding contact with family, friends and the community."

This is not to condemn all YTS schemes. "Training" has become highly selective over the last few years with attractive apprenticeships in Nissan and Rolls-Royce factories coming under its umbrella. But young people entering these desirable schemes will need school qualifications: they stand miles apart in terms of job prospects and no doubt satisfaction from the 40 per cent of Britain's 16-year-old school-leavers who have no formal qualification at all, and who must fall back upon "training" schemes which can, at their worst, involve little more than filling the shelves of the local supermarket.

This aspect of YTS leads the highly committed and conscientious Jackie Fleming to declare that "to be honest, it would give me pleasure if every YTS trainee in this country went on strike and said we're not having this any more".

WORKING CLASS

Micky, 17, and Davey, 17, are not the ideal young people to talk to about the problems of the unemployed. Micky's view is that "there's loads of jobs going in London—just look in the *Standard*. Any young person who wants a job in London can find one. No trouble. Problem is people on the dole don't do enough. With all the time they had they could get really good at something".

They are very pleased with their own jobs. As postmen, they get nearly £100 a week—"good money when you're 17"—plus weekly bonuses which can be as high as £30. "Very good work," says Micky. "Yeah. Really enjoyable." "What work?" Davey chips in. "You don't do none." They both live in Hackney and both own cars. Micky, a Beetle, and Davey, a Cortina. If they had the money they would go straight for a Ferrari Convertible. "New reg [registration]. With a good car like that you'd feel good—and look good." They like to dress "smart", buy their clothes in Covent Garden at

Next and Jigsaw, and feel nice "dressing up after being in uniform all week".

They have none of the anxiety about the future evident among many other young people who have recently left school. "No, England's not going downhill," insisted Davey. "I think we're recovering quite a lot from the war. Our country went too soft. I ain't racist but we let everybody in. Before we knew it we hadn't got no jobs." What helped make Britain great again was Mrs Thatcher. "She has done well. She'll be there another 10 years. I'll vote for her when I can. People should leave her to run the country." And Labour? "Wouldn't vote Labour." "Labour's more for the foreigners. Labour invited them over. The Conservatives are more British than the Labour. More upper-class."

Micky and Davey, like others of their age who embrace this new working-class conservatism, find proof of the superiority of the English in the very hostility of foreigners to this country. "The rest of the world hate the English," said Davey. "We went on holiday to Spain—and the *Spanish*—they *hated* us. Majorca. We had a good laugh though. Hired out motor-bikes. Writ 'em off. Getting drunk every night. Crawling home about seven in the morning."

It was the Falklands War which did more than anything else to fuel their present patriotic beliefs. "The Falklands? That was brilliant," says Micky. "Brilliant," echoes Davey. "We're one of the smallest countries in the world. And we've got the best armed forces in the world."

The word that some have tried to stick on Davey and Micky and their friends is job: people like this, it is claimed, are the new barbarians, smashed out of their heads on strong lager, faces stuck into the yob's house journal *The Sun* and bristling with prejudices. Crass entrepreneurs in the City can hide their greed, their materialism, behind perfumed life styles, but here, nearer the bottom of the pile, we can see the battle for survival in its naked, ugly form.

Davey and Micky certainly admire the City successes. "I like people who've made millions and millions of pounds from nothing. What I can't stand are people who've just been born into it." And alongside their admiration for many of the new vigilante and Rambo films ("I could watch that *Commando* again and again") goes an intolerance of anything that is less than full-blooded male. Davey is especially firm. "I'm very anti-gay I am. I don't agree with it at all. And Lesbians. I've always been against them. I've seen 'em down the Camden Palace. I stay well away. Keep the same glass all night."

Nothing has happened in the last decade to change their view of what women really want. "Girls like being whistled at in the street. Like to be noticed, girls do. Or they wouldn't take so long on their hair. Men get up in the morning and just slap on a bit of water."

But they are both anxious to distance themselves from some of the cruder behaviour of their mates. Both insist that they would have nothing to do with any violence—although Davey would "cut off rapists' balls"—and both are now a little bored with the idea of getting drunk (they've been boozing since they were 14). They've also seen quite enough crime to realize that it can be a no-win game, and consciously keep out of any trouble by devoting a great deal of their spare time to exercise and training.

Their relentless optimism was easily their

dominant trait. Wasn't there anything that worried them about Britain today? "No." "No." "You're both optimistic?" "Yes." "Yes. I'm optimistic." Not worried about nuclear war? "No." "No, no one's got the bottle to do that. There might be a little war with this Iran. Not nuclear arms. All Arabs are nutcases, anyway. That Ayatollah wants to be Hitler. The Americans nearly got that Gadaffi. Got his house. But Reagan is a nutter. Maggie knows the score. She knows the score."

A VEIN OF PESSIMISM

What sense can be made of the broad range of youthful attitudes and moods to be found among young people in the late 80s: the fierce independence of black youth; the aggressive optimistic patriotism of some sections of the working class; the relative docility of young unemployed whites; the intellectual passivity of students; the unapologetic materialism of the young urban professionals?

Jon Savage sees this very diversity as characteristic of the late 80s. "The main point about youth culture today is that there is not one." It is no longer possible to think of "young people" as a group. Part of the explanation for this may lie in the manner in which our whole society is becoming atomized. Solidarity between different sections has been replaced by mutual back-stabbing. Some of the more conspiratorial analysts would see this as a "divide and rule" device. The greater the distinctions between YTS-ers and Yuppies, between white employed and black "dolars", the less chance of coherent opposition to current policies.

Another less sinister reason for the lack of any general youth culture may lie in the demographic character of our present population. The number of teenagers and young people in our culture is rapidly diminishing as the products of the baby boom of 1964 move upwards into the 25-35 category. It now makes good sense for advertisers and image makers to direct their attention to this older and larger group—to make them, rather than the 17-to-20s, the arbiters of fashion, music, style. All that one then need do is persuade the teenagers that they would like nothing better than to be 25.

One generalization can still be made. Through many of the cultures we have examined there runs a thick vein of pessimism. Many in the City believe the boom cannot last; Rastafarian youth rationalize their predicament with such statements as "Do your best and let God do the rest"; and the young on "schemes" or in badly paid jobs, display in Jonathan Steinberg's phrase "a palpable apathy. Employed below their potential—they do nothing but swear listlessly." And in the background, the number of suicides among the under 25s continues to rise—moving upwards by 24 per cent in a single decade. Perhaps it is as well that several observers site the new optimistic counter-culture at Glastonbury. Something mystical may well be needed if the current dark mood is to be lifted from the minds of our young people ○

LOOKING DOWN THE WELLS

Norman Lewis pursues rumours
of sinister happenings on
the Greek island of Ayia Irini



"Mr Lewis can make even a lorry interesting," wrote Cyril Connolly of the great travel writer Norman Lewis. It is a rare gift indeed but for many years his clarity and idiosyncratic eye were forgotten, his natural style and intelligence unenjoyed.

Lewis's books were rediscovered entirely through the efforts of Eland Books, a tiny and impecunious publishing company run by John Platt in south London. Lewis's qualities actively encouraged the search for other forgotten travel writers and certainly his standards inspired a new generation to enter this most British of literary genres. Bruce Chatwin and Redmond O'Hanlon, two younger travel writers, were both intrigued by Lewis's approach which seemed so much more direct and free. Travel writing was no longer just topographical description and the log of a journey. The resonances of a place and the personality of the author became much more important. The motivation of a travel writer is now generally much closer to the creative drive of a novelist.

Lewis has put the greater share of his effort into fiction. He has published 12 novels and six non-fiction books. His great work falls into the latter group. Naples 44 is one of the best books to be written about the Second World War. The Honoured Society, which is a wonderful description of the Mafia in Sicily (Lewis's first marriage was to a Sicilian), won him a very large following in Russia.

Lewis, now in his 70s, is also a most effective journalist, not because he has an eye for flashy sensation but rather because of his dogged pursuit of unspectacular injustice. In 1968 he single-handedly changed the Brazilian government's policy to the country's Indians by exposing in a magazine article the official extermination of frail and ancient cultures. Next year he returns to this theme in the book The Missionaries, an account of the insensitive zealotry of American churches in the South American jungles.

I WAS STUDYING the endemic lizards of the island of Kos when I spotted an intriguing news item in a Greek newspaper. This reported investigations by the police into rumours that women in the small island of Ayia Irini in the Cretan Sea were disposing of unwanted husbands by throwing them down dry wells. It was a moment when, after some months of largely routine and statistical work, I felt in need of stimulation and variety. I looked into the shipping situation, finding that there were no ferries to Ayia Irini but that sponge-fishing boats from the neighbouring island of Kalymnos on their way to North African waters touched there with fair regularity. It turned out that one would be leaving in a matter of days, so I went over to Kalymnos and arranged a passage.

What fascinated me about this story of homicidal wives, and raised so many questions, was that what was supposed to have happened here in the Cretan sea bore a remarkable resemblance to sinister occurrences elsewhere in the Mediterranean. Something of the kind had been reported from an ex-penal island off the coast of Sicily, and when I had been in Ibiza some years earlier the police had investigated the cases of several married men said to have emigrated to Argentina, whose remains were found at the bottom of wells. Here again the wives fell under suspicion, although the evidence proved insufficient to bring them to trial. The view of the islanders was that boredom had probably driven them to desperate ends.

I raised the subject of boredom with the sponge-fishermen with whom I travelled; but it was a subject of which they showed little understanding. What to us was an exceptional and usually temporary frame of mind was to them a normality to which they surrendered themselves without protest. There were three of them, in addition to the crew of two, all in their 40s, their torsos and limbs brine-cured like hams; twisted by the bends, and given to long bouts of silence. They carried a prostitute with them, a sharp-faced wall called Penelope from the Piraeus waterfront, whom they indulged like a spoilt child, and decked with cheap jewelry and rare and extraordinary coral collected from the depths of the sea. They spent the three days of the crossing from one island to the next



eating, sleeping and making love—on a strictly rota basis—in this way preparing themselves for the stresses to be faced when the diving began. There were a few second-quality sponges to be fished in the shallow waters surrounding Ayia Irini, after which they would move on to Benghazi to venture into the great depths and fish with the blood vessels exploding behind their eyes and fighting off the cheerful apathy induced by nitrogen in the blood.

Ayia Irini was all I expected it to be: a brief sketching of cypresses and rocks on a glassy sea; silence, whiteness, harsh scents, egg-like domes, and a slow-moving, calm, yet histrionic population, like bit-part actors waiting to go on stage in a Theban play. The earth that sustained life had been brought here and unloaded from boats over the centuries—subsequently enriched with the manure of donkeys, which were a principal form of wealth. The islanders grew figs, olives of the bitter kind, and made cheese from the milk of their goats. On this plain fare, enlivened in spring by fledgling seagulls collected from their nests on the cliffs, and at other times by the small, spiny fish to be netted in these waters, they lived on in a vigorous fashion into ripe and supremely uneventful old age.

A locanda provided a tiny white dungeon of a room for use by the occasional tax-collector from the mainland, and I was the first guest to occupy it in that year. It was run by a woman called Elene, recognizable from the Greek journalist's description, although not mentioned by name, as one of the suspects in the case of the missing husbands. For two days the sponge-fishermen went off to dive in shallow waters, coming here in the cool of the evening to fraternize with the locals in the bar. These elderly, tongue-tied, motionless, closely-related men accepted the sponge-fishermen's gifts of live crabs, which they caught in abundance, tore off their legs and chewed at them thoughtfully. It later appeared that they were disconcerted by the enormous Yugoslav watches worn by the visitors, preferring not to be reminded too directly of the passage of time. At one time a sponge-fisherman turned to me to whisper, "Now I know what you meant. Yes, this is boredom."

By the morning of the third day, the boat's worn-out engine was coaxed into life once again and the three divers wearing their huge watches, and Penelope, glittering with necklaces, pendants and rings, stood together on deck as the boat ploughed a misted furrow of water across the harbour, making for the open sea once more; this time for the deep waters off Cyprus.

I trudged back through the empty, clean-cut light and shade to the locanda, and watched Elene rise out glasses behind the counter. This she did, eyes averted, with a series of graceful, premeditated gestures. All her actions, whether busying herself with a broom, emptying a pail, or replacing some object in its proper position, conformed to the movements of a vestal dance. Within hours of my arrival I had been offered for the equivalent of £200 a supposedly ancient terracotta statuette of a goddess, said to have been unearthed in an island cave, and the resemblance between the woman and the figurine was extraordinary. Elene was a Pallas Athena in the flesh, with the almond eyes, the long, classic nose pinched at the tip, the faintly critical half-smile, and roped-up edifice of hair framing her face. Stefanos—the man who had tried to sell me the statuette—had been evasive

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when I inquired into the disappearance of her husband. "I guess he emigrated," he said. "Anyone who can, does."

Stefanos was 39. He had smuggled himself into the US and worked illegally for five years in a beer factory in Milwaukee before detection and banishment, excluded thus from a paradise he would never re-enter. Now he had settled back with huge reluctance on the island of his birth. In season he climbed the cliff faces to gather young birds for pickling. He acted as middleman in the collection and supply of donkey manure, and caught the squid used as bait for a handful of fishermen, receiving a few fish in return. His office of go-between had been inherited from his father, and once in a while he arranged a marriage and pinned the drachma notes on the bridal dress, but now the island population was falling fast and marriages had become rare.

"How's the investigation going?" I asked him.

"We have one island policeman," he said. "He is looking down the wells. We have 100 wells on the island. Some of them are 60 feet deep. So far he has looked down three. If you want that thing I showed you, you can have it for 7,000 drachs. Theophrastes from the Athens museum was over here when they dug out the cave, but the guys got away with this one."

With the departure of the sponge-fishermen there was a small problem with time. My own watch had ceased to work after a dousing in sea-water, Stefanos was without one, and there were few clocks on the island. "Let's go and see if the old man has been fed yet," Stefanos said.

The old man was Elene's paralysed father whose daily routine, followed in public, provided, along with the position and shape of the shadows on the walls, a rough guide to the hours. At exactly 7am he had himself carried out of doors and laid upon a bed in the shade of a great vine. From this position in the past he had taken pleasure in a view of damascened cliffs dominating a seascape etched on air, the occasional swoop of a raven over the polished waves, and the men, far below, casting their nets like discus-throwers with the faint supplicatory scream that probably no longer reached his ears: "Almighty God, send me a fish." At 1pm the old man would raise a hand, bringing Elene with a bowl of the beans upon which he lived. 3pm was the time for the arrival of the odd-job boy with the bed-pan, who would return precisely at 7pm to assist Elene with the task of getting her father back.

When we arrived on the scene the bowl had been emptied of beans but not removed, and Stefanos's observations led him to calculate that it was about 1.30pm. We moved back into the eternal twilight of the bar in which Elene's white-whiskered cousins twice- or thrice-removed were propped, rosaries in hand, like carved church images against the wall. "All day the search goes on for something to do," Stefanos said, "but outside work there is nothing. We tire of each other's faces. That is why arranged marriages are bad, which I say although I have been in the business myself. For a woman this can be like being roped face to face with a stranger for the rest of her days. In Ayia Irini there are no crimes—only illegal solutions."

We went on a tour of inspection of the wells, hacked out by slaves, Stefanos said, in the days

6 Silence, whiteness, harsh scents, egg-like domes, and a slow-moving, calm, yet histrionic population . . .

of the Turks. They were all over the mountainside, most of them long since gone dry, and in many instances the well-heads were covered with honeysuckle, which flourished in the cold, stagnant air breathed out from the depths of the earth. We found two men working with ropes and hooks, while a third—the island policeman—picked over the detritus they had recovered and piled into a wheelbarrow. He was encircled by a chorus of black-garbed old women, and at the moment of our arrival the village priest came gliding into sight, his face carved with noble indifference. "Ninety-five more wells to be examined," Stefanos said. "Here it is impossible to waste time. A drunken man goes out for a piss at night and falls down a well. If anything is found, what does it prove?"

The great heat forced us back into the locanda, where the far door had been thrown open, and Elene stood in an obelisk of sunbeams washing out her father's bowl. "Next week the sponge-fishers are back," Stefanos said, "you will be leaving us. We shall be sorry."

"So will I. It's been a great experience."

"You look at the lady all the time. Before you came here you put on a clean shirt, but you never say anything to her."

"All she ever says to me is good morning, or good evening."

"But you like her very much."

"I admire her. She's very beautiful."

"She is the most beautiful Greek lady you have seen perhaps?"

"I think she is."

"You are missing a great opportunity."

"In what way?"

"You sit here and you do nothing. It would be easy for you to know her much better."

"And how would I set about doing that?"

"Nothing is possible on this island. Even the stones have eyes. You would have to take her somewhere else. Let us say Kalymnos."

Elene turned slowly, bowl in hand as if placing herself on display in the drift of bright notes. I could feel her eyes on us. Where was the motive hidden in this labyrinth?

"There would be high price to pay," I said.

"There would be nothing to pay."

"I wasn't thinking of money."

"What else is there to worry about? You want the woman—take her." He quoted a Greek proverb. "It's the sins we don't commit we regret."

The island policeman gave up his profitless hunt, but a police launch chugged into the

harbour next day bringing a plainclothes inspector from Khania in Crete. He was a grey, scuttling little man with a smile of the kind designed to screen secret thoughts. In a single day he questioned all the young widows and those women whose husbands had disappeared, pressing three of them including Elene as to the reason why they should have been reported to have dropped flowers down certain wells. In the evening we drank ouzo together. Covering his mouth the inspector raked delicately at his teeth with a gold toothpick, and watched me intently over the arch of his curved fingers.

His life's passion he said was sea fishing—but for one kind of fish alone: the majestic and somewhat mysterious dentex, once served only at pashas' tables. When taken, in its last extremity and dragged within inches of the surface, he said, it glowed with a sudden marine incandescence—instantly extinguished in death. This mortuary outburst of colours was the devoted angler's reward. To catch a dentex called for familiarity based on long study with the habits of the fish. It required special tackle, dedication and faith. "I know where they are to be found and I go there," the inspector said. "Sometimes I fish for days and I catch nothing, but I am sure in the end of success. I am a patient man."

The sponge-fishermen were due back on the Sunday and on the Saturday I went to Stefanos's house for our last meal together. Mention was made of the inspector.

"He is from Ioannina in the north," Stefanos said. "A cold place where the sea never warms the land. It is impossible to come to terms with these people."

"My feeling is he'll be with you for quite a time."

"Did you think any more about my proposal?"

"Yes, but in any case it's too late. I see the island policeman has moved his quarters down to the port."

"My friend, you will never forgive yourself," Stefanos said. He unwrapped a newspaper package and took out the terracotta statuette. "This is something to remember her by," he said. "Take it and give me anything you like."

I gave him 2,000 drachmas, the equivalent then of £29, and when he jumped up and kissed me on both cheeks I knew it was the fake it turned out to be.

Six months later when I was back in England he sent me a clipping from an Athens newspaper for which he had provided a translation:

"Referring to the case of Mrs Elene Nicolopoulos, accused of the murder of her husband," Judge Constandiandrou said, "I am at a loss to understand why it was ever brought. There was no history of conflict in this relationship, and the injuries sustained were consonant with those to be expected from such a fall." The judge added that it was not inconceivable that disheartened by his unsuccessful efforts to emigrate, the husband might have taken his own life.

"My dear friend, this is for your interest," Stefanos wrote. "We have been lucky. Dr Constandiandrou is almost a neighbour—from the island of Karpathos. I am happy to say to you that our friend Elene is back with us once more and her innocence proved. She sends you warm greetings, and we are impatiently awaiting your return." ○

DRESS TO THRILL

Lindka Cierach designs for the Duchess of York.
Now she has plans for the rest of us.
By Joanna Willcox



A MEMORABLE image of the Duke and Duchess of York's wedding last year was of Lindka Cierach bent low to adjust the bridal gown. Lindka, immaculately dressed, and the bride herself, could not have been a better advertisement for the versatility of Cierach couture. From being dressmaker to a select few from the pages of Debut's, Lindka Cierach became known as the woman who dressed the Duchess of York.

In the early days, however, the Duchess suffered a marked lack of

Lindka Cierach, above and overleaf, wears her black, full-length, crushed velvet evening dress with plunging lace inserts. Available from Harrods, Knightsbridge, SW1 and Chloe, Henley-on-Thames, Oxon. Left, the Duchess of York in Cierach creations. Top row, at a Savoy dinner, with the Princess of Wales and in a yellow outfit at Ascot this year. Bottom row, at her former flatmate's wedding; at Toronto races and in Winnipeg on the Canadian tour in July; and in her wedding dress, which Lindka adjusts

dress sense, relieved, thankfully, by the Cierach wedding gown. But in the past few months she has thrown off the old image and today rivals the Princess of Wales in elegance, and Linda Cierach rivals the princes of couture. And, for the first time this autumn, her clothes can be bought ready-to-wear.

"The new collection clothes have a definite link with those I've designed for the Duchess of York," says Linda. "They have the shapely look that I like and that suits her so well. The mood is elegance, flattery, femininity, particularly in the evening wear. It's essential to make the form alluring. I'm designing to make women look as beautiful as possible, and when men like my clothes—which they do, sometimes more than women—I think that's wonderful."

Linda designs from her Victorian terraced house in Fulham, where she continues per-

Vogue's promotions department, and it was here that she found her inspiration. "I loved the clothes but couldn't afford them so had to make my own. I designed my clothes but didn't have any confidence because I didn't know how to cut my own patterns." Her boss recognized her talent and was far-sighted enough to suggest she leave *Vogue* to train at the London College of Fashion. "I never looked back."

At the end of her two-year course she worked briefly as assistant to Japanese designer Yuki ("it didn't work, sadly—he went bankrupt"), before starting on her own, in a cramped mews flat, doing anything from sewing on hooks and eyes and alterations to designing brides' and bridesmaids' dresses. Through her well-connected schoolfriends she swiftly established a clientele that included, eventually, Sarah Ferguson, the duchesses of Kent and Westminster, and Queen Anne-Marie of Greece.

She moved to Fulham four years ago. Here, the dressmaking is done by machinists in a tiny attic room with skylight windows. Linda designs, makes patterns, cuts material and adds finishing touches to everything. She put together her new 30-piece collection of cashmere sweaters and dresses, leather separates and evening wear, in four weeks.

Linda's fundamental approach to design is to make women feel comfortable as well as beautiful. She achieves this by paying attention to getting the cut, the fabric, detail, quality and finish just right.

That ability to make the most of a woman's looks is crucial in a wedding dress—particularly the royal gown. She likes to think she was chosen to make it because her work is so individual—she analyses the needs of each person and works closely with them rather than designing for a particular look. "Fashion that doesn't flatter is such a shame," she says.

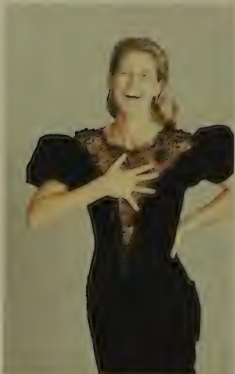
Linda has never deliberately specialized in wedding dresses—she has always produced a couture collection of day and evening wear for her clients—but the ready-to-wear is a departure from her style of working with an individual. "The collections give me a wider choice in fabric, design and everything else."

Her prices are not cheap: *prêt-à-porter* evening dresses average at £1,200 and wedding dresses start from £2,800. Linda's main extravagance is material—bought mostly from France, Italy and Switzerland. "I love mixing textures like tulle with laces, chiffons with beading and silk satins."

Linda has had a lot of interest from overseas but is still on the brink of international success and big business. "It is not easy to make money in couture as so much work goes into every dress," she says. However, she expects the next collection to rectify that: a spring/summer ready-to-wear set that will be shown to wholesalers this month.

"The new collection is very colourful, short, fun and vibrant for the spring and summer," says Linda. Just the sort of clothes to suit a young duchess ○

Right, russet shot-taffeta evening dress with boned bodice of richly embroidered, hand-ruched lace. Three-quarter-length or long, also in blue. Far right, black velvet dress with sleeves and skirt in flocked and sequined lace, and underskirt in contrasting blue net. Both dresses available from Harrods; Robina, Knightsbridge and New Bond Street; Chloe; Jean Ponting, Birmingham



sonally to produce exquisite clothes for a private clientele that has expanded since the wedding. "Life is much more complicated, but it's enormous fun," she says.

Linda Cierach is an open and friendly woman of 35, with a beaming, dimpled smile. Wearing rimless spectacles and with her fair hair pinned back in combs, she manages to look *soignée* even in working gear of jeans and tee-shirt with a tape measure round her neck.

She had a fairly unconventional start to her career. As a child growing up in Africa, her birthplace, she led a nomadic and carefree life in the bush, where her Polish father was mapping large areas of Kenya, Uganda and Basutoland. Her mother's influence of dressmaking for the family in these remote areas led Linda to experiment by making clothes for her dolls, then for herself. At boarding school in Mayfield, Sussex, her talent for needlework was rewarded with prizes, but when she reached the age of 15 it took second place to academic work. "I didn't realize I could have a career in fashion," she said.

A secretarial course led to a year working in

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SPECIAL REPORT

TORONTO

Canada's largest city has come of age. James Bishop opens this three-part survey with news of an urban success story

THE 20TH century has not been good for cities. Rapid growth has too often been accompanied by the deterioration of services and increasingly uncomfortable living conditions, city streets serving as rubbish dumps, its walls as canvases for graffiti, its dark corners the front lines of violence, its people the targets of muggers.

There are, of course, exceptions, of which possibly the most sparkling, and certainly the most surprising, is Toronto, Canada's largest city, which is now attracting considerable international attention because it has developed as a huge urban and cosmopolitan centre while overcoming, or managing to avoid, many of the problems that

afflict other world cities. Toronto is a city that seems to work, and is also rather fun to live in.

It was not always so. For many years Toronto was nicknamed "Hogtown", and when it had shaken that off it was given the label "Toronto the Good", which was not meant to be complimentary. More than a century ago

Charles Dickens condemned its "wild and rabid torism" and until quite recently Toronto could fairly be described as a dull and puritanical place, provincial rather than international in its outlook. bound by the stiffest conventions of its British inheritance, its laces tied very strait indeed. Everyday life was dreary, noted one local commentator, but Sunday was murder: even the department stores drew their curtains on that day to eliminate the dangerous thrill of window shopping.

Life in Toronto today is certainly not dreary. The corsets have come off and it has become what one of its recent reforming mayors, David Crombie, aimed for, a "24-hour city". The dramatic change has been brought about partly by prosperity, partly by planning and partly by people. The influx of immigrants since the Second World War has created what Torontonians like to call a multicultural society, and these new Canadians have added new life and spice to the city. They have come from Italy, China, Greece, Germany, the West Indies, the Middle East, Hungary, Poland, Portugal, Korea, India and Pakistan, Thailand, and many other countries. They speak (according to the 1986 census) 58 languages, belong to 25 religions and live for the most part in distinct communities within the metropolitan area.

A regular meeting place for all groups is Kensington Market, which flourishes along a series of narrow streets in Toronto's old Jewish quarter, and where an amazing variety of fruit and vegetables, meat, fish, herbs, spices, live chickens and rabbits, bagels, biscuits and bread are haggled over in a cosmopolitan of languages.

But there are ethnic communities there are no ghettos. Anyone can work or eat or shop or walk in these neighbourhoods, which may not stretch more than a couple of streets. Strangers may not feel especially welcome, but then they will not be effused over in any part of the city—Torontonians are economical with words—and they will certainly not feel threatened. What strangers will experience, and if they come from rougher cities may marvel over, is what the present mayor, Art Eggleton, calls civility.

"It's very deeply engrained in this city," he says. "It's part of those traditions which to a great extent are British and which go back to our early days. And we've

been able to keep this. Between 1953 and now we've grown into a cosmopolitan city that has increased in international stature and financial importance, but we've been able to keep our foundations of civility. And the people who've come here have adapted to that Toronto tradition. I think the end result is delightful."

His view is shared, it seems, by the majority of his fellow citizens, who display a cautious pride in their city which was certainly not evident when I last visited a couple of decades ago. They used to be deprecatory, even calling one of the city's neighbourhoods Cabbagetown, for example, and generally acknowledging an inferiority to Montreal, to New York, or to almost any other city you cared to mention.

That diffidence has almost gone. Cabbagetown itself has become fashionable, its Victorian houses now highly-priced and much sought after, and Torontonians talk of their city with some confidence: It works, doesn't it? The American architect Buckminster Fuller has been quoted as saying so, and so has sociologist Jane Jacobs, author of that 1968 polemic on town planning *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, who has moved from Manhattan to live in Toronto. And didn't polyglot Peter Ustinov say that Toronto is like New York run by the Swiss? That's a compliment, isn't it?

The prosperity which has drawn so many new people to this much-complimented city, and which has enabled them to settle comfortably within its metropolitan area, was partially accidental. It derived from the collapse of financial and business confidence in Montreal when it seemed for a time as if the French-speaking province of Quebec might break out of the federal system. The abrupt exit of most English-speaking finance houses and commercial companies from Montreal transferred Toronto to the undisputed financial and business capital of Canada and further stimulated the building boom that was already getting under way.

As important as prosperity to Toronto's development has been its planning and organization. The city itself is small, having a population of not much more than 600,000 people, but the metropolitan area that surrounds it, and of which it is a part, is large, covering 244 square miles and



Toronto's Blue Jays baseball team has been leading the American

housing about three million people. Metropolitan Toronto was created in 1953 to establish a regional government for the five cities of Toronto, North York, Scarborough, York, Etobicoke and the borough of East York.

While each unit continues to control its own roads, schools and similar immediate concerns, the metropolitan council looks after the wider transport systems, including the motorways, the police, water supply, social services and long-term planning. The result was the establishment of an effective infrastructure, including rapid-transit Go-trains, with well-designed double-deck carriages and connecting buses to link the suburbs with the centre, and an efficient and unbelievably cheap subway system, the pride of the

Toronto Transit Commission, which has already drawn up its plans for the expansion of the system to the year 2011.

The TTC's proposals, which have been presented for public debate as well as for consideration by the metropolitan corporation, follow a pattern of planning that has grown up since the war: positive and anticipatory, but flexible enough to respond to the experience of other cities (the TTC, for example, know what London Transport and British Rail have on the drawing board) and to the reaction of public opinion. Everyone involved in public affairs and city planning now looks back to the early 1970s, when there was what the present Toronto City chairman, Dennis Flynn, calls a "great pause" in development.

League's eastern division for much of this season

The catalyst for the building boom in this part of Toronto had been the construction of the new City Hall, designed by the Finnish architect Viljo Revell after an international competition for its design had attracted 520 entries from 42 countries. It was completed in 1965 and was followed by the building of the Sheraton Centre on the other side of Queen Street and a succession of banking towers and other commercial buildings. Many of these are spectacular in design and appearance and some even have glass sprinkled with gold-dust to keep out the heat or keep it in, depending on which extremity of seasons Toronto may be enduring.

The downtown building spree was to be accompanied by the construction of a motorway into

the heart of the city, a project that aroused public disquiet about what mayor Eggleton calls the proposed "Manhattanization" of Toronto, and it was this which persuaded the city to pause and rethink its development plans. The motorway would have carved its way through several neighbourhoods, and the concentration on commercial buildings was threatening to turn downtown Toronto into an empty, and probably dangerous, area at night.

The decision to change the policy for the development of downtown Toronto and turn it into a living as well as a working area was taken in 1972, and since then thousands of apartments have been constructed, as well as subsidized housing, and many older houses and neighbourhoods



"Life in Toronto today is certainly not dreary"

have been restored. The result is that Toronto's inner city has become a thriving, bustling community, at night as well as by day, and below ground as well as above, for one of the most remarkable aspects of Toronto's downtown development has been the spread of its underground city.

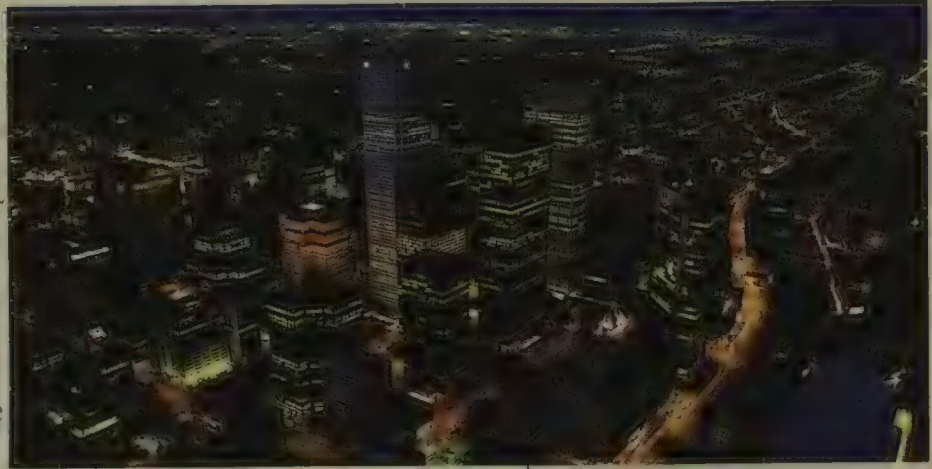
This subterranean complex, by far the largest in the world, would defy the imagination of the most sophisticated of moles, and even adventurous humans are likely to lose their bearings if they try to penetrate its erratic length and breadth. Its tunnels start at Union Station and meander northwards, with many a dead-end excursion to east and west, as far as the Eaton Centre and the Atrium at Bay and Dundas Streets. Its more

than 3 miles of tunnel include seven subway stations and some 1,000 shops, restaurants, banks, offices, apartment buildings, dentists' and doctors' offices, cinemas and theatres, supported by a generous growth of trees and shrubs, all maintained at a comfortable temperature, which make it as popular in Toronto's humid summers as it is in the freezing winters. It would be quite possible for a Toronto citizen to live, work and play without venturing into the open for months on end, perhaps even for a lifetime. The city authorities have no record of it happening yet, but they would be wise perhaps to watch out for unusually pallid faces that might suggest that the stuff of futuristic films has finally become reality.

If such films are still produced it

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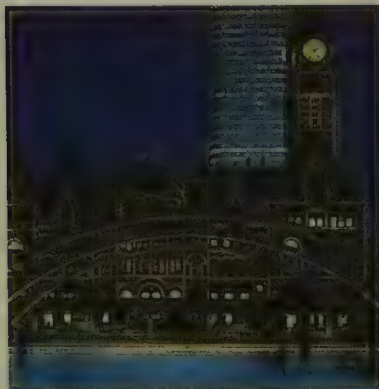
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THE MUNICIPALITY OF METROPOLITAN TORONTO



Mayor Eggleton. The clock tower behind him is part of the old City Hall

is more than likely that they will be shot in Toronto, which in recent years has deliberately encouraged the industry even to the extent of establishing a special film and media liaison department in City Hall to help production companies find suitable locations and technical assistance. Film and television production has doubled in three years, and in 1986 35 feature films and 67 television productions were shot in Toronto. The attractions for film companies, apart from the ready co-operation of City Hall, include the exchange rate, a pool of skilled crews and technicians, good light, and a variety of attractive and easily adapted locations. There is a story (the truth of which I was unable to verify) of an American company filming a New York

street scene in Toronto. To make it look authentic they had to mess up the street, scattering a liberal amount of rubbish such as you would reasonably expect to find in any Manhattan location. On their return from lunch they were distressed to find that their realistic New York street scene had been restored to its normal immaculate state by the Toronto garbage collectors.

The presence of film crews on Toronto streets is now so commonplace that visitors are likely to be more enthralled than residents, though residents may be pleased to have this further indication that their city is of such international interest. The presence of an increasing number of tourists—those from the UK this year so far are 28 per cent up on

1986, when the total was more than 250,000—should have the same effect, for Toronto is now well established as a main gateway not just to Ontario but to the vastness of the rest of Canada.

Within Toronto itself one of the major developments now is the opening up of the city to the lake shore, once cut off by docks and warehouses. Ten years ago people did not go there, Mayor Eggleton recalls, “unless they were up to no good or were going to jump in the lake”. Now it is a popular place on summer weekends, and is being developed for a wide range of cultural and recreational activities. Much of the land belongs to the federal government, and the process began in 1972 when, Eggleton says, the federal government decided that its election goodie for Toronto would be a new park on the waterfront. “Unfortunately they never made clear exactly what a park was.”

The city has embarked on a rather bolder scheme than the federal government may have had in mind: a multi-million-dollar project that combines office and apartment buildings with open areas, some reclaimed from the water, boating ponds and other leisure activities woven into an urban waterfront facing the Toronto Islands, which lie a short ferry ride across the water, to provide a vast parkland with beaches, playgrounds and a small airport. One of the first completed areas, developed by the Toronto-based company of Olympia & York (now working on the Canary Wharf scheme in London), turned a former warehouse into a mixture of offices, apartments, shops, restaurants and a theatre. It won awards, but it also drew criticism because it was not a park and playground for people of all incomes.

Details of the original scheme may be modified, but there can be no going back on the overall plan to carry the city down to the waterfront area, and to rehabilitate a 200 acre site near by which is currently filled with unused railway lines and old industrial buildings. In terms of Toronto's developments, these are the areas of the future, and construction has already begun on one of its centrepieces, that of a new stadium with a retractable roof which will become the permanent home of Toronto's baseball team, the Blue Jays, who are the city's current heroes. They are top of their section of the American League. If

they can hold that position against such formidable opponents as the New York Yankees and the Detroit Tigers, and win the play-off against the western section, they will this month be playing in the World Series for the first time.

There could be no more potent symbol of Toronto's determination to make it in the big league. What next? I sent the question in advance of my visit to Bill Duron, President of the Metropolitan Toronto Convention and Visitors' Association. He was out of town when I arrived, but paddled in a canoe across one of the lakes in the 3,000 square mile Algonquin Park, some 200 miles north of Toronto, to reach a cabin where there was a telephone. Next year, he reminded me, Toronto will be host to the seven-nation summit, and it was pitching for the 1996 Olympics. “Toronto is a city that's ready to host the world.”

It is a remarkable transformation. Twenty years ago your average Torontonians would not have expected anyone to want to come to his city. Now he is willing to host the world, anxious to demonstrate its qualities, its superlatives. Does it not have, in the CN Tower, the world's tallest free-standing structure (1,800 feet), with the world's largest revolving restaurant? Does it not have, in Yonge, the world's longest street (1,178.3 miles—authority: the Guinness Book of Records)? Does it not have the world's largest shopping complex, the world's largest bookshop, the world's largest subterranean city? And does it not all work?

Yes, it does, but will it work so well if more people come, if the flow of immigrants, attracted by the emergence of this new livable city, becomes a flood? Will not the pressures that have undone so many other cities wreak havoc in Toronto, too? They do not think so, these quiet-spoken and confident Torontonians who have presided over their city's success. Planning and good management will avert such danger, they say. There is also the Canadian factor. Pierre Berton, the Canadian writer, has described how used Canadians have become to living cheek by jowl with the wilderness, how all Canadians *feel* the empty and awesome presence of the North. That feeling is not perhaps immediately obvious in Toronto, and is not much talked about, but it is there and will, I believe, play its part in keeping Toronto at a manageable size ○

TORONTO TRAVEL TRIVIA

DID YOU KNOW . . .

Silent film star Mary Pickford, known as America's Sweetheart in the 1920s, lived on University Avenue at the site of what is now Sick Children's Hospital.

Pickford, along with husband Douglas Fairbanks, helped to form United Artists.

Superman, The Man of Steel, fought the "battle for truth, justice and the American way". Joe Schuster, the man who created Superman, was born in Toronto and he based the Daily Planet newspaper on the Toronto Daily Star.

One of Ernest Hemingway's first jobs was at the Toronto Star newspaper in the 1920s. "Papa" Hemingway wasn't totally impressed by the city and remarked that he had to buy chocolate from a bootlegger because "stores can't sell candy on Sundays". Today, the Toronto Star is the largest circulation newspaper in Canada.

Hundreds of thousands of infants spent much of their first year of life eating a special food developed by Dr Allen Brown in Toronto. It's called Pablum, which is a Latin word for food. For years Toronto's internationally renowned Hospital for Sick Children owned the patent on Pablum and sales helped to cover research costs.

Toronto was home to another medical first; two researchers at the University of Toronto, Dr Frederick Banting and Dr Charles Best, invented insulin, which now helps to keep millions of diabetics alive. For more medical memorabilia visit the Museum of the History of Modern Medicine in Toronto.

Perhaps not quite so life-altering (although it certainly reduces back aches) was the creation of the paint roller by Torontonians Norman Breakey in 1940.

Sir Sanford Flemming invented a timely concept in Toronto in the 19th

century called Standard Time. For more scientific wonders, visit the Ontario Science Centre.

The world's most sought after race horse is Northern Dancer. Winner of the Kentucky Derby and Belmont Stakes, and of Canada's Queen's Plate, this horse is now more than 20 years old but commands the highest stud fee for any thoroughbred in the world. Northern Dancer spent his early years at a farm just outside Toronto. For more information on horse racing call the Ontario Jockey Club.

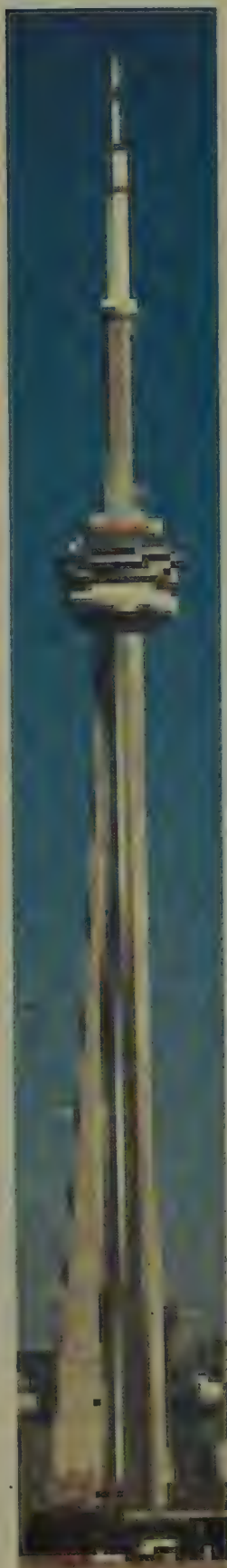
Superlatives are often used to describe Metropolitan Toronto, Canada's largest city. But did you know the Guinness Book of World Records has certified Toronto's CN Tower as the world's tallest free-standing structure at over 1,800 feet? Toronto's Yonge Street is the world's longest street at more than 1,400 miles.

Metro Toronto follows only Hollywood and New York in popularity as a location for film makers. Some of the most popular spots for filming are Casa Loma and Kensington Market, which once doubled as a street market in Iran. Casa Loma is a 98-room "medieval" castle, built in 1914 with solid gold fixtures, and is open to the public.

Talking films came to Toronto in 1927.

Some people say it couldn't be more appropriate. The seat of government for the province of Ontario is the Ontario Legislature in Toronto, built in 1896, but before the politicians called this property home, the land was used for a lunatic asylum!

For more information on Metro Toronto or a holiday, contact The Metro Toronto Convention & Visitors Association, toll-free at 1-800-387-2999 or 1-416-979-3133, or write to us at: Toronto Eaton Centre, 220 Yonge Street, Suite 110, Box 510, Toronto, Ontario M5B 2H1



DOWNTOWN HITS THE BIG TIME

Barry Critchley on the financial boom

LIKE temples of ancient times, the gold, glass and steel towers that rise from Toronto's heart are indicative of a city that is bursting with self-confidence.

Within a single square mile of its downtown business district are the head offices of the majority of the country's financial institutions: the chartered banks, the trust companies, the insurance companies and the securities firms. That same square mile contains the Toronto Stock Exchange which accounts for 75 per cent of the shares traded in Canada.

And in the coming years the city on Lake Ontario is destined to become even more important. Financial market deregulation and the opening-up of the securities industry to a wider range of domestic and foreign participants will ensure that development. Besides, strength builds on established strength, and momentum, once established, is difficult to reverse.

Toronto has achieved its dominant position in Canada—and as a major second-tier centre on the world financial stage—through a combination of good luck, politics, hard work, geography and a common language with London and New York, the world's two largest financial centres.

Toronto was not always dominant: until the late 1940s Montreal was Canada's leading financial centre. Until the mid 1940s the Montreal Stock Exchange regularly traded more shares than its counterpart in Toronto.

But Toronto benefited from a series of mining booms that all Canada, and especially Northern Ontario, enjoyed earlier this century. Those companies were financed in Toronto and in 1934 the government forced the Standard Stock and Mining Exchange to merge with the TSE.

"The Montreal Exchange tended to be aloof from the mining booms," says Pierce Bunting, president of the Toronto Stock Exchange. "Montreal turned up its nose to the mining business, Toronto didn't."

Later in the century Toronto, with its resource-financing expertise, benefited from the oil boom.

Oil companies list their shares on the TSE and raised money for the exploration and development efforts. As a result, the head offices of most of the major oil companies are located in Toronto.

The way the country has developed is perhaps the key reason why Toronto has acquired the mantle as the country's largest financial centre: Ontario and not Quebec seemed to be the focal point of Canada's development.

In the decade of the 1960s the Canadian corporate sector expanded dramatically and tended to congregate in Toronto. Once the corporate wealth grew, a need was created for accounting, financial and banking services: they all developed in Toronto.

The signing of the Auto Pact between Canada and the United States was another development that enhanced the wealth of Ontario and Toronto. Ontario was close to Detroit, the home of the US car industry, and the pact facilitated the development of a manufacturing industry designed to serve the car industry. Cars are now Canada's largest industry and its largest export.

While Ontario was developing in leaps and bounds, companies were not being started and expanded at the same rate in the neighbouring province of Quebec (and for that matter in the rest of the country). The education system and the strong hold that the Roman Catholic Church had on the largely French-speaking population were behind this lack of development. Rather than pursuing a career in business, the French were encouraged to find their chosen field in the arts, in law and in public service.

Politics have also been at work. In the mid 1970s Quebec voted in the Parti Québécois, a government committed to the separation of Quebec from the rest of Canada. That decision by the voters set off the alarm bells in the Montreal business community, and when the government unveiled a tough language law, many large companies packed in their operations and moved 350 miles up the river to Toronto.

Another reason for Toronto's



Toronto's business district at sunset, dominated by the CN Tower

dominance is the absence of a federal involvement in the securities industry. Unlike the US—which has a federal Securities & Exchange Commission—securities regulation in Canada is a provincial matter. The Ontario Securities Commission tended to take the lead in securities legislation. That involvement meant securities law tended to be developed in Toronto—and meant that much of the securities business ended up in Ontario.

In an ironic sense, the 1971 decision by the Ontario government to close the securities industry to foreign firms laid the groundwork for Toronto being an international financial centre. For 15 years the Canadian-owned securities firms grew unhindered by foreign competition.

That policy worked satisfactorily for a number of years. However, with markets becoming more internationalized the costs of not opening up the securities industry became greater—and more obvious. In 1986 the Ontario government lifted the barriers.

Since then, the foreigners have moved quickly to open up shop in Toronto. Even though five of the top six securities firms have formed alliances with financial institutions there will be more deals in the future, because the federal and provincial governments are determined that Toronto won't lose its high standing and reputation among the world's financial centres ○


Barry Critchley writes for the Toronto Financial Post.

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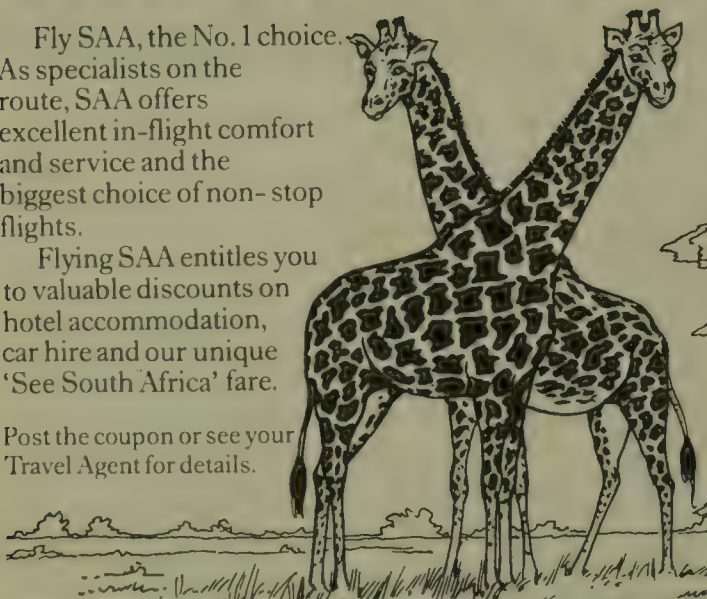
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Canoeing in Algonquin Provincial Park, 150 miles north-east of Toronto

FALLING FOR A RURAL ADVENTURE

David Tennant on tourist attractions

THE MAJOR tourist attraction of Ontario is Niagara Falls, some 80 miles from Toronto. Mecca to millions who flock there throughout the year, this natural phenomenon is spectacular both in winter when ice-encrusted, and in summer, with billions of gallons of water cascading over the 186-foot-high escarpment. There are in fact two sets of falls, the Canadian or Horseshoe, which is by far the larger, and the American. They are

separated by an island, and best viewed from the Canadian side, by day or floodlit by night. You can stand within a few feet of the top of the falls, see them from halfway down, gaze at them from behind the rushing cataracts in dripping viewing tunnels and, most dramatic of all, sail right into the roaring spray on one of the *Maid of the Mist* vessels, protected by supplied waterproofs.

For an aerial view take a heli-

copter trip or go to the top of the 775-foot-high Skylon Tower with its restaurant (revolving of course) or the slightly lower Minolta Tower. Farther downstream a vintage cable car swings out over the churning whirlpools below.

A few miles down river from the Falls is Niagara-on-the-Lake, which from 1791 to 1796 was the capital of Upper Canada. One of the prettiest and best preserved small 19th-century towns, it enjoys an attractive setting where the Niagara River enters Lake Ontario. It is a lively and enterprising community with an annual summer-long festival at the Shaw Theatre celebrating the works of GBS and his contemporaries. The best place to stay is the Prince of Wales Hotel, named after Edward VII who visited the town when he was a young man. It is, of course, suitably modernized: filtered nostalgia is one of Niagara-on-the-Lake's characteristics.

The town can be easily combined with a visit to the Falls. And if time permits it is worth following some of the side roads in the Niagara Peninsula—a fertile corner of Ontario—with its orchards, vineyards and tobacco plantations.

The Muskoka Lakes area lie an easy two-and-a-half to three-hour drive north of the city. It forms part of what is known as "Cottage Country" although some of the cottages are of mansion house proportions. The Muskoka is a beautiful series of lakes, rivers, pine woods and islands. In spite of its popularity it has remained unspoiled, give or take a few eyesores on the way there.

Gravenhurst, a town of 9,000 people, is the southern gateway to the area, with a beautifully restored opera house which is the focus of the annual Muskoka Festival each summer. The town is one of the boarding points for a cruise on the RMS *Segwun*, a genuine coal-fired small steamer, built on the Clyde, this year celebrating its centenary.

At the northern edge of the Muskoka is Huntsville just outside of which is the Pioneer Village, mainly wooden buildings dating from around 1860 to just before the First World War, which have been collected from throughout the region and restored.

The Muskoka's most famous hotel—and arguably its finest—is Windermere House right by the water on the eastern shore of Lake Rosseau. Dating from the 1860s, it is elegant and traditional with the

atmosphere of a large English country-house hotel and facilities that include a heated swimming pool, tennis and golf. It is an ideal spot from which to tour the Muskoka country by car or boat.

If you want to sample the great Canadian wilderness in comfort, try a couple of days at a lodge in the 3,000 square mile Algonquin Provincial Park which was established in 1893. Its western entrance is 150 miles north-east of Toronto. Apart from logging activity, past and present, this is near-virgin territory of conifer and deciduous forest, lakes and rivers and criss-crossed by hundreds of miles of canoe and hiking trails. Some are none too strenuous and constitute what the tourist people call "The Soft Wilderness". The only paved road crosses the south-west corner and on it or close to it are three guest lodges, nine good camping sites and various picnic facilities.

The Algonquin is home to moose in plenty, deer, bear, fox, wolf, racoon and beaver, among others, and more than 200 species of bird. The flora is equally rich in spite of rocky soil. Trout and bass are the main fish, the former offering particularly good sport.

A gem of a lodge, the Arowhon Pines, offers pinewood and stone-built cabins and suites, a hexagonal restaurant and sports facilities. Informality is a keynote. The waters of Joe Lake lap its spacious grounds. Many of the trails are easily accessible—and the chef will happily cook any fish you catch.

How to get there: Air Canada flies from London (Heathrow), Manchester and Prestwick to Toronto. Fares effective from October 6: £298 (£388 over the Christmas period) Super-Apex bookable at least 21 days in advance; £30 additional if booked between seven and 20 days; £630, full fare economy class; £1,298 executive class; £2,142, first class; all return, all require £10 additional Canadian departure tax. British Airways also flies Heathrow-Toronto; Wardair flies Gatwick-Toronto and from Manchester and Prestwick in summer; Highland Express flies Stansted and Birmingham and/or Prestwick-Toronto. Details from travel agents.

Useful addresses: Tourism Office, Ontario House, 21 Knightsbridge, London SW1X 7LY (245 1222). Ministry of Tourism & Recreation, Queen's Park, Toronto, Ontario M7A 2E5 (416 965 9008). Air Canada, 140 Regent Street, London W1R 6AT (439 7941) ○



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Rhodes to ruin

Henry Porter on brutish tendencies of the British abroad

NOBODY KNOWS who started the great fire of Rhodes which burnt some 40,000 acres of pine wood, olive groves and citrus trees. At first it was blamed on an old Greek priest who had been incinerating some rubbish outside his church, but as the fire consumed more and more of the interior the rumour was dropped. Clearly people were unhappy about attributing such devastation to the Church, so another culprit was found, or rather, invented.

Without any cause the Greek media began to talk about a mysterious extremist group which had apparently waited until the hot winds from the Sahara had blown and then toured the island igniting patches of dried undergrowth. It goes without saying that no group claimed responsibility and that shortly after the fire had been put out by the army and airforce the idea was quickly forgotten.

It was slightly surprising that the Greek's instant mythology did not blame the British tourists who swarm on the island every summer destroying the charm of its villages and enforcing a brutish culture on their inhabitants. There was one tiny rumour that 10 Britons had been drowned while swimming away from the fire, which indicated a measure of wishful thinking among the Greeks, but this was as far as they were prepared to go. The milk-skinned holiday-makers who pack the streets of Lindos and other little villages on the island represent a new and enormous source of income. Obviously the islanders did not wish to jeopardize this.

Until the late 1960s Rhodes was largely undiscovered and undeveloped. Only the Italians, who ruled the island during the Mussolini years, visited the island in any number. They returned because of its wonderful landscape and the unmatched friendliness of the islanders, many of whom still speak Italian. The regime of colonels rightly perceived these virtues as a potential source of revenue and invested in roads and other essentials for a tourist industry. The plan has been incredibly successful, particularly in attracting the British who now outnumber any other foreign group on the island in the summer.

It seems odd to travel hundreds of miles only to be confronted with the worst of one's own culture and to a degree that it detracts from the undoubted beauty of the island. But the British are hard to ignore, especially in Lindos.

They stagger from their holiday apartments looking hung-over and pink from the previous day's obsessive sunbathing; they talk loudly at

waiters while ordering their breakfasts, as if the inability to understand a Birmingham accent was an indication of sub-normal intelligence. They spend much time discussing prices and wondering to anyone who will listen whether they have been "ripped-off" during the purchase of a two-day-old copy of *The Sun*. They grill themselves all day and return to the bars at

because on Rhodes the British with their tattoos, truculence, football war cries and exhibitionism make Zulu warriors look demure. Against the chicly-dressed and self-respecting Italians, they seem to be a completely different species.

Individually the British tourists cannot all be bad and moronic but *en masse* they do manifest an incredible insensitivity to other ways of life. An American writer living near Lindos who has watched the town being destroyed over the last five years remarked to me that the behaviour is the result of British history.

"It must have something to do with Britain's view of itself as a great military power. These boys who come here looking for a brawl are behaving like off-duty foot soldiers whose army has recently occupied the island. They have no comprehension of a different culture and treat everything foreign as an obstacle to their desires."

He may be right. Clearly the British regard themselves as having behaved with impeccable bravery during the most frightening night of the great fire when the hills reaching down to Lindos and its bay were consumed. The British Press, kept informed by the left-wing politician Derek Hatton who was staying at the Lindos Bay Hotel, reported that while the Italians, French and Scandinavians had fled to the beaches wrapped in wet towels, the British had remained steadfastly eating their evening meal. This turned out to be completely untrue. They had fled along with everyone else.

One couple even took to a pedalo in their panic and lost luggage and cameras.

It would be absurd to say the British tourist has caused more damage to Rhodes than the fire, for it is a major local tragedy. Much of the interior and eastern coast of the island looks like a scene from the Battle of the Somme. The countryside is utterly silent apart from the occasional whine of tourist on a hired motor bike: no leaves or pine needles rustle; no cicadas set up a midday din; no goats are heard bleating.

However, it is true to say that the island, like many other attractive places in the Mediterranean, will take a long time to recover from the imposition of the great British influence. It may be that the devastation caused by the fire will deter the British for a couple of years, but at any rate Rhodes should now be added to the long list of places to avoid between May and September ○



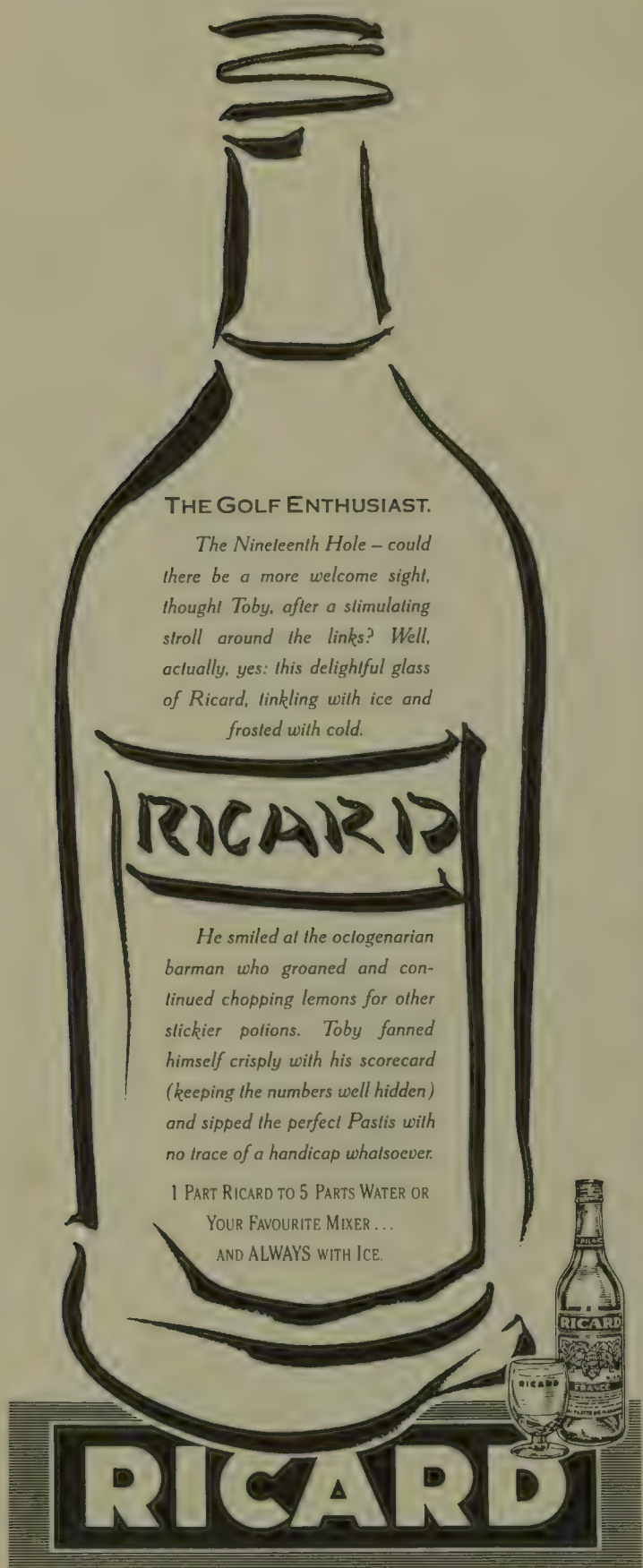
They grill themselves all day and return to the bars all night

night visibly pinker, and determined to make more noise than a football crowd.

The people of Lindos have co-operated in this endeavour by providing bars with powerful stereo equipment which transforms the town into a Mediterranean version of Clacton-on-Sea. Sleep is impossible until 2 or 3 am, when the discothèques close and the final choruses of "Roll Out The Barrel" and "Keep The Home Fires Burning" (a favourite during the forest fire) have died away.

The thing which strikes the Greeks as strange and the Italians (who still visit the island in quite large numbers) as intolerable, is the British idea that each day of a holiday should end in mewling drunkenness. The Germans get drunk and boisterous but no other nationality looks quite so offensive in appearance and behaviour as the British when enjoying itself.

Whence came the notion that the British are reserved and private people is anyone's guess,



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An Englishman's castle

Michael Broadbent defines the hallowed Château Latour

THERE IS something about Latour that strikes a chord in the English breast. Perhaps it is its sturdy masculinity as opposed to the more delicate femininity of Lafite, the extravagant swashbuckling Mouton, grandeur and fragrance of Château Margaux and the earthy elegance of Haut-Brion. It is certainly the only first growth of Bordeaux controlled by the English, thanks to a remarkably shrewd and far-sighted investment initiated by the Pearson family with the backing of Harvey's of Bristol in 1962.

Lord Cowdray and his family firm took a 51 per cent controlling interest; Harvey's, now part of the vast Showering, Allied Brewery complex own 25 per cent; the remaining shares are still in the hands of the original owners, mainly the de Beaumont family. The chairman has always been a representative of Pearson, the present fortunate incumbent being Alan Hare, recently retired head of the *Financial Times*. Harry Waugh, Harvey's original nominee, is still a director and the ubiquitous Hugh Johnson was elected to the board last year.

It could, of course, be said that the English connexion is far older and stems from those 300 years when so much of this part of France was under our domination and when the wines of Gascony were as common a tipple as ale in Britain.

From the late 15th to the mid 18th century the property was not as neatly defined as in Hugh Johnson's *World Atlas of Wine* today. A string of aristocratic families had an interest in the whole of that part of the Médoc: generations of de Lises were followed by the de la Touche family, de Mullet, de Chavanes, Clauzel and then, by marriage, the Ségurs. Though there is documentary evidence of shipments of wine from the Latour domain early in the 18th century, it became independent only in 1760 when Alexandre de Ségur-Calou handed Latour to his three sisters-in-law, one of whom married the Marquis de Beaumont.

By this time the wine was firmly established as one of the four first growths of Bordeaux, a fact noted by Thomas Jefferson when, as Envoy in Paris, he visited the area in 1787. The other three he reported were Château de la Fite (Lafite), Houtbrion (Haut Brion) and Chateau Margau (Margaux). Jefferson described the 1784 as "of the best vintage which has happened in nine years . . . bought by myself on the spot". On his return to America Jefferson

wrote to his illustrious château contacts ordering for himself and the President, George Washington. But La Tour de Ségur (Latour) had no stocks left of high enough quality.

Jefferson apart, it was the English—even French historians are obliged to admit—whose taste and wealth did so much to create the first growths. Lafete (sic) and Chateau Margau (sic)

stainless steel. The first vintage fermented in these modern dairy-like tanks was the 1964. It turned out to be a great success, partly fortuitously, for at Latour that year they picked early, whereas the grapes at Lafite, Mouton and other vineyards in the vicinity were affected by heavy rain throughout the rest of the harvesting period.

Latour's sturdiness is due to several factors. First, the high percentage of cabernet sauvignon grapes: 75 to 80 per cent, the rest being its close "cousin" cabernet franc, the fleshier, earlier ripening merlot, and a small amount of petit verdot—which gives to the blend a dash of pepper and salt. Other factors include the mysterious and unquantifiable soil, subsoil, aspect and drainage, neatly encapsulated by the French as *le terroir*, and the length of time the skins are allowed to ferment with the rest of the *must*, thus extracting more tannin and colouring matter.

The wine of Latour is really quite hard work to taste when young, its raw astringency being unpleasantly mouth-puckering; but without its complex structure the wine would simply not keep. And there is no questioning the keeping ability of Latour. Corks and storage conditions permitting, it is one of the longest-living clarets. Its other justifiable reputation is to make a good wine in dismal years when others cannot.

During the past 30 years I have tasted just about every vintage of Latour from 1863 to the present day, and, making due allowance for the occasionally badly stored

bottle, the only vintage I have never liked is the 1951. Of the great vintages one hardly knows where to start: 1966, still unready, 1961 magnificently massive, 1959 another wonderful mouthful, 1955 strangely better than 1953, the 52 and 49 both glorious. I remember the 1945 as the climax of a superb Wine & Food Society dinner in Texas. After magnums of exquisite 53s, Margaux and Lafite, followed the ultra fragrant 49 Mouton Rothschild, I wondered what could possibly come next. The 45 Latour was from a double magnum: deep coloured, a bouquet of scent, and a flavour that filled the mouth, and went on and on.

For those who would like to try a Latour for size, as it were, but for whom Harvey's first-growth prices are now too daunting, the château produces a "second" wine from younger vines called, appropriately and evocatively, Les Forts de Latour ○



Latour's tower: symbol of a great premier cru vineyard of Bordeaux.

were the first named vineyards to appear in James Christie's catalogue (in 1788), but the first *premier cru* vintage was the 1785 Latour, in a Christie auction in 1792.

The vines of Latour are planted on more of a swelling than a slope between the main meandering road from Bordeaux to Pauillac and the low ground or *palus* on the left bank of the broad grey Gironde. It is just under an hour's drive from the city centre and on the outskirts of Pauillac, a sleepy little riverside port. The château is a neat, rectangular, Second Empire building, cosily refurbished with the help of a very English interior decorator.

The *chais* or working parts are plain and wholesome and a polite distance away, though inside there is evidence of vast investment. Indeed the advent, or return, of the English caused a few raised eyebrows, with the early decision to replace old wooden vats with

The Greenhouse blues

Kingsley Amis pays his last respects

THE GREENHOUSE, not the only London restaurant of that name, is situated in Mayfair, at the western or top end of the L-shaped figure that is Hays Mews. It is indeed a bit of a pest to find, being best approached by taxi to the corner of Waverton Street and a few yards' walk thereafter. The immediate approach is via a covered walk through a pleasant paved garden into what is actually the back of the ground floor of a block of flats.

A place resembling a small auction-room or its store, stocked with odd armchairs and tables, turns out to be where you take your drinks before the meal. These were brought from the nearby bar off a tall range of heavily carved shelves perhaps acquired from some baroque church. The Pink Fizz, of framboise fruit brandy topped up with champagne, was enjoyed; the French 75, of gin, Cointreau and more champagne, was noted approvingly but declined; the Dry Martini scored only 60 per cent. Those shelves were not very variously stocked: only a couple of malts. But spirits were sold by the $\frac{1}{4}$ gill, which will displease few.

In the dining-room you become conscious of the low ceiling and perhaps suspect that it may once have been a boxroom behind the doorman's flat. What windows there are look quite pretty, with bars painted on them, and there are eye-diverting novelties like the former grand piano that now contains cutlery. The evening I was there the place got lively enough, which under that ceiling is going to mean noisy.

The food was about as up and down as I have known in a London restaurant. Successes included a remarkably fresh Mediterranean salad with juicy prawns and mussels and carefully cooked quail's eggs in a good crumbly tartlet. As for main courses, there were two really first-class steaks, something not at all to be taken for granted these days, and I had a plateful of liver with fried onions that came as near melting in the mouth as I ever expect to find. With it went done-to-a-turn *rösti* potatoes. But...

But, to start with, the new potatoes were underdone. Lamb chops had been nicely cooked but allowed to get nearly cold. The salads looked fine, but I wish restaurants would consider that, even today, people will try to eat their salads. To assist them, lettuce-leaves must be cut up small enough to save the eater from wetting his ears in the act, and tomatoes

must be peeled, a few seconds' work with the aid of a bowl of hot water. You can (if you have to) eat a quartered tomato in its skin, but not slices without great leisure and patience. And please add raw onion in rings or chopped.

The Greenhouse offered straightforward disasters, too, in the shape of a Dover sole reduced by overcooking to the texture and

will turn an indifferent meal into a feast and a rotten one into something tolerable or better by encouraging the party to enjoy the outing if not the food. That was nowhere near happening at the Greenhouse. I know recruits to the business must learn somewhere, but they can be told anywhere not to lean across me, to look and sound sorry when they nudge or barge me, and above all to simulate good will at all times. Most customers will excuse most kinds of ineptitude if the offender has been generally cheerful and friendly. Any trainee who is unfitted for such behaviour should be encouraged to switch to the Post Office, British Rail or somewhere equally congenial.

The wine-list at the Greenhouse is short and most reasonably priced, with one each of German, English and Spanish accompanying 16 French at £5.95 to £18.75. One of these, a Pontet Canet 1978 at the top rate, was entirely satisfactory, but another, a Moulin-à-Vent 1985 at £11.50, was not. While not "off", it was so sour as to be undrinkable. I said so when asked without much urgency why I wanted no more of it poured out for me. This was noted without much regret or other emotion, and it was at this point that what I will call my dissatisfaction with the restaurant became crystallized. Later, I noticed with approval that Sauternes was offered by the glass on the pudding menu, at the again very reasonable price of £2.50 a throw. The two I ordered turned up pretty lukewarm, but that never made a wine actually undrinkable. When the bill came I was told that in the circumstances these last would be on the house—well, you can't go mad, can you? No, and I was still asked to pay that £11.50 which I was too good-natured and cowardly to refuse to do.

None of us had had a smile from anybody since sitting down at the table. All in all, our reception and treatment made the restaurant's policy of not imposing a service charge, in itself to be commended, perilous in the extreme. But again I was too chicken to award the 0 per cent that had been earned. (They had admittedly been rather nicer in the bar.) Right at the end a solitary amenity did appear, when the taxi ordered for us turned up in a couple of minutes. We left never to return ○

The Greenhouse, 27a Hays Mews, W1 (499 3331). Mon-Fri noon-2.30pm, 7-11pm; Sat 7.30-11pm. About £35 for two, excluding wine.



Pat Jorgensen

aridity of wool, noodles painstakingly got up to resemble shredded blotting-paper and a sopping wet sherry trifle enlivened with chunks of *crème brûlée* hard enough to knock off an unwary tooth. In fact the puddings, where the average lousy restaurant reckons to pick up easy marks, were a failure all round. Not much can be done to spoil ice-cream made with ordinary competence, but serving it in lumps the size of a baby's skull does rather cool your ardour. The coffee was excellent, and with half a kilo of *petits fours*, say, would have retrieved the situation a little. But none came.

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Show business

Stuart Marshall at the fair

CAN A motor show really be comprehensive, promising all things to all people—or should it, for instance, treat motorists who buy cars differently from businessmen who buy fleets of lorries? Britain still subscribes to the first theory. The biennial show at the National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham, tries to cater simultaneously for component makers and car assemblers, road hauliers and coach operators as well as people who buy cars with their own money.

At least, we hedge our bet by holding Motorfair for the car driver in the years between the trade-oriented Motor Show. Motorfair is held in London, not Birmingham—the next one is from October 22 to November 1. It is all about motoring. The stands are full of cars, there is not a lorry in sight, pop artists perform live and Earls Court is packed with families having a good time and quite possibly deciding which car to buy next.

The German motor industry does not go in for such frivolity. Its Frankfurt Show in September brought every aspect of the world's third biggest vehicle-making nation after the USA and Japan under one roof. Or, to be strictly accurate, 10 roofs.

But at least the German automotive industry had something to boast about at Europe's biggest motor show. This year BMW, which is the junior partner in the quality-car sector, upstaged Mercedes-Benz by showing the first German-made V12-engined car for nearly half a century. The BMW 750i is the flagship of the recently introduced 7-Series range of large saloons and arguably the best of its kind in the world. Though on sale now in Germany at £35,000 upwards, it will not reach Britain until November. Then, a super-luxury, long-wheelbase version will cost about £53,000. Only 200 will be imported in the first year and all have been pre-sold.

It is a superlative car; a roomy five-seater with a soberly elegant interior and classic styling, a vast boot and electronic management systems that are as down-to-earth as they are advanced.

Its handling is so good that it seems to shrink in size as one leaves the *autobahn* and takes to twisting minor roads. Although its maximum speed is 155mph—and that is electronically limited—it is no fuel swiller. On a 180 mile test drive in a long-wheelbase 750i this summer, the computer told me I was averaging 23mpg. Its ride quality, freedom from wind and road noise, and driving position approach perfection.

Ford showed an interesting concept model, the HFX Ghia Aerostar. Though made in the USA, this six-seat personnel carrier is on a European scale and looked like a cross between a Transit van and Renault's highly successful Espace. It was said to have cost US\$7 million to develop and to have the world's most advanced system of electronics, with 26 on-board computers. It is not destined for production but it represents a type of vehicle which gains popularity each year.

The eagerly awaited successors to the aging line of Mercedes-Benz SL sports cars were not at Frankfurt. An appearance at Paris next October seems probable. The two-door coupé versions of the mid-sized Mercedes saloons had made their debut in Switzerland last March. As with all coupés, you pay more money for less motor car but the one I drove to Frankfurt and back had everything, except for generous rear-seat head- and leg-room. It has just gone on sale in Britain.

VW-Audi, still struggling to keep up with demand for the Golf and the new Audi 80 and 90 models, are also holding back their V8-engined top management car—a rival for the best of BMW and Mercedes—until next year.

Opel (Vauxhall in Britain) displayed a new executive-class saloon. The Senator, which went on sale here in September, is a large and handsome car. It is powered by 2.5 or 3 litre in-line six-cylinder engines that have been around for some years but still produce their power quietly and smoothly. It must steal sales away from Ford's Granada hatchback, which it has been priced to compete with, and is also an alternative to BMW and Mercedes ○

Letter of credit

Profit from the pen of Scrooge

DEAR TINY TIM,

Too much d***'d excitement, and in the holidays too! No sooner were your funds invested than the UK stock market came in for a severe downward correction on fears of interest rates going up and excessive bank lending, while the American and Japanese markets continued on their dizzy rise, driven by excess liquidity. Even the German markets, which used to allow a proper break—the *Sommerloch*—have shown a bit of pace. Currency markets, too, have been in turmoil with the dollar wobbling like a jelly—it's all this oil business again with prices slipping, OPEC over-producing (which they deny) and the oil-dependent countries like Germany and Japan standing to benefit.

In our local market, though London is about as local as Heathrow Airport, financial star wars waged by satellite have not let up. In the financial sector Mercantile House and Guinness Peat have both been under attack of different sorts and colourful personalities are looming larger than life—particularly fellows from our former colonies. I told you before, I like buying good value and not goodwill—and ill will in the financial sector seems rather more plentiful at present.

Your portfolio has reflected some of this to some advantage, though one month is far too short a time period to judge it (in future I shall write to you every two months). The £6,000 gain is only on paper. Your shares in TR

Pacific are up 20 per cent, partly because of the Far Eastern markets, but also because the Thornton investment management group are putting proposals to release the net assets of the company at near to their market value, not the 25 per cent discount they were at when you bought them. The existing management of the company, Touche Remnant, are responding with counter proposals but in any event short-term prospects look favourable as the discount to net assets is still an attractive 15 per cent. A good demonstration of the value of buying cheap assets: if the performance does not come through the predators will.

Your star holding has been Newmont Mining in the USA. The American broking house Oppenheimer & Co has revised its net asset estimate up by about 80 per cent and the share price is up by about 50 per cent. The temptation to sell will be resisted. Buying and selling is an expensive business (costs of approximately 2 per cent) and good companies should be backed. In addition Newmont plays an important role in the portfolio as your inflation hedge. (And I don't want any jokes about being frightened by ghosts of the past.)

In the UK the falls reflect general market moves rather than any specific problems. I continue to be confident in BAT: an excellent combination of a tobacco play (50 per cent of earnings) where news on liability to medical claims

is good, and a financial sector investment. Eagle Star in combination with Allied Dunbar, both owned by BAT, gives it a market leadership position.

On Fisons, a critical factor will be the success of clinical trials on Tilade, a new treatment for asthma and eczema. Nomura have been enthusiastic for this and their record in this field deserves respect.

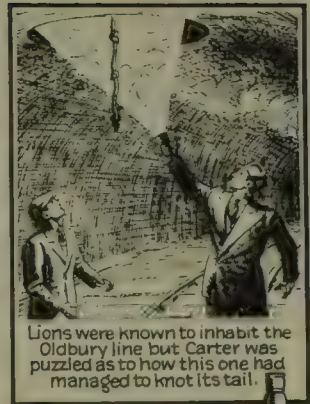
On General Electric, you are backing a large, well run company with the opportunity to convert a cash mountain into the pick of the new-generation technology companies through acquisitions. The determination to buy value is the approach I approve of.

In total a good start to your portfolio, responding well in turbulent times. As the markets prepare for the autumn, economic worries will intensify again, particularly around the US trade deficit, and there is little sign of liquidity being reduced, except in the UK. So I have the utmost confidence that your well balanced, value-driven portfolio will perform well.

Your ever warm-hearted,
cool-headed
Uncle Scrooge

**Scrooge shares a typewriter with Kevin Pakenham of Foreign & Colonial Management, 1 Laurence Pountney Hill, London EC4 (licensed dealer in securities). Readers should be warned that Scrooge's portfolio can go down as well as up in value ○*

AMOUNT/DESCRIPTION	BOOK COST	PRICE	MARKET VALUE	ANNUAL INCOME	INTEREST/DIVIDEND YIELD
UK Ordinary Shares					
1490 BAT Industries £0.25	9,980	£6.45	9,610	29	3.02
2540 Fisons £0.25	9,980	£3.40	8,636	11	1.27
7090 Foreign & Colonial £0.25	10,000	£1.39	9,855	17	1.72
4310 General Electric £0.05	10,000	£2.10	9,051	31	3.43
3960 TR Pacific Basin £0.25	9,980	£3.04	12,038	5	0.42
Foreign Ordinary Shares					
270 Abbott Laboratories	9,970	US\$65.25	10,890	17	1.56
180 Banque Nationale Paris Cir	9,960	FF526.00	9,600	9	0.94
80 Bayer	9,170	DM352.00	9,550	27	2.83
270 Dun & Bradstreet	10,110	US\$67.25	11,220	25	2.23
290 Newmont Mining	10,170	US\$83.75	15,010	11	0.73
Sub-totals	99,320		105,460	182	1.73
Cash	680		680		
Dividend Received			360		
TOTALS	100,000		106,500		



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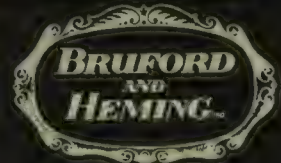
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“Sitting on a small fortune was decidedly uncomfortable.”

“I suppose it was about the closest I’d ever come to a mid-life crisis.

I’d been up to my proverbial neck. My usual 12-hour working day had stretched to a norm of 15 hours. And weekends, which I once held sacrosanct, were being eaten away by paperwork.

Coincidentally John, my eldest, was safely ensconced in university and Jenny was off on some field trip to do with her Biology ‘A’ level.

So I thought, to heck with it all.

I asked my secretary to cancel all my appointments and book me a short holiday. I gave her 3 criteria: I wanted sunshine; a reasonable hotel; and she was to reveal its location to no one.

Within days my wife and I were in Miami. While she took in the local sights, I did a lot of thinking.

On paper, I suppose, a lot of people would have envied me.

My company was growing. I had a nice house. Nice kids. Nice cars. And a nice little nest-egg of various shares that was fast approaching six figures.

What I didn’t have was time to enjoy these things.

There and then, I resolved never again to work more than a 12-hour day, and restore my weekends to their sacred status. If something wasn’t done it would just have to wait.

I felt better already.

Then, I don’t know why, I recalled a conversation with my bank manager some months previously. (Religiously, twice a

year. I take him to an outrageously expensive restaurant and insist on picking up the bill.)

Anyway, he knew about my portfolio and insisted on telling me about a service Lloyds Bank had dreamed up for its customers, and indeed anyone else, that would make their life much easier.

It was called Asser Management, or some such name.

Frankly, I hadn’t really listened because I hadn’t been that interested.

But on that holiday, the more I remembered the more appealing it became.

To cut a long story short, I signed on the dotted line within days of my return to England. The first thing Lloyds Bank did was assign me a ‘Personal Account Executive’, one Philip Hunter.

At our initial meeting I made it clear that I wanted him to take over the whole caboodle; handle all the paper work and make the buying and selling decisions.

We also agreed a broad strategy. He was to go for capital growth rather than income. He was occasionally to chance his arm on a few speculative stocks. And, backing a hunch of mine, I wanted him to take a particular interest in small electronics companies.

Once we’d got that straight he opened an interest-bearing account to act as a pool for purchases and sale proceeds.

He even built in a ‘cash sweep’ facility on my current account, so anything over £1,000 was automatically swept into my investment account. Then he got to work.

That was about a year ago now.

And since then I’m delighted to say that I’ve done practically nothing.

I no longer spend hours poring over the City pages deciding what to buy or sell.

I no longer have weighty company reports thudding onto my doormat.

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I no longer spend hours with a calculator working out my worth, since they send me regular statements.

And, joy of joys, I no longer need to rummage through sheafs of old contract notes in April, because they prepare a special statement for the taxman.

I also ought to add that the service has a few frills which, while not vital, are most welcome. For instance, they automatically topped my Access Card limit to £5,000. And I can now draw up to £500 a day on my Cashpoint card.

But good as their Asser Management Service undoubtedly is, Lloyds Bank isn’t a charity. All told, they charge me around £250 a quarter, which, although well worth it, isn’t peanuts.

In fact, d’you know what I’m going to do next time I take my bank manager to lunch?

I’m going to invite Philip Hunter along too. And when the bill arrives, I’m not going to put my hand in my pocket.”



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Keeping track of Docklands

John Vaughan reports on the new light railway

IN THE early 1970s, long before the London Docklands Development Corporation (LDDC) was established, London Transport had plans to extend the Jubilee Underground line eastwards into Docklands. Starting at Charing Cross the new "River Line", as it was referred to, would have passed under the Thames five times before reaching Thamesmead and Woolwich. It was a grandiose scheme linking communities on both sides of the river. But principally because of the limited number of station sites available and the high cost of construction—£325 million (over £500 million at today's prices)—the scheme was written off as too expensive by the then Minister of Transport.

Although a well planned and efficient transport network was an essential catalyst to development in the Docklands, it was not until the formation of the LDDC in 1981 that any new plan was

devised. A report entitled *Public Transport for Docklands* was put to the Government by the LDDC together with the GLC and the Departments of Transport, of Environment and of Industry. The report recommended building 12 miles of railway at a cost of £65 million, and a completely new road network and improved trunk-road access. It was of paramount importance to the future of Docklands to get an early decision to attract buyers of development sites. Without improved transport services to their developments, they would not come.

Government acted quickly. By 1982 most of the report's proposals, including the new Docklands Light Railway (DLR) scheme, were accepted. In retrospect it is questionable whether the right balance between public and private transport has been attained. The planners seem to have got their predictions wrong, with too much of the Government and

LDDC budget spent on private road users instead of public transport services. The road improvements are still incomplete and the new DLR and bus services are thought inadequate to cope with the influx of commuters and the growing number of local residents.

Philip Beck, chairman of John Mowlem plc, the railway's civil engineering contractors, admits that it would have taken considerable foresight to predict present demand but he is confident of the railway's inherent flexibility. "Capacity is going to be raised tenfold, with a complete enhancement of the system including strengthening viaducts and track to reduce fatigue. New trains can be ordered as and when required," he says. He points out that considerable savings were made utilizing old BR line over two-thirds of the routes and that without this the overall cost would have been much higher.

John Mowlem plc, the third largest construction and civil engineering group in the UK, are also the owners, developers and managers of the new London City Airport which will open this month. The airport will serve most European cities with scheduled 50-seat executive aircraft that adhere to noise-level restrictions. However, the proposed DLR eastern extension along Royal Docks has no direct link to the airport. This seems strange, particularly as Mowlem in consortium with GEC are the railway's operators.

"We will be providing a bus shuttle from Beckton station, and in any case research shows that only 20 per cent of people travel to and from airports on public transport," says Philip Beck.

Strict conditions were imposed on Mowlem when, in consortium with GEC, they were awarded the railway contract. The price was not to exceed £77 million, two

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routes (one south through the Isle of Dogs to Millwall, the other north to Stratford) were to open in 1987 and any modern technology employed should not jeopardize the budget or efficiency of the line. Finally, the contractors were expected to manage the railway themselves without any financial assistance from Government.

Given these conditions and the limited funds available, GEC Mowlem have done well to provide 11 trains to service 12½ miles of track and 16 stations. The trains are driverless, controlled by computer from the railway's central office in Poplar, although each has a guard or train "captain" who is responsible for checking tickets. As on some tube trains, passengers can open the doors themselves by pressing buttons. But it is the train captain who closes them using a key and then signals to the control system that the train is ready to leave.

When the Queen officially visited the railway on July 31, this procedure was ignored to speed her passage. But not having any "royalty recognition software" the computer, as preordained, decided

to keep her waiting a full two minutes at the next station before the doors would open.

Criticism of less easily rectified defects comes from LDDC's main source of revenue, the property development companies and the corporate purchasers of their sites.

Olympia & York plc are a Canadian-based company who have bought out G. Ware Travelstead's visionary Canary Wharf development in the centre of the Isle of Dogs. It is the largest commercial development project in Docklands, comprising a mix of office and retail space as well as hotels. Olympia & York must be baulking at the expenditure they are now committed to on the much needed railway extension to the Bank. This line extension, which most Dockland investors consider should have been part of the original plan, is costing Olympia & York £67 million—more than half of the original design and construction price.

Two 5-metre-diameter tunnels will be driven from the existing Tower Gateway terminus to a site between Bank and Monument

where a new Underground station will be constructed. London Regional Transport is funding the balance and Edmund Nuttall are the engineering contractors.

At *The Daily Telegraph*, Dockland's largest single employer, there is a mixture of optimism and journalistic cynicism at the arrival of the railway on their doorstep. "Obviously we're delighted the light railway has opened. But like all panaceas they're better in anticipation than in reality," says the *Telegraph's* executive editor Jeremy Deedes, who regrets that the Jubilee line extension was scrapped.

Among property and construction companies there are fears of reduced Government involvement and funding of LDDC projects as the direction for the regeneration of such an extensive area cannot be given by free enterprise and market forces alone. Confidence is required in an area where land values have soared from virtually nothing to £4.5 million an acre in under 10 years.

Residential estate agents in the area hail the arrival of the railway

as a bonus to a property market which is showing signs of tiring. "Nobody had any idea of the speed at which Docklands development would take place. When the railway was proposed there were worries that there would be enough passengers. Now it seems there may be too many," says Dominic Grace, the partner at Savills' Highway office.

Properties currently being marketed by Savills do not seem cheap, not least those near the Mudchute station at Millwall. Here in East Ferry Road, Millwall, SE14, a two-bedroom 1930s former council house is for sale through Savills at £119,500. The semi-detached house has been modernized and rendered and painted white externally to set it apart from other estate houses. But it is far from special, so the proximity to the new station must be adding a premium to the property which two years ago would have fetched less than £70,000.

Yet by comparison to what housebuilders Wates have erected at Horseshoe Court near the Island Gardens terminus, the East Ferry Road house must be a better

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buy. Wates have built attractive and imaginatively planned properties in Docklands and those at Horseshoe Court prove something of a disappointment. Little colour is employed except on the balconies to the flats and at £110,000 upwards for a modern house which must have cost less than £40,000 to build, Wates must have paid dearly for the site or be making fat profits. All but one of the two-bedroom houses have been sold and a number of flats are set for completion by the end of the year. Interestingly, Wates have featured the proximity of the railway heavily in their marketing. "It has certainly helped sales," said a site-office negotiator.

At Clippers Quay, E14, the presence of the new railway station at Crossharbour is having a similar effect on new housing. However, there is an ominous number of resales available in this bleak development by Roger Malcolm, the builders, which looks a lot better in a photograph than it does on a wet day. Construction began in 1984 with a mix of completed flats and houses coming on the market in 1985. The Clippers

Quay sales office is asking £145,000 for two-bedroom flats and £125,000 for maisonettes.

William Johnson, the partner at Egerton's new Narrow Street office in Wapping, E1, thinks the light railway will make a difference to the residential market. "A whole new group of people will see how close we are to the City and that will help increase the change to genuine owner occupation and reduce speculative involvement," says Johnson.

Egerton are selling flats at Duke Shore Wharf, equidistant from the nearby Limehouse and West Ferry Road stations, and one of the better designed riverside developments. About half of the 25 flats at Duke Shore Wharf have been sold pre-completion by Egerton who expect the builders to finish off by the end of the year. They are not cheap—prices range from £160,000 for a one-bedroom flat to £350,000 for a two-bedroom tower penthouse with panoramic river views. Egerton admit to some speculative investment by traders in Duke Shore Wharf, but say that their investment in property is generally falling off due to concern

about a glut on the market now that the railway has arrived.

Carleton-Smith & Co are enthusiastic about the possible effect of the railway on property prices. But they remain more cautious than other agents about its immediate impact on the market. "The railway must prove itself in operating efficiently, and initially we think it will simply make nearby properties easier to sell rather than increase prices which have already experienced marked rises in the last two years," says Sarah Shelley at Carleton-Smith.

Evidence of this exists at St John's Wharf, an elegant and popular riverside warehouse off Wapping High Street, E1. Here, Carleton-Smith are selling for £190,000 a 1,300-square-foot, one-bedroom apartment which was purchased in 1985 for £80,000.

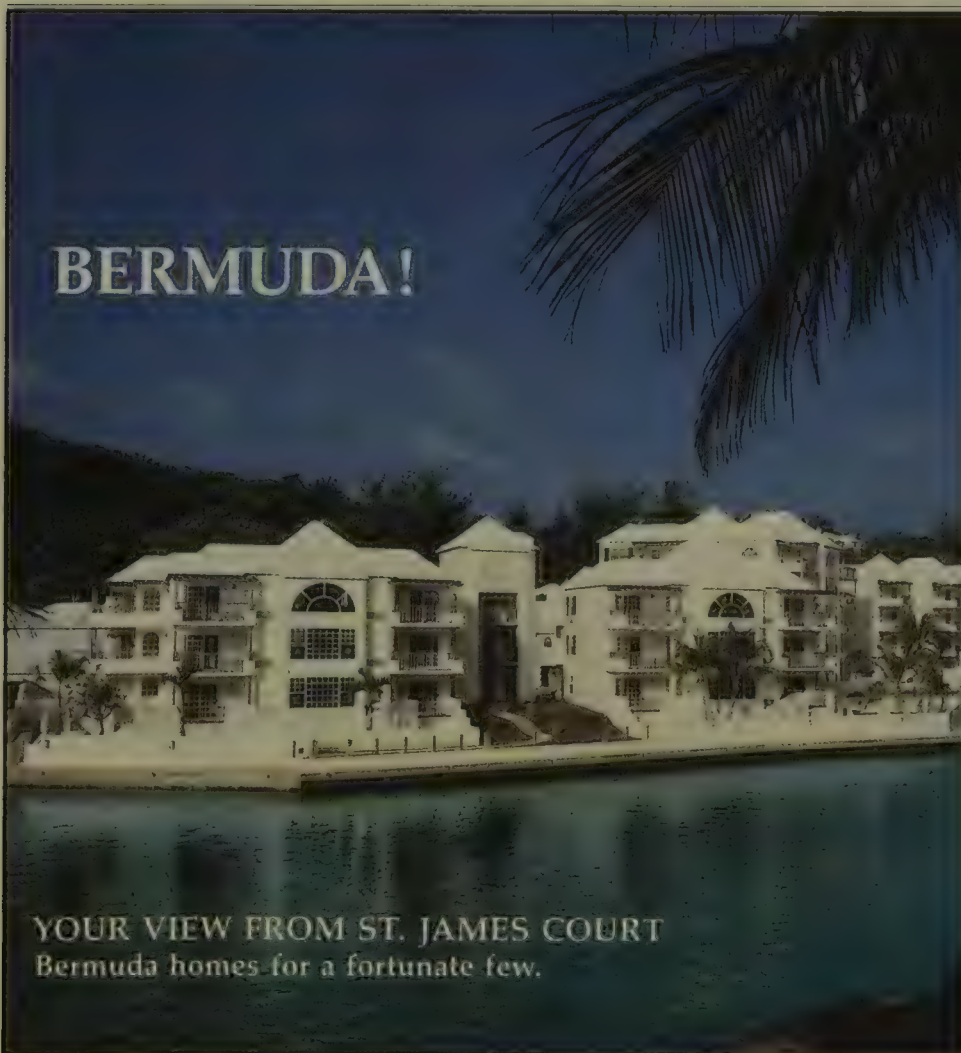
For people relocated to Docklands who cannot afford Wapping or even Millwall prices, properties in Bow could be the answer—but not for long. Bow is served by the northern leg of the DLR with stations at Bow Church and Devons Road as well as having a Central line tube connexion. In

Tredegart Terrace, Bow, E3, Bairstow Eves are selling a well restored mid-Victorian end-of-terrace house for £169,500. The three-bedroom house has well proportioned reception rooms and has been cautiously renovated leaving most of the period details—including the old standing radiators.

With prices like those mentioned it is hardly surprising that more estate agents are moving into the Docklands area. Aylesford has joined forces with Grant & Partners, opening an office near the East India Docks. Knight Frank & Rutley are opening a residential office this month and Hamptons expect to be in their new premises by the end of November.

Amid all the hype and the chorus of excited voices about permanent new buyers, there are nagging worries about overly inflated values in a still immature market. And concern persists about the infrastructure which continues to develop haphazardly. It is not clear whether the new light railway will establish the area as a convenient place to live ○

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REVIEWS

A tense, vivid thriller, tinged with controversy, from British director Alan Parker; the RSC's boxing drama spares no punches; Leningrad's Kirov Opera visits London



Private eye Mickey Rourke tracks Lisa Bonet down to New Orleans in Alan Parker's *Angel Heart*, opening on October 2.

CINEMA

Parker's angel surprise

ALAN PARKER is a British director whose films are usually American, although until recently he retained his base at Pinewood where his first feature, *Bugsy Malone*, was made in 1976. He tries to change his act to confound those French critics who claim that a director throughout a career only makes variations of the same film. His latest, in common with most of his works, is tinged with controversy.

Angel Heart is a fusion of two genres: the occult thriller and the noir detective story. Parker used the novel *Falling Angel*, by William Hjortsberg, as the basis of the screenplay, altering the main centre of action from New York to New Orleans, and setting it in 1955 rather than 1959. Both changes have worked to his advantage. The first has supplied him with an atmosphere and setting that seem both unusual and appropriate, while the subtle time-shift provides a more

satisfying visual appearance.

He is well-served by his cast: Robert De Niro as Louis Cyphre, bearded, immaculate, sinister, and Mickey Rourke as Harry Angel, the young private eye sucked into his miasmic world. Charlotte Rampling has a small but significant role. Parker does not spare the violence and films death picturesquely.

However, it was not the chicken sacrifice or the ice-pick killings, the voodoo or the devil-worship, that caused problems with the American ratings board, but a short fantasy sequence in which Mickey Rourke makes energetic love to Lisa Bonet as rain beats down on the roof and turns to blood, bespattering their naked bodies. Parker avoided the undesirable American "X" rating, with its connotations of sleaze and hardcore porn, by slicing a few seconds from the scene, but here we shall see the film intact, with a British "18" certificate.

Such high jinks aside, *Angel Heart* is a tense, vivid thriller with surprises, and Parker and his cinematographer, Michael Sersin, have made much of their locations, ranging from bayou shanties, through seedy New Orleans rooming-houses, to a New York unfamiliar on the screen because it is Harlem. There is a chilling air of foreboding, helped by the compellingly evocative soundtrack with its bursts of blues and the sax of Courtney Pine. Parker will have a hard time topping this one.

That a new Stanley Kubrick film is upon us should be cause for modest celebration, although I resent waiting seven years, since *The Shining*, for the master to speak. With *Full Metal Jacket* he has turned his attention to Vietnam, now an acceptable topic, although with Kubrick we can be sure that the war is a metaphor for something else. He puts his audience through 45 minutes of marine boot camp, forcing us into proximity with a group of shaven-headed, panting recruits, drilled into automata by a martinet of a gunnery sergeant (Lee Erney) whose rigid Smokey Bear hat is so

much part of him that he seems to sleep wearing it.

The sequence ends suddenly and bloodily, but by now we are prepared for the second act of the film, a lull period in Da Nang during which we become acclimatized, while watching Matthew Modine as Private Joker adjust as a *Stars and Stripes* combat reporter. The final part of the film is the battle for Hue, in which a lone Vietnamese sniper inflicts hideous damage on the squad.

The film is riddled with sexual metaphors: the recruits caress and sleep with their rifles, addressing them by girls' names; the relationship of Joker and the awkward member of the intake, who watches, doe-eyed as he is shown drill movements; the constant use of copulative verbal imagery in the training. In Vietnam, the marines, having run the gauntlet of cheap prostitutes, find themselves dealing with a wounded girl soldier, writhing on the ground as though on the verge of orgasm. "Shoot me! shoot me!" she cries. To Kubrick war and sex are allied. And there is his metaphor ○

—GEORGE PERRY

THEATRE

The great white washout

THE BEST thing about Howard Sackler's play at the Mermaid, is the irony of its title, *The Great White Hope*. These words are almost the first spoken before a boxing match in Reno when, though names are disguised, the prize fighter Jack Johnson (played by Hugh Quarshie) knocks out Jim Jeffries to be the first Negro world heavyweight champion. After this, with racism rampant, it seems to be a national duty to discover "a great white hope" to defeat the "nigger" who has brought shame on the United States by taking the title.

In Sackler's piece, where Jack Johnson is cloaked as Jack Jefferson, we are given a rapid and not always coherent view of the boxer's life until his failure at Havana in 1916 when at last Jess Willard proves himself to be the white hope who disposes of Johnson in the 26th round.

The play is less about prize-fighting than the uncontrolled racism which seeks by any means, foul rather than fair, to rob a

Negro of his honours. Scene upon scene is designed to undercut the black man, and to show, as somebody says to Jefferson in the opening scene, "They're hating you and paying to see a white boy knock you out." That could be an epigraph for the entire piece in which the white fanatics are unforgiving. Not that Sackler hesitates to be candid about the arrogance of Jefferson who would clearly have tried the patience of any saint.

Obviously Hugh Quarshie dominates. Managing to suggest that he could well have been a champion prize-fighter, he steers the part away from monotony, to the final moment when he says simply, "He beat me, that's all," smiling as he has done at the beginning and has at intervals all night. Though relatively few in the cast have sustained opportunities, performances by Richard Moore and Gillian Barge (as the distraught mother of the boxer's white girlfriend) are vital ○

—J. C. TREWIN

OPERA

The glory of the Kirov

LENINGRAD'S Kirov Opera gave an impressive display of the internal strength and stylistic unity of a closely integrated ensemble on their recent two-week visit to Covent Garden—their first to Britain.

The Kirov's destiny, which is backed by two centuries of tradition, is at present shaped by their artistic director and chief conductor, Yuri Temirkanov, who conducted all three operas brought to London and produced Tchaikovsky's *Queen of Spades* and *Eugene Onegin* with strict regard for the composer's stage directions. Igor Ivanov's sets were for the most part conventional, relying largely on handsomely painted backcloths, but they conjured up the necessary locations and atmosphere without straining the audience's imagination. The third opera, *Boris Godunov*, suffered from some ill-fitting canvases, which showed gaps between vaulted ceilings and the pillars that were supposed to be supporting them, and a wobbly fountain on which Marina had to climb.

Such inevitable hazards of touring opera did not detract from

the strongly motivated and well judged performances of the soloists, who were all deeply engrained and wonderfully secure in their roles. There were many one would long to hear again: Nikolai Okhotnikov, the authoritative Boris and moving Prince Gremin; Larissa Shevchenko, whose powerful, well-focused soprano created memorable portrayals of both Tatyana and Lisa; Yuri Marusin, an ardent Lensky and impassioned Grigory; the rich contralto of Larissa Dyadkova's Olga—and numerous others.

Sergei Leiferkus, who gave a beautifully-sung, romantic portrayal of Onegin and a characterful Tomsy, can now be heard in ENO's new production of *The Pearl Fishers* and will later this season be singing with both Scottish Opera and Opera North.

The foundation and the greatest glory of the Kirov ensemble is, however, the superb orchestra, with its massive string sound and highly individual woodwind and brass sections, which responded with fervour to all the conductor's demands ○

—MARGARET DAVIES

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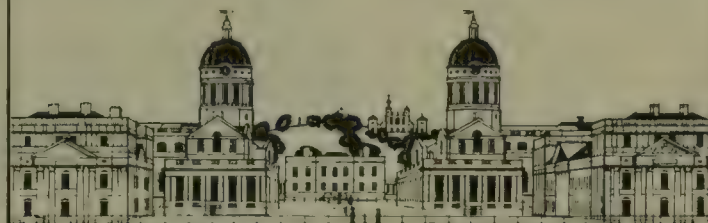
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NON FICTION

THE MASTER OF MACHISMO

Hemingway

by Kenneth S. Lynn
Simon & Schuster, £16

GERTRUDE STEIN once wrote that the real story of Ernest Hemingway would be much better than the books he wrote. "It would be for another audience than the audience Hemingway now has but it would be very wonderful."

My initial response to this was that the literary guru of Paris in the 1920s could not have read much of his work. The Nick Adams stories are obviously autobiographical; and the novels, especially *A Farewell to Arms* and *The Sun Also Rises*, reflect his experiences as a soldier and newspaperman.

As much can be said about *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and his African stories. I do not suppose the earth moved for him in Spain, but a writer's imagination can reveal more about the man than his actual experiences. Moreover, *Across the River and Into the Trees* and *A Moveable Feast* cruelly expose his decline.

Professor Lynn agrees that Hemingway almost always wrote about himself. He created a heroic image of himself as an athlete and sportsman, a worldly-wise reporter, a battle-scarred soldier, an *aficionado* of the bullfight, and a hard-drinking bon vivant.

He was greatly admired, but he had his debunkers. Zelda Fitzgerald said that he was a phoney, and others ridiculed his masculine pretensions. His suicide in 1961 was seen as the ultimate proof that he had always lived a lie.

Mr Lynn establishes that Hemingway's masculine qualities were not all pretentious. He was a good athlete, and his father taught him to fish and shoot at an early age. He learned his journalism in a hard school, in Kansas City and Chicago, and he wandered all over Europe for the *Toronto Star*. He was wounded, but the true story of Hemingway was not very wonderful.

When the United States entered the war in 1917, he joined the Red



Hemingway almost always wrote about himself, in heroic mould

Cross and not the army. He said that his eyes were not good enough for active service, but Harry Truman, the future president, rose to be an artillery captain although he was almost as blind as a bat.

The Italian front was a side-show compared to Flanders, which produced poets such as Wilfred Owen and Siegfried Sassoon. Hemingway claimed that he had fought with the Arditi, the Italian shock troops, and that after being twice wounded by machine-gun fire carried a wounded man to safety. The plain truth was that he was wounded when a trench mortar demolished a dugout in which he was handing out chocolate and other goodies to soldiers.

Old soldiers tend to fib, of course, and it seems that Hemingway was acting out youthful fantasies. He had been an avid reader of Kipling, and admired

British phlegm and understatement. The sense that Kipling communicated of possessing an insider's knowledge of things and his fascination with men of moral fortitude on the verge of collapse were qualities, Lynn writes, that would mark Hemingway's fiction.

The anglophilia of home and school—Oak Park High had an Oxford Room with storied casement windows and fretted beam ceiling but very few American authors in the library—explained his admiration of aristocrats. One of them, with the borrowed name of Edwina Ashley, became the titled heroine of *The Sun Also Rises*.

But by the standards of the aristo and pukka sahib Hemingway was a cad. He was unfaithful and disloyal, and shamefully used his friends. He could be devoured by jealousy, and while striving for excellence he invariably denied it in others.

Sherwood Anderson, the author of *Winesburg, Ohio*, helped to launch Hemingway as a writer and his reward was a cruel parody of one of his novels.

Mr Lynn, whose research is prodigious, records this only to illustrate that Hemingway was a vulnerable and deeply troubled man. His domineering mother was a factor—arguably she drove his father to suicide—and probably contributed to his androgynous fantasies.

This is a remarkable biography, and incidentally a fascinating social history of middle America and expatriate Paris. It never loses sight of Hemingway's development as a writer, and concludes that, uncertain to the point of fear about himself, he was compelled to write stories in which he tried to cope with the disorder of his inner world. From this torment, Ernest Hemingway produced some of the most memorable fiction of the century ○

—LOUIS HEREN

FINE MINE OF INFORMATION

Serving Secretly

by Ken Flower
John Murray, £15.95

WE LIVE in a world dominated by spy stories. Of the making of books on this subject there seems to be no end. Most of them are worthless. They are like pornography—in form, not content, of course. Just as Cleland in Fanny Hill describes sexual union with endless slight variations of words and total disregard for physiology or probability, so do the pornographers of espionage move into flights of fancy ever more devoid of reality. But there are writers who can say something true about sex, and the same applies to Intelligence. One can ignore the popular journalists. They may deviate into accuracy now and then, but one would never rely on them. It is another matter with scholars of integrity. It is even possible for an autobiography, unlike the sorry stuff ghosted for Peter Wright, to tell us something of what happens in the real world without "breaking the rules" and to throw

Fact is unravelled from fiction in a new biography of Hemingway;
Ken Flower lifts the lid on his key decades in Rhodesian
Intelligence; and the pick of the month's fiction.

important new light on recent history.

Ken Flower was the key figure in the Rhodesian Central Intelligence Organization (CIO) under five Prime Ministers and a Governor: the alcoholic "liberal" Edgar Whitehead; the right-wing Winston Field who defeated him in 1962; the even righter-wing Ian Smith who ousted Field two years later, declared UDI and governed his strange little white-dominated regime until 1979; Bishop Muzorewa, the ineffective compromise figure who followed; Lord Soames, the Governor sent out to end white rule and civil war; and Robert Mugabe, Prime Minister since 1980.

One of Mugabe's first actions was to reappoint Flower, though he was well aware that in the past his own elimination had been a major, though unsuccessful, objective of the CIO. It is certainly remarkable that the same person should have been in charge of Intelligence operations through such startling political vicissitudes, and that although he frequently offered to resign he remained in office until his voluntary retirement in 1981 to look after his ailing wife. He still lives today, with his second wife, in a suburb of Harare. It may seem odd that such a career was possible. What about illegality, allegiance to the Crown etc? The fact is that territorial loyalty meant much more. In spite of racial conflict Rhodesians felt themselves to be Rhodesians rather than subjects of Her Majesty, especially when the latter was "advised" by people they loathed.

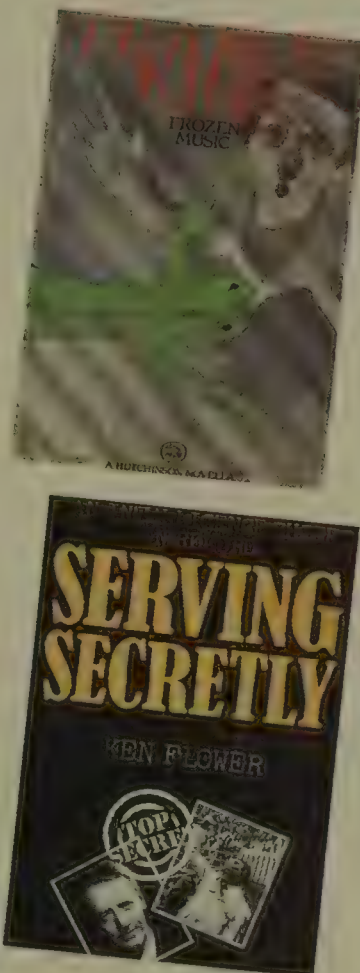
Ken Flower's book is packed with information which will be new to most people. I wish I had known even a fraction of it when I was writing my own history of Rhodesia some 12 years ago. The extent to which the CIO penetrated the guerrilla forces was astonishing. It explains why the guerrillas achieved virtually nothing for four years after 1968. One of the more ingenious moves was to employ a clergyman, the Reverend Arthur Kanadoreka, to recruit guerrillas and send them in poisoned uniforms through the bush where they met a slow death



en route for the training camps they never reached. This sinister cleric actually accompanied Bishop Muzorewa as his party treasurer to the Geneva Conference in 1976. Eventually the CIO decided that there was a risk of him blowing the gaffe. His bullet-ridden body was found in a car in Salisbury in 1978.

That episode is not well known. Far more notorious was the assassination in 1975 of Herbert Chitepo, the Lusaka-based Chairman of ZANU, the party which later won the day under Mugabe. The CIO regarded him as the most formidable obstacle in the anti-guerrilla campaign and successfully eliminated him with a car bomb in Lusaka.

No one suspected the CIO's involvement in a murder which was attributed to internal party feuding and resulted in President Kaunda, who anyway hated ZANU, stopping all effective



action from Zambia for many months.

What wrecked the Rhodesian defence was the collapse of Portuguese colonialism. This did not date, as is often claimed, from the revolution of 1974 but from the successes of FRELIMO several years earlier. The author, who regarded Portuguese anti-terrorist techniques with contempt, has an entertaining account of his visit to General Caetano at the Queluz Palace in 1971. He emphasized a point by striking his hand on an ornate gilt table which at once collapsed on to the marble floor: "I felt the gloom of decaying empires envelope us."

In this most intriguing book the author throws much light on many matters besides Intelligence operations. He was involved, willy nilly, in high politics. He attended cabinet meetings. He liaised with British and other Intelligence services. He opposed UDI and

shows how strongly the official advisers in almost every department warned against it. He was, however, a loyal Rhodesian and, once the die was cast, did all he could to ensure his country's survival against sanctions and subversion. He saw that it could pull through only if "the minds and hearts" of the majority could be converted as in Malaysia, and that a purely military campaign was doomed to "no win" after 1972 and failure after 1976. Smith could never win the hearts of Africans. His dislike and contempt were too obvious, but he reflected only too well the outlook of most white Rhodesians. That was the tragedy of Rhodesia, and it is hard to see how any individual could have altered it ○

—ROBERT BLAKE

RECENT FICTION

THE TREACHERY OF MEMORY

Frozen Music

by Francis King
Hutchinson, £7.95

Her Story

by Dan Jacobson
André Deutsch, £8.95

A Friend From England

by Anita Brookner
Cape, £9.95

SHORT novels are common enough nowadays but are seldom dignified with the name of novella. Francis King's *Frozen Music*, which appears under Hutchinson's attractively produced novella imprint, is set in India. It could be read as a cautionary tale about the obvious dangers of revisiting the past. The 61-year-old Philip, returning after 20 years with his young second wife Kirsti and his son Rupert to the Balram he had known before the war, is dismayed by the squalid industrial suburbs that have grown up around it.

Rupert looks in vain for the mission doctor Jack Mackenzie's home; and what he remembered as his uncle's imposing mansion has shrunk to something resembling an Edwardian bungalow. Philip drags his party from one decaying palace to the next as doggedly as he insists that the real Balram, a



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BOOKS

suburb built for the ruling class, must lie beyond "the narrow, ill-smelling streets, lined with stalls lit at night by naphtha".

Meanwhile, however, an affair develops between the divorced Rupert and his attractive Finnish stepmother. This takes its place in a pattern of betrayals that has begun with the treachery of memory. Walking round his uncle's house, Rupert looks through the window of a room in which, as a boy and from the same vantage point, he had seen his mother (already dying of tuberculosis) with Mackenzie. What he now realizes he had been witnessing was his father's betrayal by his first wife.

In the cemetery he finds that Mackenzie had died soon after his mother and been buried beside her. A second visit to their graves with his father and Kirsti is tense with ambiguity. Philip's guilt about his long neglect of his first wife's grave is clear but was his purpose in returning to Balram, by reviving half-suppressed memories, to test his suspicions and come to terms with the truth? Whatever his motives, Francis King has made of him a sympathetic study of an aging man who sees himself as a failure.

The climax to *Frozen Music*, with Philip bringing Kirsti and Rupert together as if giving his blessing to a preordained conclusion, is unconvincing, its patterned sentimentality seemingly determined by the need to wind up a novella-length story in a neat, shapely fashion.

Looking ahead some 40 years, as Dan Jacobson begins by doing in *Her Story*, we find an Oxford-educated girl, Celia Dinan, mixed up with a charismatic spiritual leader called Eric Hirn who takes her off to California. After a police raid on Hirn's successful but dubious settlement there, in which her baby son is killed, Celia returns to England where she writes a novel set in the remote past called *Her Story*. Her manuscript remains undiscovered until the year 2296.

The story it tells is of a family journeying to a city at festival time. As pilgrims they visit the temple, and two days before their planned departure the eldest son goes on ahead with friends. When his parents catch up with them the son has disappeared. We are evidently reading an account of the visit made by Jesus's parents to Jerusalem for the Passover Festival with the difference that, in this

version, the boy is not discovered listening to the elders in the temple. There is a certain power in the description of the mother's anguished search for him but also a monotonous insistence in the intrusive, authorial voice that is always telling her what she is experiencing. Jesus emerges as a disreputable character whose gift of voice echoes that of the charlatan Hirn.

But even before he is crucified as a revolutionary rabble-rouser we have begun to question the identity of characters, none of whom is named. After the crucifixion this "mother" recognizes in the crowd the true mother of "Jesus" and, equally mysteriously, is recognized by her. She also realizes that her own son is one of the two crucified thieves. "They might all have been your sons and hers" says the narrator who, if we take her to be Celia Dinan, also knew what it meant to lose a son. Thus, in his cryptic, hallucinatory way Dan Jacobson invites us to consider afresh the accepted facts of a celebrated story.

Anita Brookner's *A Friend From England*, a cautionary tale in more than one sense, focuses on the dangers of taking too subjective a view of other people's affairs, particularly affairs of the heart. Inadvertently it also shows the hazards of employing a narrator who is also a major participant in the action. Rachel, who has a small business in London, continues to visit her accountant Oscar at his luxurious home in Wimbledon even after he has retired on the proceeds of a handsome win on a football pool. Oscar and his wife Dorrie have cast Rachel in the role of guardian to their daughter Heather, thus involving her in a family drama arising from Dorrie's illness and Heather's two marriages.

Rachel as narrator insists often enough on the dullness and kindliness of Oscar and Dorrie for us to believe it. In the light of Heather's surprising marital adventures Rachel has to revise her notion of her as an impassive young woman who is as dull as her parents. It is Heather's defiance of Rachel's hysterical attempt to dissuade her from a second marriage that compels Rachel to question her own stance as a worldly, wary, sceptical and above all independent woman. This, at least, is the picture she paints of herself but as it is never filled out she remains something of an abstraction ○

—IAN STEWART

GEORGE KNIGHT



ECSTASY IN ESTORIL

Estoril, the sophisticated centre of the renowned Costa do Sol, often referred to as the Portuguese Riviera, or the Coast of Kings—being a favourite haunt of European Royalty in exile—is now home to **Estoril Garden**.

Estoril Garden, to be managed throughout its construction by Mercator—the Portuguese subsidiary of a multi-national group which has its headquarters in Stockholm, Sweden, occupies one of the most coveted sites in Europe. It comprises well-designed luxury apartments, adjacent to the famous Casino, offering spectacular views of both the coast and the mountains. These range from one bedroom studios to four bedroom maisonettes, and are available either in a choice of five interior decors or to your own design.

The stylish comfort of the apartments is continued in the exterior ambience and amenities—inner patios are richly landscaped with fountains, trees and exotic bushes of flowers; walkways feature Portuguese cobblestone tiles and local limestone. One or two parking spaces, according to size of apartment, as well as ample storage are included. The condominium will offer a private, secluded swimming pool, a 24-hour security service and its shops will display a wide range of merchandise.

Estoril Garden provides, without doubt, not only a sound investment, with excellent prospects of appreciation, but also an exciting way of life. The micro-climate ensures long sunny days in Summer, balmy warm evenings in Spring and Autumn and a mild Winter. Its proximity to the small but vital and cosmopolitan capital city offers a plethora of social and cultural activities. We were not surprised when twenty of the fifty-eight apartments were reserved within the first week of release.

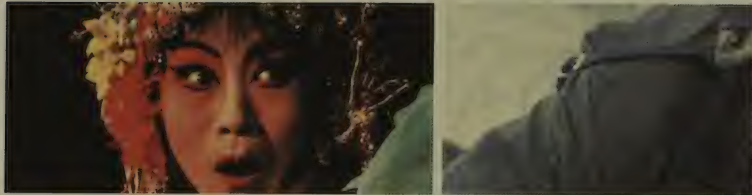
Prices for the remaining apartments in Phase I range from £71,400 to £185,000. VHS Video and colour brochure available on request.

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YOUR MAN IN LISBON

Capital entertainment



Woman Warrior: The Shanghai Kunju Theatre visits the Palladium this month. A new Kubrick film: Matthew Modine, centre, in *Full Metal Jacket*.

THEATRE

ILN ratings

- ★ ★ Highly recommended
- ★ Well worth seeing

Beyond Reasonable Doubt

Jeffrey Archer's courtroom drama with Frank Finlay as the Chairman of the Bar Council accused of murdering his wife. With Wendy Craig & Andrew Cruickshank. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166, cc).

The Big Knife

Goyle Hammett & Martin Shaw in Clifford Odets's play about Hollywood in the early 1950s. Albany, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3878, cc 379 6565).

Blues in the Night

American singer Carol Woods leads a programme of blues & jazz music from the 1930s. Piccadilly, Denman St, W1 (437 4506, cc 379 6565).

Fathers & Sons

Turgenev's novel of mid-19th-century Russia in a richly truthful, if selective, version by Brian Friel & with imaginative performances by Alex McCown, Richard Pasco & most affecting, Robin Bailey. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

Follies

Tremendous line-up of stars for this

revival. Sondheim fans will love the music—others might be disappointed by the feeble storyline. Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (379 5399, cc 379 4444), REVIEWED SEPT. 1987.

The Great White Hope

Hugh Quarshie in his ward-winning role as the first black heavyweight boxing champion of the world. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, cc). REVIEWED SEP 95.

Groucho: A Life in Revue

Groucho's son, Arthur Marx, co-authored & directs a musical entertainment evoking the comic genius of Groucho & his brothers. Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, cc).

The Importance of Being Earnest

Donald Sinden directs Oscar Wilde's comedy, the first of the Royal's revivals, with Wendy Hiller as Lady Bracknell & Clive Francis as Jack. Until Oct 17. Royalty, Portugal St, WC2 (831 0660, cc).

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Bill Alexander's modern-dress Stratford production, with David Haig as Bottom & Nicholas Woodeson as Puck, is weak on the poetry, but offers some cheerful skirmishing. Barbican, Portraits

Keith Michell portrays the wayward artist Augustus John in William Douglas Home's piece which does

become tedious. Savoy, Strand, WC2. (836 8888, cc).

Sarcophagus

Vladimir Gubarev's affecting documentary based on the Chernobyl disaster. From Oct 7. Mermaid.

Stranger Than Paradise

Caryl Churchill's brilliant comedy of City business framed, surprisingly, in rhyme. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 3028, cc 379 6565).

A Small Family Business

Aykuburn's comedy about corruption in a family business grows steadily blacker, with a denouement that is hard to accept. Olivier, National Theatre, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

Thursday's Ladies

Dorothy Tutin, Eileen Atkins & Sian Phillips as three childhood friends who meet each week for tea & gossip & reveal scenes from their pasts. Disappointing. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (477 2663, cc 434 3598).

Ting Tong Vong

Robert Giamet as a man who returns from the Napoleonic Wars to his Cornish village with a mysterious force. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

FIRST NIGHTS

Entertaining Strangers

David Edgar's expansive community

play about the clash of wills between a 19th-century Dorchester brewery proprietress (Judi Dench) & an evangelical parson (Tim Pigott-Smith). Audiences are expected to move around with the action. Opens Oct 15. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

Griffiths

New musical by Howard Goodall, set on a Second World War British bomber command base, reopens the Playhouse Theatre. With Hazel O'Connor as a WAAF. Opens Oct 6. Playhouse, Northumberland Ave, SW1 (839 4401, cc 240 7200).

The Hypochondriac

Tom Courtenay plays Argan in this version of Molière's *Le Malade imaginaire*. Oct 13-Nov 21. Lyric, Hammersmith, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc).

A Lie of the Mind

A distinguished cast, including Paul McGann, Miranda Richardson & Geraldine McEwan, try to get on in Sam Shephard's play about relationships. Opens Oct 20. Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1 (730 1745, cc).

The Living Room

Bryan Forbes directs this revival of Graham Greene's play about Paul Daneman, Dulcie Gray & Katharine Schlesinger. Oct 23-Nov 21. Royalty, Portugal St, WC2 (831 0660, cc).

The Dirty Dozen theme, with a group of ex-soldiers, officially dead, carrying out a covert mission against drug baron Powers Boothe, across the Mexican border. The excitement is mitigated by extreme violence, but Hill maintains a fine pace.

Full Metal Jacket (18)

Stanley Kubrick has based his Vietnam film on a novel by Gustav Hasford about "grunts" fighting the battle of Hue City. REVIEWED SEP 94.

Hearts of Fire (15)

Bob Dylan portrays an American rock

Shanghai Kunju Theatre

The 55 performers in this spectacular Chinese company bring three works from their repertoire for their first European tour. Oct 26-Nov 6. Palladium, Argyl St, W1 (437 7373, cc). **Tomorrow Was War**

The Mayakovsky Theatre Company, from Moscow, make their first visit to Britain. Boris Vassiliy's play, with simultaneous translation available, is about young people moving from school to war. Oct 28-31. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

Victoria Wood

The plump comedienne/songwriter in a stage show. Oct 12-23. Palladium.

The Winter's Tale

Terry Hands's unaffected Stratford production, now with Paul Sherry conveying the pointless jealousy of Leontes. Opens Oct 14. Barbican, EC2 (638 8891, cc 828 8795, cc). REVIEWED JUNE 1986.

STAYERS

★ ★ Antony & Cleopatra, Olivier, National Theatre (928 2252); ★ ★

Beach Memoirs, Aldwych (836 6404); ★ ★ *Cats*, New London (405 0072); ★ ★ *Chess*, Prince Edward (734 8951); ★ ★ *2nd Street*, Drury Lane (836

8108); ★ ★ *High Society*, Victoria Palace (834 1317); ★ ★ *Kiss Me Kate*, Old Vic (928 7616); ★ *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, Ambassadors (836 6111); ★ *Me & My Girl*, Adelphi (836 6111); ★ *Les Misérables*, Palace (434 0909); *The Moonstrap*, St Martin's (836 1443); ★ *The Phantom of the Opera*, Dave Willetts bows in on Oct 12. Her Majesty's (839 2244); ★ *Run For Your Wife*, Criterion (930 3216).

FRINGE

The Art of Success

Michael Kitchen as 18th-century artist William Hogarth. The Pit, Barbican, EC2 (638 8891, cc 828 8795, cc).

Comedians

Trevor Griffiths's savage look at evening-class comedians. Until Oct 17. Young Vic, The Cut, SE1 (928 6363, cc).

Perrier Pick of the Fringe

Edinburgh Festival revues. Gau & see them for yourself. Until Oct 10. Donmar Warehouse, Earlham St, WC2 (240 8230, cc 379 6565).

Separation

Sparks' spy romance from Tom Kempinski. David Suchet & Saskia Reeves star. Opens Oct 8. Hampstead Theatre, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3 (722 9224).

JAZZ

American All Stars Jazz Festival

Some of the main men of American jazz, among them trumpeter Billy Butterfield, honour the work of two jazz kings, Louis Armstrong & Fats Waller. Oct 25. Barbican Hall, EC2 (638 8891, cc 828 8795, cc).

Bobby Watson Quartet

Only British dates for this Stateside outfit, featuring the brilliant saxman. Oct 4-7. Bass Clef, 45 Coconet St, N1 (729 2440).

Eddie Daniels

Classical virtuoso & big band refugee with a rare jazz outing. Jazz clannet at its best. Oct 28, 29. Bass Clef.

Irakere

Ronnie's Cuban Festival continues with the country's top rhythm kings. Oct 12-31. Ronnie Scott's, 47 Friar St, W1 (439 0747).

New Sounds in the City

Monthly celebrations kick off with lunchtime (12.30-2pm) & commuter time (5.15-6.45pm, Fridays) only jazz in the Festival Hall foyer. Promoted by *Wire* magazine, it shows the best in new British talent. Throughout Oct. Festival Hall foyer, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

Philip Best Band

Lively jazz/funk fusionist & erstwhile partner of Courtney Pine leads his own band. Oct 2. Battersea Arts Centre, Lavender Hill, SW11 (223 2223).

ROCK

Bob Dylan

Dylan returns, after a few relatively quiet years. Strong support from heartlands guitar hero Tom Petty. Oct 14-17. Wembley Arena, Middx (741 8989, cc).

Communards

Potent pop brew of ambivalent love songs & hi-energy dance music with vocalist Jimi Somerville proving that there is life after Bronski Beat. Oct 2, 3. Hammersmith Odeon, Queen Caroline St, W6 (748 4081).

Every Brothers

Fatter but not flatter, they can still string those crisp harmonies together. Expect all the old hits. Oct 9, 9. Albert Hall, SW7 (589 8212, cc).

Five Star

Squeaky-clean dance music from the very marketable family troupe. Oct 24-26. Wembley Arena (902 1234, cc).

Icicle Works

The nearly-men of Liverpool pop come south. On the verge of big things a while back with a chart single ("Love is a Wonderful Colour" & album, but yet to make the breakthrough. This could be the time to catch them. Oct 15. Town & Country Club, 9-17 Highgate Rd, NW5 (267 3334).

John Martin

Melodic folk/rock survivor. Soft ballads for a harsh autumn night. Oct 9. Hammersmith Odeon.

CINEMA

The following films are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes often change at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact locations and times.

★ ★ Angel Heart (18)

Alan Parker's film, about voodoo, with Mickey Rourke as a private eye. Robert De Niro & Charlotte Rampling. Opens 2. Leicester Square

Theatre, WC2 (930 5252, cc 839 1759), REVIEWED SEP 94.

The Belly of an Architect (15)

Peter Greenaway's film is a visual delight, & less enigmatic than his last. Strong performance from Brian Dennehy as a disintegrating American architect constructing an exhibition to honour the neglected visionary Boullée. Opens Oct 16. Cannon, Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (636 6148); Gate, Notting Hill Gate, W1 (727 4043); Screen on the Hill, 203 Haverstock Hill, NW3 (435 3366, cc).

Beyond Therapy (15)

Robert Altman's screen version of Christopher Durang's play mocking fashionable psychiatry. The chief set, a New York French restaurant, seems oddly unconvincing, & we must wait until the end to see why. A large cast, including Tom Conti & Glenda Jackson, struggles to little effect. Opens Oct 16. Cannons Haymarket, SW1 (839 1527), Fulham Rd, SW10 (370 2636, cc 373 6990), Tottenham Court Rd. ★ ★ *Extreme Prejudice* (18)

Walter Hill's thriller is a variation of

star who has turned his back on fame, in contrast to Rupert Everett whose rock career is at its zenith. Richard Marquand, who died last month, directed. Opens Oct 5. Odeon, Marble Arch, W1 (723 0011).

★ ★ Hope & Glory (15)

John Boorman's poignant film is based on the own experiences of childhood in wartime Britain. REVIEWED SEPT. 1987. *The Love Child* (15)

South London comedy with Peter Capaldi as an orphan, living with his grandmother (Stella Hancock). Opens

Oct 16. Metro, Rupert St, W1 (437 0577); Cannon, Fulham Rd.

★ ★ Outrageous Fortune (15)

Shelley Long & Bette Midler, rival aspirant actresses in New York, become reluctant partners when caught up in a daff thriller plot that transports them to the New Mexico desert. Their performances lift Arthur Hill's film, which follows the male "buddy movie" stereotype. *River's Edge* (18)

Contemporary horror story, based on a real murder, about a California high

school student who strangles his girlfriend and then brags to his friends about the killing. Opens Oct 9. Curzon West End, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (439 4805, cc).

★ ★ What Happened to Kerouac? (15)

Average documentary by Richard Lerner in which Ginsberg, Corso & other now aging gurus of the Beat Generation discuss their lost leader. Revealing footage of Jack Kerouac reading his own works, as well as a spicy, drunken talk-show appearance, with William Buckley trying hard to

keep control. Opens Oct 9. ICA, The Mail, SW1 (930 3647).

The Witches of Eastwick (18)

George Miller has performed something of a feat to get John Uchida's novel on the screen, but the film is uneven. Cher is good as the New England sculptress, but the coven (including Michelle Pfeiffer & Susan Sarandon) assembled by Jack Nicholson is pallid. Nevertheless, however, is magnificent in his diabolical part. Opens Oct 23. Warner, Leicester Sq, WC2 (439 0791, cc 439 1534).



Stephen Sondheim's *Pacific Overtures*, set in 1850s Japan and sung at the Coliseum by an all-male cast. Glass, centre, by Charlie Meaker, one of



200 exhibitors at this year's Chelsea Crafts Fair. Detail from Lucy Harwood's *The Conscientious Model*, on show at Sally Hunter Fine Art

CLASSICS

BARBICAN HALL

Silk St, EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, cc). **Katia Ricciarelli**, soprano, with the London Concert Orchestra, under Paul Wynne Griffiths, sings arias by Rossini, Bellini, Verdi, Cilea, Catalani. Oct 9, 7.45pm.

Beethoven Festival. The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, under Charles Groves, play the nine Symphonies, five Piano Concertos & Violin Concerto, with Christina Ortiz, piano, Yuzuko Horigome, violin. Oct 14, 16, 21, 23, 26, 30, 7.45pm.

City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra. Simon Rattle conducts Mozart's Symphony No 40, Strauss's Four Last Songs (with Maria Ewing, soprano), & Stravinsky's Firebird. Oct 15, 7.15pm.

Mstislav Rostropovich 60th birthday celebrations. Rostropovich conducts the London Symphony Orchestra in two programmes: Prokofiev's Symphony No 3 & Tchaikovsky's Symphony No 5, Oct 18, 7.30pm; Beethoven's Symphony No 3 & Shostakovich's Symphony No 5, Oct 29, 7.45pm.

Orchestre National de Lyon. Serge Baudo conducts an all-Ravel programme, with Jean-Philippe Collard as soloist in the Piano Concerto for the Left Hand. Oct 19, 7.45pm.

FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

Philharmonia Orchestra. Giuseppe

Sinopoli conducts two concerts: Mahler's Symphony No 9, Oct 1; Elgar, Mozart & Schumann, Oct 3; 7.30pm.

Moura Lympany, piano, plays Chopin's 24 Preludes & Sonata in B minor. Oct 4, 3.15pm.

Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra. Last here in 1978, the orchestra gives two concerts under Mariss Yansons: Rachmaninov, Prokofiev, Stravinsky, Oct 6; Prokofiev, Mendelssohn, Tchaikovsky, Oct 13; 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra. Roger Norrington conducts two performances of an all-Beethoven programme, Oct 10, 7.30pm; Oct 18, 3.15pm.

Mstislav Rostropovich 60th birthday celebrations. With the London Symphony Orchestra, Rostropovich takes part as conductor or cello soloist in six concerts, which include works by Bernstein, Britten, Penderecki, Dutilleux, Shostakovich, Prokofiev & Lutoslawski, dedicated to him. Oct 15, 23, 25, 31, Nov 5, 8, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic Orchestra & Choir, under Leonard Slatkin, perform Elgar's oratorio *The Kingdom*. Oct 18, 7.30pm.

Royal Choral Society, Wren Orchestra of London, under Laszlo Heltay, perform *The Creation* by Haydn, in German. Oct 20, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra. Esa-Pekka Salonen conducts works by Ligeti, Schoenberg, Sibelius, Oct 21; Ligeti, Elgar, Nielsen, Oct 28; 7.30pm.

Maurizio Pollini, piano, plays Chopin & Debussy. Oct 26, 7.30pm.

QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL

South Bank Centre.

Chelsea Opera Group give the first public performance in Britain of Bizet's opera *Ivan IV*. Oct 4, 7.45pm.

Borodin String Quartet perform Tchaikovsky's three string quartets & others by Shostakovich, Borodin, Prokofiev, Stravinsky, in three recitals. Oct 5, 15, 7.45pm; Oct 11, 3pm.

Midday Mozart. Four concerts of Mozart's chamber music played by Capricorn, with readings from Mozart & his contemporaries. Oct 6, 13, 20, 27, 1.10pm.

Singcircle, the avant-garde vocal group conducted by Gregory Rose, perform Stockhausen's work for vocal harmonies *Stimmung*. Oct 21, 7.45pm.

Mozart Fortepiano Concertos played by Malcolm Bilson, Bobby Levin & Melvyn Tan, with the English Baroque Soloists under John Eliot Gardiner. Oct 23, 7.45pm.

Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields begin their South Bank residency with a programme of Wagner, Paul Patterson & Brahms. Oct 26, 7.45pm.

Sounds in Time: Early Music Subscription Series. Gabrieli Consort & Players give a reconstruction of a 1608 performance in Venice of music by Gabrieli & his contemporaries described by the English tourist Thomas Coryat. Oct 29, 7.45pm.

ST JOHN'S Smith Sq, SW1 (222 1061, cc).

Edith Fischer, piano, plays a Beethoven Piano Sonata cycle. Oct 1, 8, 15, 21, 30, Nov 3, 7.30pm.

Pleeth Cello Octet, with Jill Gomez, soprano, Peter Manning, violin. Works by Villa-Lobos. Oct 5, 8pm.

Hanover Band. Roy Goodman directs two concerts: Beethoven in Napoleonic Vienna, with Melvyn Tan, forte-piano, Oct 7; works by Mozart & dances by Lully, Boccherini, Handel, Bach, Oct 17; 7.30pm.

Michael Roll, piano, plays Beethoven. Oct 12, 1pm.

Nina Milkina, piano, **ECO Wind Ensemble** play Mozart. Oct 19, 1pm.

WIGMORE HALL 36 Wigmore St, W1 (935 2141, cc).

Elly Ameling, soprano, **Rudolf Jansen**, piano. Schubert Lieder & songs by Honneger, Debussy, Poulenc. Oct 3, 7.30pm.

Trio Sonnerie, with Jennifer Smith, soprano, perform Buxtehude, Biber, Bach, Telemann, Handel. Oct 8, 7.30pm.

Gabrieli Quartet, with Peter Frankl, piano, give a 20th anniversary concert: Haydn, Shostakovich, Brahms. Oct 13, 7.30pm.

Songmakers' Almanac mark the 50th anniversary of the death of Ravel with a retrospective of his songs & a self-portrait in words. Oct 21, 7.30pm.

Anthony Pleeth, violincello, **Melvyn Tan**, fortepiano, perform an all-Beethoven programme. Oct 22, 7.30pm.

Nash Ensemble, with Sarah Walker, mezzo-soprano. Paris 1867-1987: Lionel Friend conducts Ropartz, Boulez, Debussy, Ravel, Fauré. Oct 28, 7.30pm.

EXHIBITIONS

ALBEMARLE GALLERY

18 Albemarle St, W1 (493 7968).

Duggie Fields. Duggie Fields has created a strange & original post-Pop universe, which borrows elements from the established modern masters such as Mondrian, Miró & Léger, as well as from standard Pop sources like comic strips & advertisements. His work has not been seen in depth in London for some time; his most recent one-man exhibition was in Tokyo in 1983. Oct 28-Nov 20. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 11am-1pm.

ARTHUR ACKERMANN & SON 3 Old Bond St, W1 (493 3288).

Sporting Paintings. This annual event is always a pleasure because it conjures up the eternal verities of English country life. This time there is shooting & trout fishing in addition to the expected racing & hunting. A fishing scene by James Pollard shows an angler natively attired in a top hat. Oct 14-Nov 14. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-12.30pm.

CHELSEA CRAFTS FAIR Chelsea Town Hall, King's Rd, SW3.

Striking array of skilful and colourful crafts: knitting & textiles, glass & ceramics, furniture & woodwork, jewelry & fashion accessories. Oct 12-17, 19-24 (different exhibitors each session). Daily 10am-8pm, Mon until 6pm. £2.50, concessions £1.50.

GARTON & COOKE 39-42 New Bond St, W1 (493 2820).

Artist as Model. An intriguing show of

prints which includes self-portraits, portraits of artists by their friends & images of favourite models from the turn of the century. Artists include Seymour Haden, Augustus John, Gerald Brockhurst, Paul Drury & the young Graham Sutherland, represented by one of his earliest attempts at portraiture. Until Oct 16. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm.

HAYWARD GALLERY South Bank, SE1 (928 3144).

Diego Rivera. This show marks the growing consciousness, here as elsewhere, of modern Latin-American achievement in the visual arts. Oct 29-Jan 1, 1988. Mon-Wed 10am-8pm, Thurs-Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm. £3, concessions & everybody all day Mon & after 6pm Tues & Wed £1.50. SEE NOTEBOOK P18.

SALLY HUNTER FINE ART 2 Motcomb St, SW1 (235 0934).

Lucy Harwood. A memorial to a touching eccentric who also happened to be a rather good painter. Lucy Harwood, crippled as a young woman by a bungled operation which paralysed her right side, enrolled as a perpetual student at the art school run in Suffolk by Cedric Morris & Arthur Lett Haines. In her own lifetime Lucy Harwood was almost exaggeratedly humble about her work. Now it impresses by its exuberant directness. Oct 7-30. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm.

LIBERTY Regent St, W1 (734 1234).

The Scarf Show. A joint exhibition by Liberty & the Crafts Council, cele-

brating the various uses—practical & peculiar—of the scarf over the years. Oct 2-24. Mon-Sat 9.30am-6pm, Thurs until 7pm. SEE NOTEBOOK P14.

MICHAEL PARKIN GALLERY 11 Motcomb St, SW1 (235 8144).

Rex Whistler & Stephen Tennant. A fascinating show of works by both artists, who became friends studying at the Slade under Henry Tonks. Oct 7-Nov 6. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 10am-1pm. SEE NOTEBOOK P12.

ROYAL ACADEMY Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

Anthony Wishaw. Wishaw is not the first modern artist to have found inspiration in Velasquez's *Las Meninas*. He faces formidable competition from Picasso. Nevertheless this is likely to be an interesting show as Wishaw's refined & rather sombre talent does have something in common with that of the great Spanish master. Until Oct 14. £1, concessions & everybody Sun until 1.45pm, 65p.

The Woodner Collection. The most distinguished private collection of Old Master drawings assembled in recent years. Until Oct 25. £2.50, concessions & everybody Sun until 1.45pm £1.70, children £1.25. Daily 10am-6pm.

SERPENTINE GALLERY Kensington Gdns, W2 (402 6075).

Eduardo Paolozzi: Sculptures From a Garden. Paolozzi's reputation was damaged by a badly timed & badly chosen retrospective at the Tate Gallery in 1971 & has taken nearly two decades to recover. This show of work

made between 1946 & 1972—all drawn from a single private collection—demonstrates what a remarkably inventive artist he is. Until Oct 25. Daily 10am-6pm.

TATE GALLERY Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

Manners & Morals: Hogarth & British Painting. An attempt to show how a native school of painting emerged in England during the first half of the 18th century. The core of the exhibition is a series of over 30 paintings by Hogarth. Oct 15-Jan 3.

Turner Prize Exhibition. The hopefuls present themselves once again for this laughable, but also irritating, piece of avant-garde hype, with a big cheque attached (to be awarded on Nov 24). Frank Auerbach is dismissed with thanks, despite his triumph in Venice & the presence on the jury of one of his favourite models. On past form the likely winner is Richard Deacon, because he has been short-listed previously. The other front runner is Richard Long. Oct 28-Dec 13. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm.

THEATRE MUSEUM Russell St, WC2 (836 7891).

John Gielgud: a celebration of his work in the theatre. Original photographs, designs, paintings, caricatures, letters & documents illustrating Gielgud's career as an actor & director—he has been involved in over 200 productions—on show in the gallery named in his honour. Oct 14-Aug 28, 1988. Tues-Sun 11am-7pm. SEE NOTEBOOK P11.

OPERA

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

The Pearl Fishers. Valerie Masterson sings Leila & Adrian Martin is Nadir. Sergei Leiferkus, of the Kirov Opera, sings Zurga until Oct 17, when Anthony Michaels-Moore takes over. Oct 1, 8, 12, 15, 17, 21, 24, 27, 30.

Pacific Overtures. Stephen Sondheim's musical set in Japan in the 1850s. Produced by Keith Warner, with sets in the style of the Kabuki theatre, & sung by an all-male cast. Oct 2, 3 mat, 6, 9, 14, 19, 22, 29, 31 mat.

Werther. Arthur Davies sings the title role. Oct 7, 10, 13, 16, 20, 23, 28.

GLYNDEBOURNE TOURING OPERA

Glyndebourne, Lewes, E Sussex (0273 541111).

The Electrification of the Soviet Union. World première of Nigel Osborne's opera, based on a novella by Boris Pasternak, set in the period preceding the revolution. Conducted by Elgar Howarth. Oct 5, 7, 24.

★**Così fan tutte.** Oct 6, 8, 20, 23.

★**Ravel double bill.** Oct 9, 10, 21, 22.

NEW SADLER'S WELLS OPERA Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, cc).

HMS Pinafore. Nickolas Grace again sings Sir Joseph Porter, First Lord of the Admiralty, in this favourite Gilbert & Sullivan operetta. Oct 15-24.

ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

★**La Bohème.** Ilona Tokody is Mimi, Luis Lima/Dennis O'Neill (Oct 6) is Rodolfo & Paolo Coni/Thomas Allen is Marcello. Oct 1, 3, 5, 6, 9, 12, 15.

Tannhäuser. Klaus König sings the title role & Mechthild Gessendorf makes her company début as Elisabeth. Oct 2, 7, 13.

Le nozze di Figaro. New production by the West German director Johannes Schaaf, conducted by Bernard Haitink, with Claudio Desderi as Figaro, Marie McLaughlin as Susanna, Thomas Allen as Count Almaviva, Karita Mattila as Countess Almaviva. Oct 8, 10, 14, 20, 22, 27, 29, 31.

AFTER DARK

The Chuckle Club. Resident compère Eugene Cheese introduces the best in alternative comedy every Saturday. Some musical acts. The Black Horse, Rathbone Pl, W1 (information: 476 1672).

Comedy Store. London's longest-running new-wave comedy venue. With two shows on Friday & Saturday (the midnight one is rowdier than the 8pm), an intimate atmosphere & consistently strong bills, it is definitely worth a visit. Sunday's improvisation show, led by American Kit Hollerbach, is the only regular one of its kind. Leicester Sq, WC2 (839 6665).

Guilty Pea. Quick-fire comedy routines

under the watchful eye of the Brixton Bank Manager. Every Saturday. The Wheatheaf, Rathbone Pl, W1 (information: 674 8970).

Jongleurs. Mixture of comedy & cabaret every weekend. Variety is the key word here, with stand-ups sharing the bill with jugglers & speciality acts in a fashion not a million miles removed from the old music halls. The Cornet, Lavender Gdns, SW11 (585 0955).

Limelight. Ultra-trendy London version of a New York vision. The interior boasts a sushi bar, the exterior is an old church, & each night's music & theme is different. 136 Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (434 0572).

Stringfellow's. London's glitziest disco,

complete with restaurant & endless cocktail bars. Beware the private party taking over for an evening. 16/19 Upper St Martin's Lane, WC2 (240 5534).

Tattershall Castle. Floating fun at this mainstream dance club on the Thames. Sixties night every Tuesday. Victoria Embankment, SW1 (839 6548).

The Palace. Becoming trendy again after a lengthy time-out, especially Thursdays when you're expected to "dress to thrill". 1a Camden High St, NW1 (387 0428).

Wag Club. This place blows hot & cold—cool jazz on Mondays & steaming soul every Thursday. Very crowded at the weekend. 35 Wardour St, W1 (437 5534).

SPORT

BADMINTON: British Airways Masters', Albert Hall, SW7. Oct 16-18.

EQUESTRIANISM: Horse of the Year Show, Wembley Arena, Middx. Oct 4-10.

FOOTBALL: England v Turkey (European Championship), Wembley Stadium. Oct 14.

GOLF: Dunhill Cup, (World Team Championship), St Andrew's Golf Club, Fife. Oct 1-4.

GYMNASTICS: Daily Mirror British National Championships, Alexandra Palace, N22. Oct 31, Nov 1.

HORSE RACING: Tattersalls Middle Park Stakes, William Hill Cam-

bridgeshire Handicap, Newmarket, Oct 3; **Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe,** Paris, Oct 4; **Dubai Champion Stakes, Tote Cesarewitch,** Newmarket, Oct 17; **William Hill Futurity Stakes,** Doncaster, Oct 24.

ICE SKATING: St Ivel Ice International, Richmond, Surrey. Oct 6-8; Gala evening, Oct 9.

SQUASH: ICI "Perspex" World Open Individual Championship, National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham. Oct 17-20; **ICI "Perspex" World Team Championship,** Albert Hall, Oct 28-31.

SWIMMING: British Masters', Aberavon, W Glamorgan. Oct 9-11.

TENNIS: Women's International World Series, Brighton Centre, Brighton. Oct 18-25.



Karl Marx's grave in Highgate Cemetery, among 37 acres of funerary curiosities in London. Ivory netsuke from the Bushell Collection at Christie's

LIST OF THE MONTH

LONDON CEMETERIES

Increasingly the in-places for conservationists & those with a taste for curiosities; here are the *ILN*'s top ten graveyards.

1 Highgate, Swains Lane, N6. The Victorian Valhalla. 37 acres of beautiful architecture & over 100 different species of wild flowers. And, of course, crammed full of famous people, among them Karl Marx, Ralph Richardson & Richard Smith—who he?—the man who patented the Hovis loaf.

2 Kensal Green, Harrow Rd, NW10. Retains its original range of buildings, including unrivalled mausolea (three of which contain royalty). Extremely distinguished: a must.

3 Norwood, Norwood High St, SE27. Little-known, but Gothic & magnificent. Surrounded by huge black

railings, originally to deter bodysnatchers.

4 Brompton, Old Brompton Rd, SW5. No expense spared on the numerous military graves & memorials (due to proximity to Chelsea Hospital). Includes the first man to shoot down a Zeppelin, & the captain of an experimental armour-plated ship who drowned when it sank like a stone in 1870.

5 Tower Hamlets, Southern Grove, E3. No other London cemetery has been allowed to grow wild for so long. A truly magical place. The *ILN*, reporting the burial of a French Republican here in 1857, recorded a procession of 10,000 & chants of "Vive la République!". Death was so much more fun in those days...

6 Nunhead, Linden Grove, SE15. Typical Victorian celebration of mortality. Famous for its "white-robed ghost" & gatherings of practitioners of the black arts.

7 Crystal Palace District, Elmers End

Rd, SE20. Picturesque, complete with ornamental rock waterfall. Foxes are common, & in summer the roses are breathtaking.

8 Battersea St Mary's, Bolingbroke Grove, SW11. Unique due to its collection of rhyming epitaphs, the work of a local poetry school that thrived in the last century.

9 Ilford Pet Cemetery, Woodford Bridge Rd, Ilford, Essex. Truly bizarre resting place for our animal friends. Here you can find rabbits, budgerigars, a tortoise & numerous war heroes—pigeons who delivered messages & dogs who sniffed out unexploded bombs.

10 Gunnersbury, Gunnersbury Ave, W4. Interesting for its recent (1976) memorial to victims of the Katyn Woods massacre: 14,500 Polish POWs killed in mysterious circumstances in 1940. Originally thought to be an SS atrocity, here the blame is assigned unequivocally (& controversially) to the Russians.

OTHER EVENTS

Bushell Collection of Netsuke. Over 1,000 of these small Japanese carvings are expected to fetch £2.5 million. Oct 27, 11am. Christie's, 8 King St, St James's, SW1 (839 9060).

National Honey Show. A show buzzing with information on the latest in beekeeping. London bees have done better from metropolitan trees & flowers in this poor summer than their country cousins. Oct 22-24, Thurs 2-7.30pm, Fri 10am-7.30pm, Sat 10am-5pm. Porchester Hall, Porchester Rd, W2. £1, children 20p.

Rhino Rescue Auction. Works by David Shepherd & Elisabeth Frink, three days salmon-fishing, wines & a specially-commissioned poem by Ted Hughes are auctioned in aid of sanctuaries for Kenya's dwindling black rhino population. Oct 26, 10pm. Sotheby's, 34/35 New Bond St, W1. Admission by ticket only, details from Judy Gregg (499 4181).

BOOKS: THIS MONTH'S BEST SELLERS

HARDBACK NON FICTION

1 (5) **Cricket**, XXXX Cricket by Frances Edmonds. Heinemann, £9.95. Clearly the author doesn't give a XXXX for cricketers.

2 (-) **Grace: The Secret Lives of a Princess** by James Spada. Sidgwick & Jackson, £12.95.

3 (-) **Above Top Secret: The Worldwide UFO Cover Up** by Timothy Good. Sidgwick & Jackson, £14.95.

4 (2) **Hammer: Witness to History** by Armand Hammer & Neil Lyndon. Simon & Schuster, £14.95. Extraordinary tale of an amazing millionaire.

5 (3) **Period Details** by Judith & Martin Miller. Mitchell Beazley, £14.95. How to refurbish your manor house.

6 (-) **The Nanking Cargo** by Michael Hatcher. Hamish Hamilton, £12.95.

7 (1) **Boycott on Boycott** by Geoffrey Boycott. Macmillan, £14.95.

8 (-) **The Marilyn Scandal** by Sandra Shevey. Sidgwick & Jackson, £10.95.

9 (-) **The Polish Way** by Adam Zamoyski. John Murray, £17.95. Brilliant in-depth portrait of an unhappy nation.

10 (8) **The Life of my Choice** by Wilfrid Thesiger. Collins, £15. A great traveller explains.

PAPERBACK NON FICTION

1 (1) **Backcloth** by Dirk Bogarde. Penguin, £3.50. Last volume of the actor's autobiography.

2 (-) **Five Hundred Mile Walkers** by Mark Wallington. Arrow, £2.50. Britain's longest coastal footpath.

3 (-) **All God's Children Need Traveling Shoes** by Maya Angelou. Virago Press, £3.95. Volume 5 of an absorbing African autobiography.

4 (2) **If This is a Man** by Primo Levi. Sphere Books, £3.95. Picaresque autobiography.

5 (-) **Chinese Cookery** by Ken Hom. BBC, £5.25.

6 (-) **Beyond the Blue Horizon** by Alexander Frater. Penguin, £3.95. Journalist re-creates the leisurely 1930s air journey from London to Brisbane.

7 (-) **Conspiracy of Silence: the Secret Life of Anthony Blunt** by Barrie Penrose. Grafton Books, £3.95.

8 (-) **Survive** by John Man. Penguin, £3.50. Incredible story of a jungle survivor who was blind & deaf.

9 (-) **Ford** by Robert Lacey. Pan, £4.95. A look at the car dynasty.

10 (-) **Clouds From Both Sides** by Julie Tullis. Grafton Books, £3.95. A woman climber who nearly triumphs over every peak.

HARDBACK FICTION

1 (-) **Savages** by Shirley Conran. Sidgwick & Jackson, £12.95. How life is lived—allegedly—among the corporation's wives.

2 (-) **Sepulchre** by James Herbert. Hodder & Stoughton, £10.95.

3 (1) **Dirk Gently's Holistic Detective Agency** by Douglas Adams. Heinemann, £9.95.

4 (3) **Close Quarters** by William Golding. Faber & Faber, £9.95. Absorbing sequel to *Rites of Passage*.

5 (4) **The Songlines** by Bruce Chatwin. Cape, £10.95.

6 (10) **The Sisters** by Pat Booth. Century, £9.95. Julie Collies is a best-selling novelist; Jane, her sister, a famous actress. Where did the author get that idea?

7 (2) **Rage** by Wilbur Smith. Heinemann, £11.95. The battle rages round apartheid. Fierce & readable.

8 (-) **Cold New Dawn** by Ian St James. Collins, £10.95. Four people living through 40 years of change in an over-armed world.

9 (5) **Samum** by Edward Rutherford. Century, £9.95. English history through Salisbury & Stonehenge.

10 (-) **Not That Sort of Girl** by Mary Wesley. Macmillan, £9.95.

PAPERBACK FICTION

1 (-) **Hollywood Husbands** by Jackie Collins. Pan Books, £3.50.

2 (1) **A Matter of Honour** by Jeffrey Archer. Coronet, £2.95.

3 (2) **Act of Will** by Barbara Taylor Bradford. Grafton Books, £3.95.

4 (-) **Mirror of Her Dreams** by Stephen Donaldson. Fontana, £3.95.

5 (-) **Guardians of the West** by David Eddings. Corgi, £2.95.

6 (5) **An Insular Possession** by Timothy Mo. Pan, £3.95. Canton 1833, set in a huge complex tapestry of letters, diaries & newspaper extracts.

7 (3) **The Power of the Sword** by Wilbur Smith. Pan, £2.95. A popular sequel to *The Burning Shore*.

8 (-) **Foundation and Earth** by Isaac Asimov. Grafton Books, £3.50. Book Five of the Master's space romp.

9 (-) **Lady of Hay** by Barbara Erskine. Sphere, £3.95. A contemporary journalist, the 12th century & research into reincarnation.

10 (-) **Adventures of Goodnight and Loving** by Leslie Thomas. Penguin, £3.95. An alarming & touching novel.

Brackets show last month's position. Information from Book Trust. Comments by Martyn Goff.

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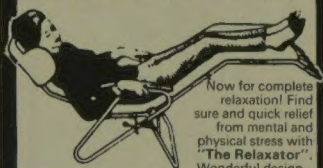
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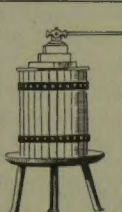
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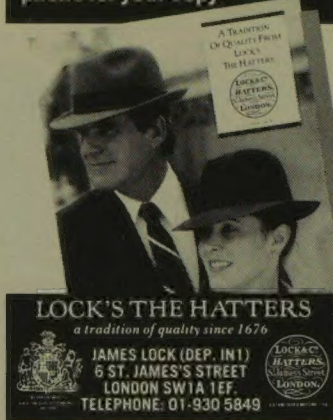
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MELINDA SMILEY

Much too good to be true

Stephen Pile finds accountants no laughing matter

WELL, OF course, it was too much to resist. A large firm of London accountants rang up and offered to pay me money. Yes, you have read that right: *they* offered to pay *me*. The experience was so novel, so refreshing and so promising that I agreed immediately.

In the past it has always been very much the other way round. For years my accountant has been sending me hair-raising bills annually until he hit upon the inspired idea of sending them quarterly "for ease of administration". In no time, of course, the quarterly bill was the same size as the annual one used to be. It was a move so clever that one is almost forced to admire it, but I digress...

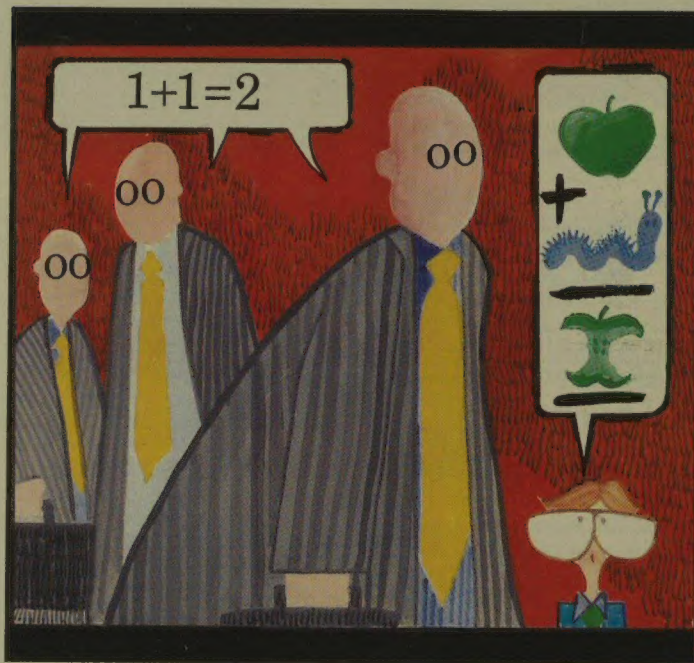
What this London gang wanted was a brief article of a supposedly humorous nature to go in a careers brochure aimed at attracting the very brightest graduates into their large international company. "Are Accountants Boring?" was the sort of headline they had in mind and I was to be given complete editorial freedom in my conclusions.

"Monty Python," said a pleasant woman in the publicity department, "has done most to give chartered accountants a terrible reputation." Perhaps I could probe the myth? Perhaps I might well find that accountants are bright, chirpy, fascinating creatures. (She seemed to think this likely.) "Draw up a list of the most outrageous questions you can think of and see what replies you get from our brightest young people."

First, they pay me and, second, I get to put a range of mildly abusive questions to that year's articulated clerks. The deal could not have been better, and I settled down at home to work out the most inflammatory inquiries possible:

- 1 What on earth is the moral justification for accountancy?
- 2 Do people laugh at parties when you tell them what you do?
- 3 Do clients ring up in disbelief when they see the size of your bill?
- 4 Does the fact that accountants all wear identical grey suits mean that they have no shred of individuality?
- 5 Do you spend your entire time sitting exams and being worked to death while bald old senior partners are out playing golf and struggling to fit a three-hour lunch break into a two-hour day?

When I arrived at their vast headquarters, I was ushered into the boardroom to meet a rather serious-looking man from the senior echelons of the company. He pulled out the results of a Harris Poll, which showed a clear



public distaste for accountants, particularly among students.

It is the general view that accountants never meet people and deal only in dull numbers. Furthermore, the poll showed that those students who could bring themselves, when sober, to contemplate the idea of being an accountant often had strong objections to this company in particular. They thought it too American, too hire-and-fire, too aggressive, too stab-in-the-back, and far too much of a slave driver.

"It has been suggested to us," said the serious fellow, now frowning earnestly, "that we could use humour to dispel these myths." I began to feel uneasy at this point, but cheered up when six young employees were wheeled in to face up manfully to the list of inflammatory questions.

They were a bright and jolly bunch, who put up a spirited case for themselves with a fair amount of candour. Of course, on some points we just did not make contact at all. Question one, for example, (Is accountancy morally justifiable?) drew a complete blank. They exchanged glances of utter disbelief. Had they been summoned to the boardroom, that holy of holies, to meet some form of deranged moralistic fruitbat?

Eventually, one of them spoke. "I don't relate to that question," he said. After beating around the bush for some while we gave up the struggle. "Look," said one of them, "let's just accept that there is no philosophical basis for accountancy and leave it at that, shall we?"

We also hit a brick wall with the idea that it is morally wrong and a form of anti-social fraud for accountants' fees to be tax-deductible. The notion was sweet

aside as being incomprehensible.

As for life in their company it soon became pretty clear that most of the serious fellows "myths" (as seen in the Harris poll) were more or less, give or take an inch or two, and allowing for a minor margin of error, absolutely bang on target.

The firm does sound American ("We get memos from Walter E. Something III and Del Whacker"). They do have to watch earnest American videos about getting on with clients. It is absurdly competitive. If they are not promoted each year they are asked to leave.

I was fascinated to learn that none of them admits to being an accountant at parties. "I usually say I am a tax consultant or a business adviser" was the general approach. "Admitting you are an accountant is a sign of intimacy."

Thereafter, their answers were brilliant. Accountancy involves the best parts of other careers: law without the court cases, general practice without sick people, the joys of business without the risk, the pleasure of acting without the bother of an audience. "We only dress up in grey suits because the clients wish it. If they wanted us to dress in a tutu we would."

Yes, there is disbelief at the fees and, yes, the senior partners do spend a lot of time at Covent Garden with clients, but this counts as work.

Afterwards I was ushered into the presence of the serious fellow. "Well," he said, "What are you going to write?" The plan was clear. The whole thing should be written as a sort of Monty Python sketch with hostile questions being met by the actual and rather witty replies of the articulated clerks. His face clouded over in a mixture of horror and disbelief. "I don't think their replies should be humorous. They should be serious."

I explained that the clerks would be willing to work in tutus if the clients wanted, but this only made matters worse. "Tutus?" he said in a sort of appalled whisper. He picked up his copy of the Harris poll and stared down the list of findings. "I don't see which of the marketing myths that joke is designed to dispel."

The situation was hopeless. We called the whole thing off and the idea of being paid by accountants evaporated. Next morning a bill arrived from my own accountant, larger than ever before. Bottom was himself again. The dream was over and life returned to normal.

Stephen Pile is a columnist for The Sunday Times

T W O C E N T U R I E S O F F I N E T A I L O R I N G



The mark of a gentleman.



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
JEWELLERS & MILITARY TAILORS
GIEVES & HAWKES PORTSMOUTH



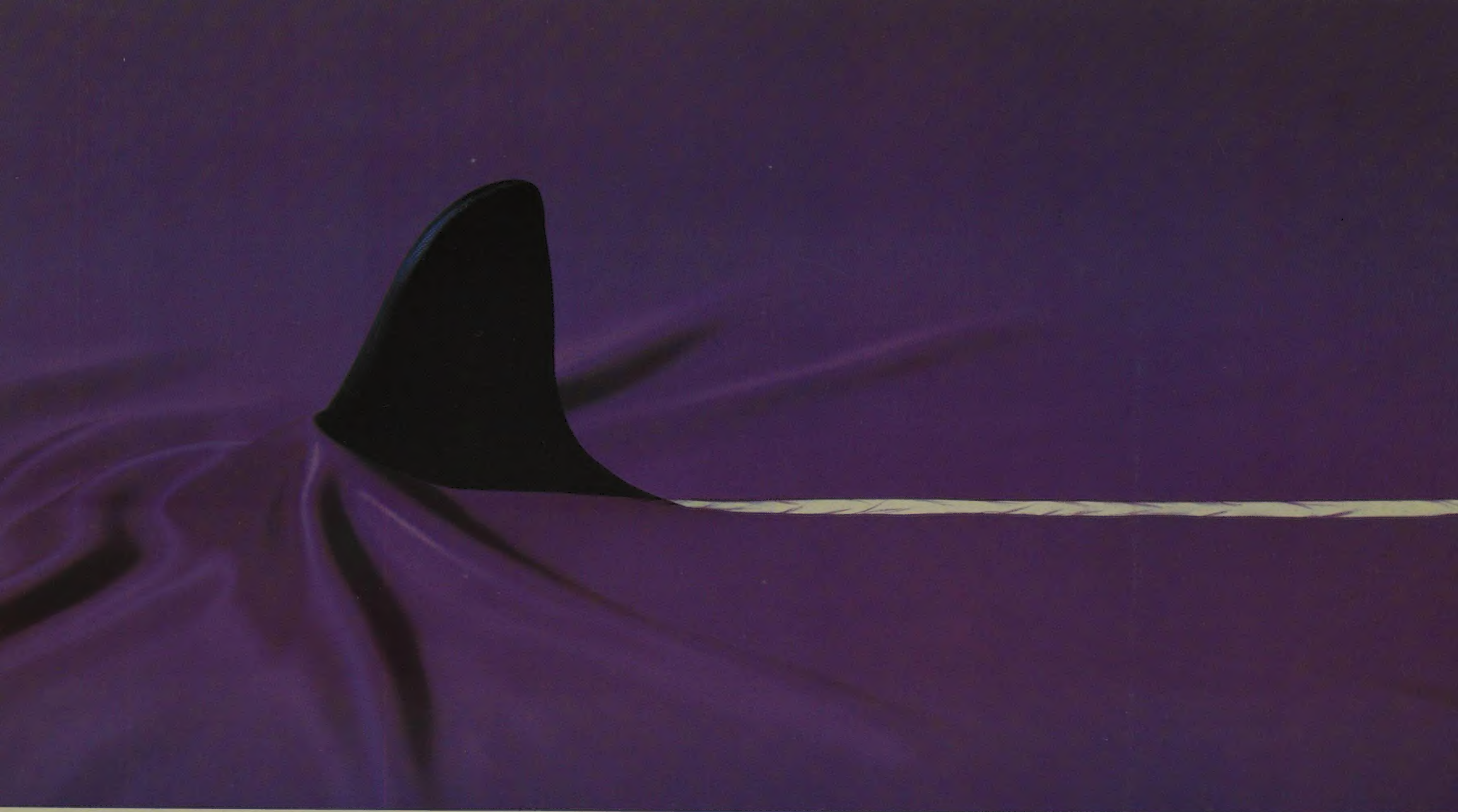
BY APPOINTMENT
TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH
MAJOR TAILORS & GENTLEMEN
GIEVES & HAWKES PORTSMOUTH



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES
TAILORS & GENTLEMEN
GIEVES & HAWKES LONDON

GIEVES & HAWKES
No.1 Savile Row, London

18 Lime Street London EC3, 48 George Street Edinburgh, 1-7 St Michael's Row Chester, 20 Old Bond Street Bath



LOW TAR As defined by H.M. Government
Warning: SMOKING CAN CAUSE FATAL DISEASES
Health Departments' Chief Medical Officers